















*Vol. XV*

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# Emerson College Magazine

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## Summer Maid

O SUMMER Maid, sweet Summer Maid,  
With merry heart and gladsome lay,  
Adorned with roses with perfume laid,  
Thy tresses tipped with mellow ray:  
Where hast thou gone,  
Thou pretty one?

Ah! Summer Maid, thou cruel one,  
You've stolen the joy of earth away;  
Sad Nature's chorus is all undone,—  
November chants a lone, drear lay:  
"O Maiden fair,  
Thou Maiden rare,  
We sing thy knell:  
'Farewell, farewell!'"

O Summer Maid, so patient long,  
The Winter King has spent his wrath;  
The Southwind gently, sweetly calls:  
"I'll follow Winter's dreary path,  
And with my kiss,  
O timid Miss,  
I'll deck the wold  
With green and gold;  
And for us two,  
As lovers true,  
A bridal wreath  
The gods bequeath!"

—J. A. Garber.



## Opening Address by the Dean

*Henry Lawrence Southwick*

WE welcome you, dear friends, to the opportunities and privileges of the Emerson College of Oratory. And when I say "friends," I do not separate in my thought those whom, through association, I have come to regard as friends, but all of you. We are your friends from the day you enter our doors and put yourselves into our care, and through your course and through the years that follow. Emerson College has been able to help to material well-being, to lift to the plane of larger usefulness and richer personality, hundreds who have gone before you. This is the blessing, the high privilege, of our calling, and it is perhaps quite enough blessing for one world. And the fact that so many of these young people throughout the length and breadth of this country remember us, write to us, come to us, and keep alive the old affections of their days of preparation gives to our living and calling a grace and rare perfume. Since I was last with you, in May, I have travelled some ten thousand miles, spoken in ten States, and to twenty-five thousand people. And everywhere I met old students, and they were old friends, and their hearts were warm. And this thing has brought to me great gladness. And then I rested for four brief weeks. Never did I need rest so much, but never have I returned to the work which is my life so eagerly, so gladly.

We do not consider our work done when we give you \$150 worth of professional instruction in return for \$150 in tuition. No teacher is worthy of his calling who would advocate such a notion, and few there are who live down to such a theory. We are friends to you — every one. Do not imagine that in the larger freedom of your school life you are lost in the mass, that you become an unheeded cog in a machine, that all those things which have to do with your personal life are unregarded. We are interested in all that concerns you — the present you; the larger, nobler you that, with God's help, your work and ours, you are to be. How you recite a lesson is but a part; all the successes, the discouragements, the dangers, the temptations, the questions — the thousand things large and small — that signify in giving your life direction and your work effectiveness have meaning to us because they have meaning to you.

You will be given Advisers. They are to advise. They cannot thrust companionship upon you. You can keep away from them if you will, but you will lose much which in strange environment you need and may have from one more mature in life, more experienced, who can aid with her judgment, her truth, her sympathy. And come to me as well as to your assigned Adviser. I am busy, but not too busy for that. It is one of my largest opportunities of being useful. We want to help you to adjust yourself to the new life, with its unusual freedom and its call for wise self-direction in an environment that is strange. And therefore my first word to-day is that the right hand of welcome and of abiding friendship is extended. It is a palm ever open. Take it, and trust it.



That is the first thing I would have you remember on Opening-day. And now comes the second. Remember that while we shall give you here more technical training than can be had in the same time anywhere on the continent, and while we have a larger aggregation of experts, specialists, and of artists of wide reputation than are anywhere assembled for this work, the first thing and the last thing insisted upon is that Emerson College is a school of personal development. To this fact every student must immediately readjust his ideas if they need readjusting. There is nothing which students of expression need to realize so keenly as that the foundation must be stronger than the superstructure. Every scholar, every teacher, every man and woman of experience, knows this — it is axiomatic to say it to them. But many a student bruises himself against this eternal fact. He tries short cuts. He thinks that concentration upon the particular finished product he aims ultimately to produce and the neglect of everything else will make him a skilled artist and save time. And, unhappily, there are abroad men and women of experience, who know better — have no excuse for not knowing better — yet who encourage this delusion for the benefit of their own pockets.

An inexperienced pupil often says,—and especially if limited resources warn him that every day must be made to count,—“I want to be a public reader. I do not care to teach, nor do I expect to. And so I want no studies except voice, gesture, recitals, and platform art.” Another says: “I am preparing for the stage. I suppose I need some vocal training and gesture, in addition to dramatic art, pantomime, and theatric training — but nothing else. Above all, I do not want any hard studies or any which do not apply directly to stage or platform. The other studies are useful for those who are to teach, but if I give all my time to the things I am to use instead of spreading it over what I am not to use, my training for my profession will be more exact and I will save time. I want to be an artist. So I will specialize in my own particular art and will waste no time on non-essentials.”

At first view this argument seems reasonable and just, and in the case of the few who have had years of thorough training already it might be sound. But it is precisely because of the mass of those who do not see its fallacy that the dramatic profession is swarming with lay-figures, tailors' models, dressmakers' models,—pretty automata of both sexes,—to whom neither nature nor art has issued letters-patent, and whose only credentials are the certificates of the harpies into whose hands they have fallen and the diplomas of the little schools which have “finished” them in senses more than one. And it is precisely because this argument is so plausible that thousands of scholarly and refined men and women flee before the advent of the average elocutionist as from an alarm of fire.

If you would see why the argument is, for most who make it, utterly fallacious, remember the fundamental and inevitable truth that the foundation must be stronger than the superstructure — and then ask yourself what makes this justly admired man or woman the great artist? The ingredients are great imagination, power to think with absolute concentration, enormous emotional capacity, a responsive physical organism, and technical skill. And the artist who rises to the rank of genius is a man whose recep-

tivity to impression, perception, and feeling is so immense that what he receives overflows his entire being and forces expression.

Now of these ingredients which go to make the real artist, imagination, power to think, and emotion are fundamental. Of the others, bodily responsiveness may be gained by continued practice, and technical knowledge may be speedily acquired. This the artist himself or the expert teacher may quickly impart. Imagination, power to think, and emotional capacity never were imparted and never can be. The artist who has them cannot give them nor lend them nor sell them. They are fundamental to all he does; they represent nine tenths of his assets, his capital. Without them he would himself be an automaton, or at the best pitifully commonplace.

And so you will perhaps be inclined to ask: "If these things without which true art cannot be are not to be imparted, is not one of two conclusions inevitable: either that I already possess these great qualities to an extraordinary degree and therefore need only the superstructure of technical skill to establish me in a commanding position as an artist, or else these qualities are endowments of the Elect—of the very, very few? Nature has not given these high gifts to me, and therefore it is hopeless to study at all."

And right here the newer pedagogy comes to our rescue. The older pedagogy regarded two of the fundamental qualities, imagination and emotion, as attributes of the mind which could not—some would have said should not—be systematically developed, nor provided for in a school or college curriculum. They were looked upon as high explosives, and it was for the department of moral philosophy to hang out warnings of their dangers. The newer education makes provision for them. But the third essential, power to think—that mental discipline that trains the mind to grapple with a difficult, knotty problem, stay by it, untangle it; to think with trained certainty—I fear the older pedagogy met more successfully than the new is meeting it.

Specializing is for superstruction, not for foundation. When it is not this it is mere superficiality. Specializing in platform art or dramatic training, for example, in class or with a private teacher, if one is not in possession, and in large measure too, of these fundamental qualities, never made a real actor or reader,—it is unnecessary to say a great one,—and never will, and in the nature of things never can. No one can counterfeit intellectual power or emotional dynamics. We perceive intuitively, and detect and resent, counterfeit.

Yet both imagination and emotion may be largely developed, and power to think may be trained, through right discipline. There is no more cause to abandon the effort because the student has less than the artist than for the child to cease study because his mind cannot grapple with problems so well as can the trained mind of his father, or because his undeveloped muscles cannot sustain so great a weight.

The superstructure of the artist is exact, facile, finished execution, externalization of great conceptions and of surprising range and sweep of elemental emotion. That which is to be revealed—this is the foundation to be grasped and possessed. Our work here, first, is to develop what is latent,



what is potential — to enlarge through progressive studies, through graded steps, those powers, perceptions, discriminations, appreciations, without which art may not be, the artist cannot exist. Nature permits no short cuts. A little boy heard the minister say that God could do anything. But he thought upon it, and afterwards told his father that there were things God could n't do. For example: he could n't make a two-year-old colt in a minute. Growth is the child of time.

We have a course of two years, which, while partly elective, is practically a prescribed course. This is not an elementary course. It is not preparatory to studying to be a teacher or an artist. It is the development of the essentials, the powers of the teacher or the artist—without which he would be neither teacher nor artist. And then we have a Senior course, and for those who wish to add it, a Postgraduate course, and these are almost purely elective. After two years the average student has "found himself," has discovered how his powers work best, knows the end toward which his endeavor is to reach, and prepares through specialization to build his superstruction wisely upon a foundation which is secure.

What is the true time when the average student — I am not speaking now of exceptional conditions — should specialize, should devote all his time and energy to the precise thing which he is to do before the public, if the end happens to be public work? When he has the fundamental conditions which give him his certificate of readiness — when he has a message. If you are to be an orator — a teacher of the people through the spoken word — your message is in the ideas you burn to express. If your message is to charm and to educate through revelation of the wonder and the beauty of God's universe, through interpretation of the deeper truths of human experience,— revelations of the great things,— it is when you have developed this uncommon power of perception, imagination, emotion. I say "uncommon," for we have no right to bore and bother the people with the commonplace, nor will they long suffer us to do so.

But how will you know if you have this convincing message either in ideas or in imaginative perception and emotional depth? You will know when you receive the verdict of those who see and who know. I do not mean the estimate of an overfond and uncritical mamma — although sometimes that mother is the justest judge as well as the sincerest friend you may ever know upon this earth; not the gushing acclaim of a parlorful of friends; not the applause of the church sociable where you have read for charity and where, perchance, loving appreciation but narrow experience leads the majority to believe the minister to be the greatest pulpit orator of the State, if not of the nation; not the foolish effusiveness of the neighbor who says she heard Julia Marlowe last year and you are already far ahead of her and "ought to be right on the stage this very minute;" not the flattering notice by the editor of the local weekly, who wants papa to advertise in his columns.

No, these are not tests at all. Your test is the estimate of the strange audience of the city, which knows you not but has heard the best; it is whether the ungodly reporter of the daily paper praises, condemns, or ignores; it is whether the lyceum committeemen who are strangers call you for a return

engagement for pay and not for charity and, if you ask a larger fee, will give it; it is whether committeemen of a different place, and also strangers, seek you out because they have heard of your success from the other town. Nor need you go so far afield to discover whether you yet have the foundation of creative imagination, power of thought, emotional wealth, upon which to build through specialization your superstructure. When, after some months of patient study, during which you have done faithful work with no realization from within or assurance from without of aught but faithfulness, some morning you have something said to you by the teacher who knows and will not flatter,— something which causes your cheeks to tingle and your heart to give a great bound,— when your classmates, who are your friends but have worked beside you long enough to feel that they have your gauge and some reasonable perspective on things, break out into overwhelming and spontaneous tribute, then it is that you begin to read your title clear, and know it will be possible for you to reveal and move and thrill and influence; that you are developing the essential powers of the artist. Specialization is truly and wisely for him who has won the right to it and the need for it by the mental training that makes him a thinker by developed imagination and emotion which is not ordinary but extraordinary, and which compels the tribute, not of the overfond and undercritical, but of the experienced stranger who does not care, of the expert who knows, and of the classmate who knows enough to appreciate and who cares too much to flatter or deceive.

Your Advisers will be your friends, and will be so much your friends—the friends of your true selves, your potential selves—that they will never let you lose the consciousness that Emerson is first and foremost a school for self-development, where being is first and doing second; that greater than the art is and must be the man that produces the art; that your whole artistic salvation depends upon making your foundation stronger than your superstructure.

Now for a third thought. Your Advisers are so much your friends that while they will help in every way, they will not coddle, nor allow you for a moment to forget that neither college nor teacher can ever educate anybody. College and teacher provide the means and conditions, the atmosphere and incentives, for education, but it is the student who educates himself or remains forever uneducated.

In these days, when the elective idea has run riot in our public schools, when high-school pupils, boys and girls fresh from grammar schools, are asked to elect their studies, two inevitable things are happening. First, they are usually inclined to elect whatever seems likely to be both easy and entertaining, and to refuse whatever seems likely to be hard. They expect their class sessions to be amusing, recreative, and pleasant. They get into an attitude such as Mr. Dooley satirizes so deliciously when he pictures the head of a school placing such a pupil in an easy-chair, handing him a cigarette, lighting a match for him, and asking,— I omit the brogue,— “Which of our courses would you like one of our learned professors to study for you?”

And the deplorable thing about it is the fact that the boy or girl who, not viciously, but innocently and ignorantly, because study and thinking are



hard work, hankers for a sort of predigested education soon gets where he cannot do hard work at all, and like the poor dyspeptics who constantly change diet to find something easier and yet easier to digest, get where they cannot digest anything.

Overcoming of difficulties, severe and unremitting training, is the price of power in mind or in muscle. In any school or system of education some studies are hard. If the student is not to use them in after-life their hardness may be their only virtue. But it is a virtue. It supplies an absolute educational need. Only those studies which demand thinking, the solution of problems, the overcoming of difficulties, develop thought-power. The thinking mind is the trained mind.

There is a stern and cold world outside awaiting him who has completed his schooling. In it are things to be done. But they are for those who can do them — the trained people. If you are not trained these things will be done by others. You will not have them. If you are rich and provided for out of the results of some one else's training you can exist in that world like any other useless object that is provided for. If not, the world will roll on and roll over you. It is impartial, indifferent, and pitiless, and its opportunities are for the trained. The untrained, if they must work, will be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

If you value your own salvation, never cut out a study because you think it will be hard if through it you may develop personal power — power which is the condition and the permission of success; power which is bought at the cost of climbing and overcoming difficulties, which never was and never will be gained by rolling down hill. In self-development the only way to gain the results of work is by working. Trained fibre comes from work — your work. Self-exercise develops brain-power; it is not developed by mental massage. The physically flabby and the mentally flabby cannot do the things the world has to be done. And power to think comes only by thinking your way through difficult problems. As Mr. Griggs once said to you: "Thinking is the very hardest thing to do. If you don't believe me, just try it once."

Emerson College must stand as an embodied protest against the shortcut, against the personally conducted, coached, coddled, flattered, and flabby elocution whose weak and watery trail is over the land.

We have to face these iron conditions of the big outside world, and to know that the only hope is for the trained man and woman — that in classroom, upon the platform, everywhere, the man who succeeds is always he whose foundation is stronger than his superstructure.

The chief danger from which the young student needs protection is from himself — the mistakes natural to his own immaturity. And if we let you make these mistakes, if we do not at least do our uttermost to hold you from them, we are untrue to our high calling and untrue to you. We should in later years receive your merited rebuke, when you awoke to the mistake, saw the misspent months and years, and knew that

"The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,  
Moves on. Nor all your piety nor wit  
Can call it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out one word of it."

But you are entering upon a work which is full of light and inspiration. Like any work, it must be done honestly and thoroughly; but it is a beautiful work. Last year, in 1905, several left these walls to do work before the public, and just forty found places as teachers in the schools of this country and of Canada. And what a high privilege it is to interpret or to teach others to interpret the best creations of the greatest thinkers of all time,— the wisest, wittiest, sanest, deepest, humanist leaders of the world! It is a glorious opportunity, if one has the knowledge, the technical skill, the power of thought, the emotional wealth, imagination, insight, that his work in the community may be this rather than the drudgery, the routine, the cruel grind of mine and shop and factory. You are to be congratulated that you have the taste, the temperament, the capacity; that, through hard work and training, the unfolding of potentialities, and the acquirement of technical knowledge and skill, it is possible for you to do this work. You may well thank God for it, for what it saves you from being obliged to do, and especially for the contribution it makes it possible for you to give to the world. And the way to express that thankfulness is to develop faithfully and to the uttermost what the Great Father has given you, that the contribution which shall be your expression of thankfulness may be of the largest and the richest.

And, finally, your Advisers will make you feel this truth: that a school of personal development means the enriching and beautifying of character, as well as strengthening it for the work to be done. And they will tell you that in this particular calling success itself depends upon the beautifying as well as upon the strengthening.

We know that the man who is parsimonious, who is mean, who holds on to a cent until he seems to pinch it into two, and who thinks that for a long term of years he will save all and give nothing, and after that will give all and save nothing, never does it. The habit of the early years has frozen him in its chilly clutch. He no longer cares to give — he cannot.

We know that success before the public or in the classroom depends upon our heart-knowledge, upon our power to know how others feel, and to put ourselves into their places, and to feel with them; that our success is in direct ratio to our richness in the humanities; that sympathy, kindness, love, grow by what they feed upon; that we can hoard none of these, and that they are richest in these things who give most away. And we know we cannot withhold now and expect by and by, when we meet the public or have pupils of our own, that we will then uncork and pour out a store of pent-up kindness. The contents will be frozen — it will not pour.

If you would help yourself you must help others. "Live and let live" is a good doctrine, but it does not meet the facts or in any way square ourselves with the world. It is because we live at all, merely and precisely for the reason that so many are helping us to live, that the real call upon us is not, "Live and let live," but, "Live and help live."

It is easy to perceive limitations in your teacher, your fellow student, or in yourself. Any fool can do it, and his readiness to do it is generally in the measure of his folly. But growth does not come that way. You must see what your teacher really has to give if you would learn anything from him.



It is quite unprofitable to dwell upon the fact that he is an Episcopalian when he ought to be a Baptist, or to become too conscious that the color of his necktie offends. Friction costs nothing; harmony and sweetness require the investment of a little patience and self-restraint. Your attitude, if you want progress, must be constructive. You must believe in the task you do if you hope to do it well; and if you do it faithfully, and are a young and healthy and normal being with enthusiasms which have not been frost-bitten, you will like it, and will grow in it. You must believe in yourself, and if you see your limitations see too the potential, and fix your gaze upon it. You must see the possibilities in your class and in your classmates, and help them if you would help yourself. Through practice you must grow those qualities of human appeal which you know are vitally necessary to your success in your chosen work. The only soil in which you may grow is the soil of helpfulness, of responsibility for the well-being of your fellow workers — the soil of appreciation, not of depreciation; of mental openness and hospitality, not of denial, disputation, distrust; of constructiveness, of appreciation, of sympathy, of harmony, of love.

And so, with these aims, let us begin our year together in earnestness, sunshine, love, and faith.

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## The Opportunity of the Teacher

*Elizabeth Weslyn Timlow*

*Principal Gloverside School, Montclair, N. J.*

THREE hundred years ago, a chattering, laughing group of young artists were passing one day along an obscure street in lovely Florence. One of them, tall, lean, and sinewy, his keen, eager eyes seeing all things, suddenly darted into a small stone-cutter's yard, where lay, half buried in the rubbish, a long-neglected block of marble. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work on it, clearing away its filth and striving to lift it from the slime and mire where it lay. His companions, astonished, asked him what he was doing and what he wanted of that worthless piece of rock that had been lying there for years.

"There is an angel in the stone, and I must get it out," was the reply of Michelangelo.

He had it removed to his studio, and, with two years of patient toil, he *let the angel out*. What to others was but an unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art; he discovered at once what might be

made of it. A mason would have put it in a wall; a cartman would have used it for filling and grading the street; but the artist transformed it into a creation of exquisite beauty for ages to come.

Such an artist is, or should be, the true teacher. The object of education is sometimes said to be the ability to adjust one's self to one's environment; it is, rather, to develop the ability to change the environment at one's will — to forward the progress of the world.

It was said of a certain famous fisherman that all he needed to catch a fish was a little damp spot and straightway he landed a trout. What a teacher who is born to her profession can do with the most unpromising material is certainly a miracle. In the well-conducted school, practically everything, mental and moral and physical, must be dealt with; its province is not only the development of the mind, but of the body; not only of strength, but of grace; not only the inner, but the outer. Our girls must be trained in manner and carriage; they must be taught the inestimable value of a low voice and refined intonation. Can these details of accent, courtesy, posture, consideration for others, thoughtfulness, all that go to make up gentle breeding, be left entirely to the home? There must be the strongest coöperation on the part of home and school; nothing can be risked in these critical times, and our girls need every safeguard; it will be hard for them at the best to keep their feet firm in the rush and swirl of the ideas of the day. Towards all this must their school discipline tend.

Carved on an old bit of stonework at Abbotsford at Melrose Abbey, with the date of 1616, is a little legend that runs as follows:

*Virtus Rectorem ducemque desiderat:*

*Vitia sine magistro discuntur.*

("Virtue requires a ruler and a guide:

Follies are learned without a teacher.")

Not only, then, are the outer graces of girlhood well within the teacher's province, but important moral questions confront us. The school life and the school lessons



come but once; life has other lessons to teach us, but this time for preparation never comes again. Here in the schoolroom do we learn our hardest lessons of faithfulness, patience, perseverance, promptness, cheerful acquiescence, the germs of which must be planted now — or never.

It is well known that the brain reaches its maximum weight by the fifteenth year, though it probably continues to develop, internally, until at least the age of thirty. There comes a time, however, when the brain, like the body, ceases to grow and remains at a standstill. Between forty and fifty a slow decrease in the weight of the brain takes place. The young brain is vigorous, but much less plastic, after twenty, and it gradually, so to speak, ossifies. Few people, James says, get an entirely new idea into their heads after passing into the thirties, although a structure of almost any height may be built up with materials already gathered on a foundation already laid.

Since nature, then, has decreed that we must fight out the battle of life on the lines of our early choice, here is a world of opportunity for the eager general of the schoolroom. Here, in history, in literature, in psychology, in the marvelous laws of the mind, are not merely the day's recitations, the day's marks, but the greater lessons that will be for life. Every shrewd student really knows in her heart that it will not affect the universe ten years hence if she skims over to-day's Greek, or if she does not solve quite all of the originals in geometry, or is not absolutely sure of all her constructions in Sallust or Cicero. But here comes in the realm of the teacher. The student must be made to feel that not one atom of unfaithfulness can occur without branding the heart; the spirit of unthoroughness that makes it possible for her to skim over the irregular verbs will make it not only possible but probable that some crisis of life will find her shirking the issue on which much depends. Contrariwise, she must be made to *know* that every knotty problem faithfully wrestled with and thrown, every tough bit of Latin and Greek struggled with and conquered, gives the character

an added strength and fibre to battle with life's sterner issues and come off victor in the strife. If our girls are in the habit of giving up over every little schoolroom difficulty, how will they have persistence and endurance when some black trouble suddenly clouds their summer sky, with no refuge near? Ah! They then have only the protection that we have helped them to forge.

"Habit, a second nature?" cried the Duke of Wellington. "Habit is ten times nature!"

The profound truth of this old saying comes home to no one more than to the veteran soldier, who has seen years of drill and discipline end by fashioning many a man over completely. The girl in the schoolroom who has daily inured herself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, even to self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when all things rock around her and when her softer fellow pupils are winnowed like chaff. The psychological study of mental conditions is here the most powerful ally of the teacher, who then drives home the lessons we have already mentioned — that we are spinning our own fate for good or evil, which is never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never so little scar.

The drunken Rip van Winkle, in dear Joe Jefferson's play, you remember, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "We won't count *this* time!" Well, he may not count it, and forgiving Heaven may not count it, but it *is* being counted, nevertheless, in the relentless bookkeeping of nature. Down among his nerve centres the molecules are registering and storing it up against him, ready to weaken his resistance still further next time the temptation comes. Literally nothing that we do can ever be wiped out. If this had not its good side as well as its bad, if resistance could not be built up as well as weakened, how indeed could we endure life?

Here in the classroom, through history and literature, we must begin to teach our girls the mysterious secret of success — of true success. For how has all real success been gained? By good luck? By accident? These are



words that one rarely hears from the lips of the successful man or woman. They know only too well that in this world we get just about what we are willing to pay for. If we would succeed we must have the *will* to succeed. But does not everybody have this? they may ask. By no means. The majority of people are *willing* to succeed, which, I assure you, is quite a different matter.

It is our province to teach our girls the dignity of work; that the men who have achieved success are the ones who have read and thought and studied always a little more than was necessary; who have never been content with knowledge merely sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge, and stored it away for the emergency reserve. We must teach them the profound truth that it is the *superfluous* labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life. The one who when in doubt does the minimum instead of the maximum quantity is not the one who will raise the world's standard. Every business man will say that it is the quick eye that sees and the ready hand that executes some necessary service that yet was not "in the bond" that makes a man invaluable to his employer. Build up this spirit in the schoolroom with the school lessons.

Make the pupils realize, too, the necessity of definite purpose. We older ones know that the great thing in this world is not so much to know where we stand, but where we are going. To reach the highest port we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must *sail* and not drift, nor yet lie at anchor. We must leave nothing to chance. Why — pardon the hackneyed example — was Cæsar so uniformly victorious? Did he ever go forward unprepared? Did he leave any weak point undefended? Every school girl and boy fervently answers, "Never." The magnificent commander was provided for every emergency, armed at every point, and — won.

Ah! It is

"Enough to know of Chance or Luck  
The blow we *choose* to strike is struck."

It is here in the schoolroom, again, that the teacher finds her opportunity, at the psychological moment, to set before these young minds the necessity of an Ideal. There is no more important step than this; the lives of illustrious men *must* be studied to see how obstacles are to be overcome, how the heights are gained. The Ideal may embody the energy of a Napoleon, the self-devotion of a Dorothea Dix, the patriotism of a Washington, the disinterested heroism of a Florence Nightingale, the iron will of a Cromwell, or the simple faithfulness to duty of a Louisa M. Alcott; the humanity of a Howard, or the splendid chivalry of a Susan B. Anthony for her sex. The boy or girl who has not had his or her imagination fired by great deeds will not amount to much. Each must fashion for herself the ideal she is determined to attain. "Hitch your wagon to a star" means only this. But conversely, "What thou *wouldst* be thou *must* be."

"That which thou lovest most  
E'en that become thou must:  
Christ's, if thou lovest Christ;  
Dust, if thou lovest dust."

The Hindoos say, "As a man *thinketh*, so is he." It is not only for the parent, but for the teacher, to impress upon our girls that an idle, frivolous, chattering, gossiping girlhood will no more develop into ripe, full, rich womanhood than men can gather grapes of thorn or figs of thistle.

Here, again, in the *schoolroom*, she must learn the high meaning of the every-day act and the every-day word; the beauty of work, of unselfish, devoted work, with ambition to do the appointed task. There is no royal road to success; our girl must learn that in one way or another we pay the price for all we have and are, yet this insane craving to get something for nothing is gnawing at the very root of modern life. We see it on every side, with men demanding a full share of the luxuries of life with a decrease of labor; the steady raising of wages and the shortening of the working-hour, until, as Charles Dudley Warner prophesied, when



labor gets to be ten dollars a day the working people will not come at all—"They will send their cards." The president of America's greatest university has said that it is only the workingman that can afford the luxury of an eight-hour day. As a general rule we all know that the higher we go in the scale of value to the community, the longer the working-hours.

Again, our girls learn in the study of psychology that every effect has had a due and adequate cause; in real life, however, because the cause and its effect are often separated as far as the Latin subject and its predicate, youth is sometimes slow to recognize the inevitable connection. Everything worth having is worth its price in work; and if we apparently get it for nothing, we may be paying the heaviest price of all—the price of our self-respect. It is our place as teachers, no less than it is the duty of parents, to emphasize this with unceasing iteration.

Luther Burbank, in a recent article on "The Training of the Human Plant," has the following noteworthy thought:

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a plant, and with crossing, selection, and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, or what not, and with the proper environment, persistence, and love, you can fix in your child, for all his life, all of these traits.

Is not this startling?

However, we must inculcate the lessons of the girls' responsibility, not only to themselves, but to others as well. Not too young is any girl in her teens to learn the tremendous import of Kant's famous Categorical Imperative: "So act that the reason for your action may be a universal law."

It is considered a legitimate subject for ridicule that when a mother brings her little maid or lad to school for the first time she is very apt to say, anxiously:

"You will have no trouble with Genevieve if you will

try to understand her, but she is so peculiar! She is not a bit like other children."

But while bystanders laugh, the experienced teacher knows that this is exactly true, although possibly not as the mother meant it. No two children are alike, nor do any two need exactly the same treatment. This shy child needs praise, and improves under it, but droops under criticism, however kindly. That one needs to have her self-conceit gently pruned. This one is thorough and painstaking and conscientious; she needs restraint, if anything; another is inclined to slight her work and must be taught to go to the root of her subject. This girl has a tendency to be exclusive, and to put too much stress on the possession of money or position; she must be shown that brains make the world's masters. Another is careless and superficial; much doing over of her untidy work will help her to mend her slipshod ways. This lassie is dreamy and poetical; she needs more mathematics than her prosaic, independent sister. Another child is lazy and needs the spur; the eager brain of her friend should have restraint; and so on through a hundred varying types. With each one the plastic minds should never be stretched to one Procrustean bed of studies, but each subject should trend towards the development of the highest self.

It is said that certain native artists, when they would drill a hole in pearls, first fit them loosely in apertures bored in pieces of soft wood; then a little water is sprinkled around them, which gradually penetrates the fibres and causes the wood to swell until each little pearl is held firmly in its place as in a vise. Indeed, no vise could hold such delicate little treasures so firmly, yet without marring them and thus diminishing their value. But by this device the choicest ones are kept securely in their places without injury until the artist's work is done; then, as the water dries out, the fibres relax and the pearl is free. Thus must the teacher hold the soul-pearls by faith and sympathy until her work is done. She must know her ground thoroughly. She must feel intuitively when to trust and when irrepressible girlhood would take advantage of



leniency. She must understand when to encourage and when to lash unsparingly mere laziness. *Moral* development along every line is her province, no less than mental. Children are at school not merely to cram Latin and mathematics down ostrich-like throats, but to learn to become loyal and true and high-minded, and to strengthen characters that should grow more womanly day by day. But all this can only be accomplished by a lavish outpouring of one's very self — one's own heart's blood. We know that nature is stern in her exchanges. We have seen that nothing for nothing is her Draconian mandate. It is, in the arena of the schoolroom, "A life for a life," in another sense than the rigorous Hebrew decree; here it is a life gained for the life that is freely given, for in no lesser, easier way can this mighty question of education, this drawing out, this leading on, this building up of our future citizens, this training of the hands that are in time to rule the world, be accomplished. The teacher's privilege it is to inspire these eager minds with enthusiastic love for truth and high ideals; to bring before them the lofty examples of the world's heroes; to set true values before their eyes; to imbue them with deep scorn of all that is ignoble and base; to instil appreciation of the transcendent quality of the spiritual as opposed to the material side of life; to cultivate the too often neglected sense of honor and imprint upon these mobile, sensitive natures utter loathing and contempt of all falsehood and hypocrisy. She teaches them to live up to their birthright in life, and imbues them with the deepest sense of the responsibilities which that position entails — that responsibility that is in exact proportion to the blessings that have been given. She teaches them that they are infinitely more culpable for the smaller lapses from the path of right than are the children of the streets, because of the very difference in these opportunities.

Thus sympathetically, faithfully, does she strive to lead her charges to a noble womanhood, joining with the mother in training them to "self-reverence, self-knowl-

edge, self-control, by which alone man can approach the gods."

The world needs our daughters, and we must send them out clad in the completest armor that can be forged by earnest care, by wise instruction, by tender watching, and by human love.—*From "American Education."*

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### Circular Letter to the Alumni

*Dear Friend:* As we feel sure that all the students and alumni of the Emerson College of Oratory are interested in its growth and development, we send this letter to you to inquire whether you are keeping in touch with your Alma Mater in all possible ways, such as by subscription to the Magazine, sending for a new catalogue each year so that you may see how the work has undergone that process of evolution which is one of our watchwords, and by writing personally to the teachers to see how your own work in the field is keeping up with the pace set in the home acre.

Every one knows that the real strength of any college lies in its alumni, and this is peculiarly the case with Emerson College. It is scarcely to be credited by the "outside world" how strong a tie exists between two Emerson students, no matter where or when they meet. One reason for this great bond is because the college and the students are mutually dependent and co-operative. There is no college in the country which does so much personally for its students, and surely none in the world which has such a warm interest in its alumni. No appeal from an alumnus is ever disregarded, and any one who is not helped when help is needed always knows that it is not because it is not our wish to help, but because the way for help is not open at that time.

Now, the college is dependent, partly, on the alumni for its students, and we are proud of this fact. Many of our best students come to us through our alumni, and we wish this year to have the largest entering class on record, and we want as many of them to come through the alumni as possible. Last year we enrolled in all over four hundred and fifty students. This year we want double that number if we can get them. We want *you* to use your influence to get us new students, for the glory of Emerson College, for the cause it stands for, and eventually for our mutual benefit. You must know that every new student means so much more to the college financially, and that every dollar added to the treasury means so much more to be offered to the students and to the alumni. *We have thrown one Summer School Course in Boston open, free, to all alumni of Emerson College,* and we want to offer them as much more as our means will permit. These are the reasons why we want you represented here by the students you send, for the mutual good of the student, the alumnus, and the college. Emerson College is doing a better, bigger, stronger work than ever. Its standards have been raised, and



the results are yearly more glorious to contemplate. More alumni return each year to take our postgraduate course, and more students each year come to us through the good offices of our alumni. But this year and in the years to come we wish to go so far ahead of the years preceding that we are making this appeal to you for the glory of the cause we all believe in and work for. Let us work together; *teamwork tells* for every man on the team.

Send us the names of all who are or might be interested in coming, whether they think they can afford it or not; write them yourself, or see them personally if you can. We will write them, also, and we will do all we can for both them and you.

This much we can do: a careful record will be kept, and *any ex-student of Emerson College who, from this time on, sends us six pupils will be entitled to hold a full three years' graduation scholarship — not transferable — at his or her disposal, to bestow where he or she wills.*

Will you write us in answer to this whether you can send us any names or not? Write us of your doings in the field, so that we may swell the alumni column of our Magazine.

With best wishes for all we have worked for together and are going to work for together, I am

Cordially your friend,

HENRY L. SOUTHWICK,

Dean.

July 1, 1906.

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## Dorothea Hoaglin-Hayden, '92

FROM Pasadena, Cal., comes most favorable reports of the success of Mrs. Dorothea Hoaglin-Hayden, of the class of '92. This charming and gifted woman has had a varied career since leaving the Alma Mater. For five years she held the position of head professor of oratory in the Kansas State Normal School, after which she was appointed to teach the departments of oratory and public speaking in the State Normal School, De Kalb, Ill. After serving in this capacity for three years she resigned to marry Rev. Newell M. Hayden, Jan. 1, 1903. Dr. J. W. Cook, the noted educator, says of her work:

"The teaching of Mrs. Hayden is a liberalizing ministry. It is the most satisfactory I have ever had in any institution with which I have been connected."

Since her marriage Mrs. Hayden has written, read, and lectured in various parts of California. Her studio in Pasadena is the centre for dramatic work in that city. This year she is reading "Judith of Bethulia," "If I Were King," and "Les Miserables." Her Eastern trip this fall will include Portland, Denver, Topeka, Chicago, Philadelphia, and possibly New York and Boston.

From the numerous testimonials to this gifted reader's increasing popularity may be noted the following from the *Venice Journal*:

"Mrs. Dorothea Hoaglin-Hayden loves to take the simple heart-songs of literature, and through her great art to put such richness of meaning into them that they come from her lips a rare creation, bearing the stamp of originality and genius. As a medium of expression she has a voice of such re-

markable beauty and power that it lends itself to the exquisite shading of a lullaby or the splendid strength of a Cyrano. Intellectual grasp, spiritual vision, and creative instinct place Mrs. Hayden among the great artists in her chosen line."

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### A Word from '03

IN these days when schools are opening throughout the country we again become thralls of intellectual enthusiasm. Even those of us who no longer agonize over cube root and "swinetax" remember with self-sympathy the days when we did. Passing on from that dire period, our minds turn with unerring instinct to the last school in which we were children, though of a larger growth. We remember the Alma Mater.

To how many of us does this memory not come like warm afternoon sunlight, making us stop in our tracks, as it were, and say, "I'm glad!"

Glad of what? That we have happy recollections? Yes. That we belonged, and still belong, to a good and ever-strengthening institution? Indeed, yes. But the best gladness, if we analyze clearly, comes from the fact that we can work for our college, and that *there are many of "us."*

*Let none forget this.* Our work is different, varying with talents and with conditions. Our posts of duty are often far apart. Many of us have never even seen each other. But in spite of all this,—nay, because of it,—let us of Emerson College never forget that we are one; united in loyalty; united in the effort to pay suitable, not adequate, tribute of gratitude to Alma Mater by sending others to learn her lessons; united, those of us who are away from her in body though not in spirit, in our determination to be "workmen who need not to be ashamed."

MAUDE FISKE, '03.

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### Ideals for a Girl's Life\*

MRS. DECKER said in brief: "It is a generally accepted idea that happiness is an inherent virtue which cannot be taught; but I firmly believe it is a grace which can be acquired. An English gentleman once said he never had seen a genuinely happy face in America. However this may be, it must be admitted that much might be done in this special field. I should suggest that in this institution there be established a chair for the teaching of happiness. Students would thus learn to acquire the habit of happiness by remembering that all unlovely traits, such

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\*Lecture delivered before the Emerson College, Sept. 27, 1906, by Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver, Col., president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.



as hatred, envy, and malice, mar the face, while the shining forth of a glad spirit makes even the plainest countenance beautiful. If our girls would only adopt for their motto the simple phrase, 'Just laugh' the ordinary troubles of life would vanish as if by magic."

In conclusion Mrs. Decker spoke a few words on the importance of a thorough business training for women. She also emphasized the ideal life of personal service, and recalled several instances in which women of humble and unpretentious station had been a source of help and inspiration to all with whom they came in contact.

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## A Study of the Idylls of the King\*

*H. A. Davidson*

No one of Tennyson's Idylls is richer in poetic beauty than the story of "Lancelot and Elaine," and it is little wonder that it seemed to the committee a suitable choice for students in secondary schools. The deeds and adventures of the poem are those of young persons: the lily maid is at the hour of the dawning of love; Lavaine and Sir Torre are youths thirsting for adventures and achievement; even the older knights, Lancelot, Sir Gawain, Arthur himself, are in the years of lusty manhood most admired and emulated of youth; and what is the tournament but the game of war, entered by those in whom the blood yet runs hot, and played in the presence of beauty, for love and lady fair! The season, also, is the midmost time of leafage and bloom, and the poem is full of pictures set in surroundings truly idyllic, while here and there are brief, perfect descriptive passages, each one of which might well inspire the brush of the painter.

Nor is any poem of Tennyson's richer in phrases that linger in the memory, in expressions of rare and significant beauty, or in lines pregnant with meaning,— "The myriad cricket of the mead;" . . . "rapt by all the sweet and sudden passion of youth toward greatness in its elder;" . . . "Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."— Nevertheless, no one of the Idylls selected for use in secondary schools presents so many difficult problems as this one. The suitability of the narrative for the young is apparent, not real. The central figure of the tale, Elaine, is but a love-sick maiden, however winsome or pure. Naturally schoolboys find little that attracts them in her story, and even girls, at an age when love's young dream is scarcely more than a mirage in the distance, often fail to sympathize with a passion so hopeless, for a knight, in age, already far beyond the days of youthful sport or love. Again, if the poem be read or studied with care, the story is full of tragic import the

\*From *American Education*. Copyrighted 1906, by H. A. Davidson

meaning of which can be clear only in the light of experiences beyond the years of children. Nor is it easy for the teacher to read the Idyll with her class as a tale that is told, leaving the young mind to select and fashion for itself a story of beauty and innocence, while passing lightly over other parts of the narrative the meaning of which experience does not yet reveal. Black and white intermingle; it was the guilty passion of Lancelot that withheld him from loving the maid that loved him, and Guinevere's jealousy runs with sinister meaning through the tale to the end. Again, the content of the poem, in its deeper meaning, in its subtlety of thought and analysis, transcends the understanding of the child. The experiences and passions recorded, the situations described, the thought suggested, require in the student a thoughtful habit of mind, fine perception, and a nature well seasoned.

What, then, is the task of the instructor in teaching this Idyll in the secondary school? We must admit, in advance, the impossibility of giving the young reader an adequate understanding of its full meaning and must content ourselves with such results as may be gained by study of different parts, of detail, adornment, and of the continued story of the Round Table. Boys and girls, alike, may read in "Lancelot and Elaine" of the further fortunes of Arthur and his knights; various stories may be assigned for presentation, either in narrative, or in outline. This will involve a rapid preliminary reading of the Idyll as suggested in the study of "Gareth and Lynette." The story of Arthur, the story of Lancelot, the story of Lavaine, should be assigned to boys; the stories of Elaine, and of the queen (unless omitted), to girls. In the outline of the story of Arthur it should be noted, in passing, that a part of the incidents narrated in this Idyll are chronologically earlier than other parts of the story given in Idylls already read. Character studies may be assigned in the same manner for each character appearing in the Idyll.

For these, descriptions of appearance or of traits should be quoted in Tennyson's own apt phrases, with references, by lines. Expressions of opinion and criticism, on the other hand, should be original. Afterward, "Lancelot and Elaine" may be read, or studied, in the manner suggested for "Gareth and Lynette." If the outlines of the stories of Arthur, Lancelot, etc., are allowed to remain on the board, the parts appearing in the story of Elaine — which is the sequence followed in the Idyll — will fall into place as the reading progresses, and the pupil will receive, without technical instruction, an important lesson in the arrangement of narrative composition.

Besides the study of the Idylls as narrative, suggestions for which have been given in the preceding number, there is another rich field of study open to the student in the literary qualities and poetic beauty of these poems. It is true that this study would tax the best-trained powers and the finest minds in schools of advanced study, but there is also an elementary study of æsthetic qualities which will quicken the understanding of young minds and cultivate in them an appreciation of beautiful forms of thought or expression. The remainder of this paper will be given to this difficult subject.

Appreciation of complex and subtle beauty such as characterizes Tennyson's verse depends in some degree upon perception of the elements which unite to produce the quality or effect thus named, but the untrained student is



peculiarly averse to the sort of application in which it is necessary to hold the judgment in suspense while qualities, admirable or otherwise, are noted in their relation to each other, and opinion results, as it were, from many conflicting impressions; the young must therefore miss much of the rich and mingled beauty of expression and of thought in these poems. If, however, the instructor be thoroughly trained and has given special study to her subject she may be able to guide her class to better purpose than appears in immediate results. If she selects such topics, passages, or threads running through the *Idylls* as are, in reality, elements of the larger theme and structure of the series, her work will set young minds in the right direction, and, later, the understanding of the more mature student will catch from the remembered teaching of the preparatory school a wider significance than was revealed to the intelligence of the child. Happy is the fortune of the young when the mind passes from one period of instruction to the next, easily and naturally, finding little to revise, or to cast aside.

"Lancelot and Elaine" especially invites this kind of study, and the topics that come to mind are numerous, but it is impossible here to do more than select one as an illustration which may suggest others. It is sometimes said that "Lancelot and Elaine" is the most idyllic of the *Idylls*. If this be not true, the poem is still full of pictures in words, and of bits of description which in a few phrases carry the imagination far afield,—the wild wave, "green glimmering toward the summit;" the "poplars with their noise of falling showers;" the vine-clad oriel; "the pictured wall."—There is here an opportunity to fix in the mind of the pupil the difference between the idyllic picture which is essential to the progress of the narrative and those bits of description that serve merely as setting, background, or accompaniment, of the tale. The word "idyll," or "idyllic," as signifying a type of poem, or a poetic quality, should be avoided in the secondary school. The meaning connoted by these terms is most composite and difficult of definition. The teacher herself, if without special advanced training, may be pardoned for hesitation or uncertainty in these distinctions. Every one who reads, however, may select from the narrative those exquisite descriptions which, like the picture of the artist, have an organization and arrangement of detail significant in meaning. The material is that of the artist; the meaning is an essential element in the narrative. Such a picture is the one in which the maid of Astolat stands by the gate, her bright hair blown about her face; such another is the description of Elaine appearing before Lancelot in the early morning while he thought, "he had not dreamed she was so beautiful." This passage might be reckoned a bit of pure description,—the morning light, the face of the maid, innocent and fair as an opening blossom, rapt with the love that was her doom,—were it not that the moment is of significance in three lives. Elaine gazes on the face of her knight as if it were a god's, and thereafter would choose death rather than let her love decline on any other than God's best and greatest. Lancelot, seeing her so sweet and true, realizes for a moment that such a love as hers might have brought him happiness and "noble issue, sons born to the glory of his name and fame." Here, also, the rumor

that stirred such bitter pain in the heart of the queen took its rise, in the acceptance by Lancelot of the sleeve embroidered with pearls.

The order of selection for this study should be, first, pictures which form a part of the narrative; secondly, pictures which, if painted, would involve some composition or arrangement of parts,—namely, of King Arthur at the tournament, or of Lancelot in the cave; and, thirdly, descriptions which may be called studies, for instance, of the faintly shadowed track winding up to where the towers of Astolat showed against the western sky.

Written descriptions of scenes or studies will aid greatly in defining the quality and use of the word-pictures; these descriptions should take the form of imaginative memoranda for an artist who is to illustrate the text, and details merely suggested or implied in the poem should be fully specified in the directions. Incidentally, this sort of composition will define an essential difference between description in words and description with pencil or brush. When the significance of the picture is an important element in the story this should be suggested and all directions should aim at an arrangement of detail in the portrayal that will emphasize the meaning. For other pictures, the writer of directions should simply define the dominant note or purpose in the description; in descriptions which are little pictures, by the way, the inquiry must be for the impression the poet wished to convey; for in Tennyson's verse each bit holds some intimate relation to the whole poem.

The only study of these beautiful poems which it is possible to carry out in the time at command may seem defective and limited in scope; but, even so, rich treasures await reader or student, and the task of the hour should yield such profit and pleasure that memory of it, lingering on until mature years, will, in the end, lead the student to read anew, with ripened understanding and deeper insight, the poems which in childhood were no more than beautiful tales of far-away and unreal adventures.

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### The Emerson Dormitories

EMERSON COLLEGE has begun a new experiment this year, in providing dormitories for students not residing in the city. These halls are situated on St. Stephen's Street, Massachusetts Avenue, and West Newton Street, and are to be called Radclyffe, College, and Newton Halls, respectively. All are within a short distance from the College, and being newly furnished, they afford most attractive homes for the girls. A competent chaperon presides over each hall, and the value of the home life and the social advantages which will ensue cannot be overestimated. It is certain that the new project will be a definite benefit to the college life, and fills a long-felt want. In all, about fifty students are accommodated, and arrangements will be made to enlarge the "plant" as the demand for dormitory accommodations increases. The chaperons are, respectively: Mrs. White, at College Hall; Mrs. Lambert, at Newton Hall; and Miss Coolidge, at Radclyffe.



### Association for the Advancement of the Speech Arts

THE fifteenth annual convention of the Association for the Advancement of the Speech Arts (formerly the National Association of Elocutionists) was held at Chautauqua, N. Y., during the week beginning Monday, June 25, 1906, and was a great success. Mrs. Southwick was chairman of the literary committee. Other Emersonians represented at the meetings appeared on the program as follows: "Confessions of a Literary Pilgrim," Mrs. Catherine Oliver McCoy; "The Story of Joseph," Ida Benfey Judd; "Scenes from 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" Miss M. Eden Tatem; "Methods of Improving Articulation," Luella Phillips; "Educational Values of the Speech Arts," Walter Bradley Tripp.

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### Our New Offices

EMERSON has larger offices this year, and a new private parlor for the members of the Faculty. The new offices are decorated in gray, as is the new "Deanery," and Library and Faculty rooms are in green. Emerson is surely doing things.

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### Editorials

WE were asked recently why we served hash last year and year before last in the pages of the Magazine. We responded that we wished — not entirely for our own sake, for we like hash — to serve fresh meat, or a choice of fresh meats, three times a day, but as there were not always loins enough to go around we sometimes had to be content to serve a *réchauffé*. In other words, we thought that the amount of freshly written articles and "printed for the first time" articles which were served should have satisfied any moderately well-meaning boarder. But, as there is hash — and hash — so "there is boarders and boarders." There is the long-suffering and patient dyspeptic of years; there is the omnivorous guzzler to whom ram, lamb, sheep, and mutton are all one; there is the serene boarder who pays the moderate fee, and who, if things don't go exactly to suit her, remembers that, after all, it's news from the Alma Mater; and then there's the chronic grumbler; and then there's the individual who does n't know that good hash is just as nour-

ishing as any fresh cold-storage meat which is on the market. Hash can be made of tenderloin steak; it can even be made of the merry sweetbread or the tender oyster; yea, even of the ascetic capon, at forty cents a pound. Hash is hash, but all hash is not some hash, and we believe that articles by Dean Southwick, Mrs. Southwick, Dr. Black, Edward Howard Griggs, Rev. Mr. Stockdale, Rev. Frederick Towers, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Hicks, Miss Tatem, Mr. Kenney, Miss McQuesten, and others are sufficiently "fresh" to free the Magazine from any accusation of staleness. Articles by all of the foregoing have appeared in the Magazine during the last two years.

True, hash has also appeared, but it has been good, honest, home-made hash, which will digest without the aid of pepsin if carefully chewed by those who have good teeth. For those who have not we would recommend Godey's *Ladies' Book*, a volume much prized, we understand, in the Middle Ages.

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Conservatism is an excellent thing, and, in our editorial innocence, we fancied it was safer and more conservative and acceptable in the sight of the alumni to serve some occasional samples of good or curious literature for purposes of comparison than to invent exhaustively, or to "swipe" wholesale the extemporaneous lectures of the classrooms, meant by no means as literary gems, though useful they be to the present student. (By the way, few of the teachers, if any, at Emerson, do much talking these days; they are too busy drilling individual students in their work.) It is always better to have a good thing reprinted for those who have not had the opportunity of reading it before than to add to the literary library of the world. Enough, surely, has been written already. Do let's pick up our Burns and our Scott once more, and not bother too much with the latest essay on the Simple Life or the last copy of *Vogue*. When Scott and Burns are outdone it will be time to refuse them, and maybe, even then, we will read them because we love them. One should always love a good thing though, even if what we love most is bet-



ter to our mind. Eat the hash, dear boarders; sometimes ice-cream comes for desert when hash is served as a fore-runner.

## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes

"There being no Emerson graduate in St. John, N.B., I have decided to remain at home and present the Emerson System here. . . . How I should love to be back at Emerson this winter with all its present advantages."

M. F. ROGERS.

Ella Margaret Olsen, '02, is teaching elocution and physical culture at the Quincy Conservatory of Music, Quincy, Ill. Miss Olsen has taught successfully at the Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N. S., for several years.

Mrs. Vivian Cameron, '05, is teaching physical culture and expression at Miss Dana's School, Morristown, N. J. Ellen, Mrs. Cameron's daughter, is one of the pupils at Miss Dana's.

Ethel C. Wheeler, '03, is teaching at the State Normal, Plymouth, N. H.

Marielle R. Wood is teaching at New Britain, Conn. Her address is 94 Maple St.

Several of our college girls who were summering at Nantucket gave an entertainment there which was a notable success. Each one who took part had, as a souvenir of the occasion, a bill — not a playbill, but a real bill, a greenback. The program given was as follows:

- |      |  |                  |                       |
|------|--|------------------|-----------------------|
| I.   | OVERTURE                                 |                  | <i>Selected</i>       |
|      |  | ORCHESTRA        |                       |
| II.  | PROLOGUE TO "DOMBEY AND SON"             |                  |                       |
|      | <i>Scene, Room in Mr. Dombey's house</i> |                  |                       |
|      | MR. DOMBEY                               | Florence Kirby   |                       |
|      | PAUL DOMBEY                              | Florence White   |                       |
|      | FLORENCE DOMBEY                          | Louise Trenholme |                       |
|      | MRS. PIPCHIN                             | Mabel Hall       |                       |
|      | SUSAN NIPPER                             | Edna Dow         |                       |
| III. | SOLO                                     |                  | <i>Selected</i>       |
|      |  | EDITH JENNINGS   |                       |
| IV.  | READING, "From a Far Country"            |                  | <i>Ina B. Roberts</i> |
|      |  | MABEL HALL       |                       |
| V.   | QUARTET, "Good-by, Sweet Day"            |                  |                       |
|      | EDITH JENNINGS                           | EDNA DOW         |                       |
|      | BETSY KENYON                             | LOUISE TRENHOLME |                       |
| VI.  | SELECTION                                |                  |                       |
|      |  | ORCHESTRA        |                       |
| VII. | FARCE, "No Men Wanted"                   |                  |                       |
|      | BACHELOR GIRLS: Elizabeth Rawley         | Louise Trenholme |                       |
|      | Isabel Granger                           | Florence White   |                       |
|      | PRYNELLA ABERCROMBIE, their maid         | Betsy Kenyon     |                       |

Edith M. Wills, '05, is one of the editors of the *School Physiology Journal*, published in Boston, at 23 Trull St.

Nettie M. Fisher, '02, is at Liberty Ladies' College, Liberty, Mo.

Evelyn Lewis goes to Chicago this autumn to join a concert company. Mr. Carl Ackley, violinist, and Anna H. Lavendar, vocalist, are her co-mates in the company. They will travel in the North and West under the management of the Chicago Lyceum Bureau.

The engagement of D. Floyd Fager, '05, to Bessie Bull, '06, is announced. Both are on "the road"—in different companies, alas!

There is another engagement — which is not announced. I wonder whose it is!

Fanny St. Clair Van Antwerp, '04, is teaching elocution and physical culture at McDonough, Ga.

Jane E. Mitchell, '05, is head assistant to Miss Overton at Brenau College Conservatory, Gainesville, Ga.

Clara Bancroft Woolsen, of Mt. Hermon, Mass., is teaching oratory and physical culture there, both private work and class work.

Susan Appelgate, '05, is teaching at Central College, Lexington, Mo.

The engagement of Miss Lena D. Harris to Mr. Wirt Payson Doty, of Detroit, Mich., is announced. Miss Harris has resigned her position at the State Normal, Springfield, S. D., where her presence will be greatly missed. The last work of Miss Harris at Springfield was the successful presentation of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," at Commencement.

HAYWOOD, ME., July 12, '06.

*My Dear Mrs. Southwick:*

The Dean's message comes as a reminder of what the College was to me at one time, and what it should continue to be. But I regret to say that I had grown away from it, to some extent, in my mad rush for the necessities of life. The first two years out I toured Canada, the South and West, playing leads in musical comedy and comedy drama. In that way, having no permanent address, I lost touch with the College. Then, last year, I concluded that I must study more, and wanted something *hard*, and I got it — I entered a medical school. From then on I had no time or thought for anything but anatomy.

This coming year I continue my course in Washington, D. C., and through Congressman Powers I have secured some good dates there and shall do what reading I can in connection with my medicine.

Now I want to do justice to myself and my Alma Mater, so I should like very much to attend the summer school. I feel that I need severe criticism once more.

I hope to do my share in interesting pupils in Emerson.

Ever faithfully your friend

OLIVETTE SMITH, '03.



Arlein Hackett, '98, has been on the stage, in musical comedy. She leaves the "Man from Now" company to enter straight work.

Edith A. Nickerson, '06, assisted by Mrs. Ray J. Cook, gave a very enjoyable recital of readings and impersonations, August 17, at Orchard, Wyo.

Florence M. Hamlin writes of delightful work in the Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, Wash.

Helen Hammond, '07, gave several delightful readings at a recital in Hampton, Conn., August 25.

Fay Latham, '05, expected to go to Weatherford, Tex., but was prevented by the illness of her mother. She will spend the winter in Minneapolis, in private work and reading.

Mrs. Dana Nelson Wallace, née Dana Willow Nelson, '04, is residing at 177 Chapin St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Elizabeth Carroll, '06, is teaching oratory in the High School at Lawrence, Mass.

Laura V. C. Stewart, '00, will have charge of special classes at the Central, N. Y., Institute for the Deaf.

Augusta Helen Gilmore, '98, gave an "evening of reading" at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Penn., September 21. The program included Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and a number of art sketches.

Ethel B. Pitman, '02, is teaching oratory and physiology at the Palmer Institute, Lakemont, N. Y.

After a pleasant vacation in the Ozark Mountains, Cora Pritchard, '05, is teaching expression, physical culture, and English in Oswego College, Kansas, Mo. Miss Pritchard expects to be in Boston sometime during 1908.

Anna R. Tedmon, '04, who last year was connected with the woman's clubs and Press Club of Denver, is to teach literature at the State Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Col.

Catharine Tucker, '96, a new member of the Emerson College Club, sends best wishes from Hartford, Conn.

Margaret E. Shanks, '92, is engaged in university and secretary work at Chicago, Ill.

After being for three years a member of the Faculty at Christian College, Mo., Edith H. Marshall, '02, has resigned in favor of a higher position at Halifax.

Katherine Hayes, '04, will teach elocution and physical culture at Batavia, N. Y., next winter.

Alice M. Osden, '97, is instructor at the State Normal School, Los Angeles, Cal.

John Merrill, '97, gave a reading at Santa Cruz Park, in the Catskills, August 18, and had a large, appreciative audience.

Mrs. J. W. Farley, née June Southwell, '00, writes from Pittsburg, Penn., that though marriage has removed her from the professional ranks, it has not affected her interest in Emerson College and its work.

Florence Davis, '06, is teaching at Marion College, Marion, Va.

Bessie J. Scott, '06, is teaching at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Florence C. White, president of the class of '06, has charge of the departments of oratory and physical culture in Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va.

Helena Richardson Fitz, president of '03, wishes the members of her class to send particulars as to name, permanent address, facts as to professional work, or items of personal interest, for a "Class Register" which she is preparing for publication. '03 *take notice!*

H. G. Churchill, '03, is teaching elocution and oratory in Endeavor Academy, Wis., besides doing some private work.

Olga White, '05, writes of interesting and successful work at Camp Hill, Fla., where she teaches elocution in connection with literature at the Southern Industrial Institute.

Frederick H. Koch, '03, has been spending the summer with friends at Camp Durrell, Me., where he gave an outdoor performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Koch resumes his position as teacher of expression at the University of North Dakota.

Helen G. Carrick, formerly of Las Vegas, N. M., will open a studio of expression at North Yakima, Wash.

John Merrill, '97, is completing his seventh year of teaching at Manor School, Stamford, Conn. In connection with his private work, he is giving recitals of "Enoch Arden," to be followed later this season by a Browning recital.

An entertainment of unusual merit was given in Montowese, Conn., on the evening of August 8. Four graduates of Emerson took part in the program, and the hearty appreciation of the audience proved that their work was an honor to the College and to their class. The readers were Miss Florence Sanborn, Miss Sydney Thomas, and Miss Mabel Grabel. Miss Olive Pratt gave a vocal solo.

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### "Them Two"

#### MARRIED

Leota Pope Ward, '03, to Mr. Grant I. Ham, June 26, 1906, Mount Vernon, Ill.

Louise M. Steele, '03, to Mr. Robert Stanley Phillips, June 19, 1906, Kansas, Ill.

Harriet Emily Fuller, '98, to Thomas Littlefield Marble, Aug. 15, 1906, Gorham, N. H.

Alice Ferren Blaisdell, '02, to Dr. Wm. Martin Thompson, October 17, Redbank, N. J.



Jessie Jones, '07, to Mr. Thomas Russell Brooks, Aug. 8, 1906.

Flora Ann North to Hiram Francis Haynes, July 29, Salmon, Ida.

Ina Isabelle Millward, '04, to Dr. Lamont Roy Wilson, September 18, Fresno, Cal.

Elizabeth Loring Hayward, '97, to Charles Milo Gardner, September 26, Westfield, Mass.

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## College News

Clyde Morrow, '07, has secured a position to teach at the Southern Female College at La Grange, Ga., for the ensuing year. She writes, "I am coming North next summer." Classmates, take notice.

Jessie Jones would have graduated in '07, if it had not been for Mr. Thomas Russell Brooks. But Miss Jones married Mr. Brooks August 8, and so her class must go on without her.

Miss Stella May Bosworth, who has had the silver medal contest in charge, has shown remarkable ability in developing powers of expression in the contestants, at the same time retaining their own personality. These contests have developed the fact that there are a number of young people in Elkins who have considerable talent, and has stimulated a literary taste that will redound to great good to the community.— *From the Inter-Mountain, Elkins, W. Va., Aug. 23, 1906.*

Adelaide Stallings, '07, taught for several weeks during the summer and did quite a good deal of recital work as well near her home in Bolivar, Mo.

Dorothy M. Sims, '07, gave an entertainment of readings, on September 7, in Kalama, Wash.

Mayme Miller is teaching in the Union City Studio of Expression, Union City, Tenn.

Miss Minzey, '07, has opened a studio at Brockton, Mass.

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## Y. W. C. A. Notes

The Y. W. C. A. began the year with a reception for the new students, on October 29, at the College. Room I. was filled with new and old Emersonians to hear Mrs. Southwick read several of her best selections in her own charming way. Miss Carmen McIntyre, of the entering class, sang pleasantly. Room 5 provided refreshing punch and wafers for the departing guests.

The Y. W. is one of the organizations of the College, and all who are interested in its work will be welcomed as members.

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## Class News of the Month

### Postgraduate

We are the largest Postgraduate class on record, '05 running us a close second. Hurrah for us! We have the honor of having among our number

Miss Edith A. Nickerson (who used to be called "Eager Edith"), who now teaches the fencing at Emerson. We also have the honor of having the rest of us among our number, and, "as we was and is, evermore shall be." Mrs. Marmein is our president.

### 1907

#### GREETINGS

Class activities have begun, and the usual spirit is manifested.

A great majority of our number have returned this fall, and others are expected later. We are glad to welcome Mr. Garber once more in our midst.

Miss Helen Merrill has gone to Germany to study music and languages.

Miss Hatch has been obliged to leave school on account of illness, but will return soon, we trust.

Miss Marie Hinckley has returned to resume her work with the class of '07.

Miss Clyde Morrow is teaching oratory and physical culture in La Grange, Ga.

We miss our class marshal, Miss Fichtner. "Nuff said."

We welcome several new members to our class, among whom are Miss Tiller, Miss Fox, Miss Frances Catron, Miss Salls, Miss Bauman, Miss Todd, Miss Plummer, and others.

You will hear more of us later.

### 1908

We are the Juniors, and although you have n't heard from us before, you will later — see if you don't! We've had class election, and we've elected officers, and all that; but we're not saying just yet who our president is. But when stunt time comes, we'll be there. See if we're not! We'll entertain the Freshies, too, when the others get through with them. See if we don't!

### 1909

The Freshman class was most delightfully entertained by the Postgraduates on the evening of October 2, when they were initiated into some of the wonders and beauties of Japan. Charming little trees, covered with delicate pink cherry-blossoms, and vases of long-stemmed chrysanthemums, formed a fitting background for the dainty little Japanese maids who flitted about, serving tea or pointing the way to the fortune-teller, a most remarkable and mysterious personage who not only divulged the secrets of Fate, but also distributed pretty favors to the eager guests. Tiny lanterns of many hues shed their soft light over all.

One of the most attractive features of the evening's program was the entertainment afforded by Miss Noyes. She delighted all her hearers by reading in her inimitable way, and generously gave many of her best selections.

Of the dancing in Room I it is needless to speak, for that, too, will be numbered among the many pleasant memories of Emerson's second social function of "Naughty-Six."

As these pages go to print invitations for a "Seeing Boston Trolley Trip" are received by the Freshmen from the reverend Seniors. Details in the next number.



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## Sunshine

*Marshall Pancoast*

SUNSHINE! a world of gleam when night

Down the far valley flies.

Sunshine! a tide of shimmering light

From the eternal skies.

There 's glow to drive the mountain mist,

And glorify the deep!

There 's tint for flower and amethyst!

There 's balm for souls that weep!

There 's beauty for the hallowed face,

Where lives its lingering smile!

There 's gladness! — for its mellowing grace

Alone makes life worth while.

Sunshine! — beyond the evening hill

Gaunt shadows grimly glide;

Sunshine! — the comfort of its thrill! —

Like this there 's none beside!

## The Corner-Stones of Modern Drama\*

Henry Arthur Jones

*Author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Middleman," "The Hypocrites," etc.*

I NEVER tell lies about the drama; though I may say things that will seem harsh and cruel, I shall be faithful to the truth as I see it.

Twice in history has the great world's drama emerged and become the leading form of literature for that age: once in Greece and once in England. Considering the influences that have affected our modern play-writers, no honest critic can leave out Ibsen. He has great fascination, but little charm; he hates a lie; stands as a representative of his age; has influenced either directly or indirectly all of our modern writers of any prominence, and will long stand forth as a shining landmark in the drama.

The Restoration dramatists drew their inspiration largely from Molière, who stands as France's greatest literary figure through the seventeenth century. But in France the play is judged as literature, and the drama is recognized as a fine art. The French are a cultivated set of playgoers; the English are not.

The Anglo-American race is preëminently a dramatic race, and the hope for the realization of the highest possibilities of the drama perhaps lies on this side of the ocean. A friend of mine declares that "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The School for Scandal" represent the harvest of the English drama for two centuries! Why this dearth? The chief reason, I believe, is the religious instinct,—the Puritanic influence. The hostile religious spirit everywhere sets up a current of ill will towards the drama in England and America, stimulates opposition to the theatre, and keeps alive prejudices that otherwise would have died down two hundred years ago; and it is, in my opinion, the one great

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\*Notes from a lecture delivered in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, Wednesday afternoon, October 31.



obstacle to the rise of a serious, dignified national art of the drama. We owe the imbecility and paralysis of our drama to-day to the insane rage of Puritanism that would see nothing in the theatre but a horrible, unholy thing to be crushed out of existence. The feeling of horror and fright of the theatre, engendered at the Restoration, is even to-day widely prevalent and operative among the religious classes in England and America. It stupefies our drama and degrades it from the rank of a fine art to a somewhat disreputable form of popular entertainment.

There are a number of secondary causes: the divorce of the drama from literature, of which it is the highest and most difficult form, and of which it should be the chief ornament; the absence from the English theatre of any sane or intelligible ideas about morality, so that while the inanities and indecencies of musical comedy are sniggered at and applauded, the deepest passions of men and women are tabooed, and the serious dramatist is bidden to keep his characters within the compass of that system of morality which is practised among wax dolls. They fail to recognize that the real purpose of the drama is to teach the rules of human life. Other causes are: the divorce of the drama from its sister arts; the absorption of the English drama into popular amusement; the want of training-schools for actors; the elevation of incompetent actors and actresses into false positions as stars; the general lack of all interest in the play, or in the author's study of life and character; a widespread adaptation of foreign plays, because they can be bought cheaply and are just as likely to provide the actor with a personal and pecuniary success, while setting him free from obligations to that objectionable and interfering person, the author.

Having spent so much time in showing why the drama has been so imperfectly fulfilling its mission, let me say that if the stage is to move forward it must be a national movement; and upon these four corner-stones must this future drama rest: (1) a recognition of the drama as the

highest form of literature; (2) the acknowledged right of the dramatist to deal with the vital problems of life; (3) the recognition of the drama as a fine art, and the severance from the cheap idea of popular entertainment; (4) the establishment of relations between actor and author which shall be mutually helpful.

Who shall build this national future drama? America, like all young nations, has the power to be stirred by ideals, a power which I fear England is losing.

J. A. G.

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## National Drama

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the English playwright, thinks our drama is in a bad way. And he includes in the same diagnosis the drama of his native land. This is at least modest talking from a man who has probably produced as many successful plays as any in the craft.

Admitting the restricted classification of "national" which Mr. Jones uses, it will probably be granted that America as well as England cannot at present boast of possessing a "national drama." If that is so, our share of blame for such a condition is considerably less than that which must be laid to the charge of our friends on the other side. The evolution of a national drama cannot take place without an intense national life; and in his diagnosis of our situation Mr. Jones does not allow sufficiently, not only for the cosmopolitan character of our population, but also for the marked difference which obtains between certain clearly defined sections of this vast country. What might be satisfactory as a national drama for New England would hardly suit the case of the West or the South.

As a matter of fact, the word "national" is often used in a loose and impossible sense. Take, for example, its application to literature. Robert Burns is often spoken of as the national poet of Scotland, whereas his art has nothing in common with the Celtic temperament of the Highland district of that kingdom. He is the bard of the Scottish lowlands.

When the matter is closely considered, it may be questioned whether a national drama in its strict meaning has been attained, save in a very few instances. Perhaps the nearest approach in English history belongs to the Elizabethan period, and then, it should be remembered, the life of the nation rose to such a united passion as it has probably never experienced since.

For ourselves, the dawning of a national drama is not yet. It will come, doubtless, when great happenings have thrilled the common spirit with united emotion. Such an achievement is often at the price of tears and blood, which are the fosterers of patriotism. When that day arrives, the "lusty young idioms" with which Mr. Jones sees our common speech to be swarming would make the task of our national dramatist all the easier.— *Boston Herald*.

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## True Expression

EVERY movement, great or small, has its undulations, its wave-like vibrations. First, one idea, or phase of the movement, and then another is brought to the crest of its temporary usefulness. In the early times the drama stood for didactic religious teaching, there being no other practical way of appeal to the people of the time. Oratory stood, then, for all we now put into print, and give to a world audience. That was its practical value — although there was still another, as its unequalled excellence proves.

As printing and postal service perfected themselves, the old oratorical appeal declined; and as long as our present means of communication exist, it can never be revived in its old capacity. After that decline the old forms and conditions remained, but the motive-fire, no longer fanned by necessity, soon burned out, and the result was the growth of a superficial cultivation and use of the art of oratorical expression, commonly known then as "elocution." It became an accomplishment; its end was entertainment.



But the undulations of progress are again felt, and drama and oratory are moving to another wave-crest. About twenty-five years ago this new force, which is now moving expression to its crest again, was recognized in Boston by a small body known as Emerson College. However crude and uncertain the first attempts at its formulations and application may have been, the motive-force prevailed because it was the true one. Six years ago the movement, under freer conditions, took such definite and clear direction that it is now moving rapidly, and with widening, irresistible force, to its height.

That dramatic and oratorical expression are now coming to their highest values as true culture as opposed to the superficial has been recognized. It is the natural outcome of the character of the preceding oratorical decline. It is such statements as the following that have drawn the attention, and large following, of students to Emerson.

"It is primarily a school for personal culture. It is self-evident that a strong personality, a cultured and noble manhood, is infinitely superior to any tricks of voice and gesture. When a man loves the truth and lives it, and can present it effectively to others, he has received the best possible preparation for the work of life as well as for the work of oratory. 'The greatest thing in oratory is the orator.'"

In the last few years the College has made tremendous strides toward the goal of its teaching. The increase of its faculty and the acquisition of such as stand foremost as teachers and artists; the widening and improvement of the curriculum; and the progress toward practical application have been the precious advantage of even those who now stand as Seniors and Postgraduates, and the time is rapidly coming when the requirements for admission will be higher, and the preparation still more fundamental and technical.

The methods of attaining the end are peculiarly Emersonian only in that they are based on psychological and universal principles of growth, and thus necessarily

comprehend the best of many. The changes and improvements in these methods — the result of hard and independent thinking — are obvious to even those who have been with the College even for the three years required for the course.

All this accounts for the growing influence of the College and its work. The fact that the study of oratory and dramatic art is becoming no longer a special course, but a regular part of the curriculum in our universities and colleges is proof of the spreading of the new spirit, and Emerson graduates fill many of the highest positions in these fields.

Much is yet to be done before the work is at its best. The attainment of the present ideal will be realized much sooner if the student body will come to recognize its responsibilities. The centre of the new power was revealed a short time ago in the classroom, when one of the Faculty said, in substance: "When we can express the world's literary masterpieces with such simplicity and power that they become new life-nourishing revelations to all people, then will the doors of all our greatest educational institutions be thrown open in eager acceptance of our art as a permanently established chair. It is the urgent demand for our art as a cultivating and liberating power — indeed, as a means of life in its broadest sense — that is now being felt." Truly, the very heart of this new movement has been sounded for us in the words of President Hadley of Yale,— "Expression is life."

B. L. K.

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## Literature in the Whole

How should literature be studied? It should be studied to get straight to the heart of the author — his thought and his feeling. Knowledge of historical and classical allusions and definitions of words are necessary to an appreciation of literature; but any chasing-down of allusions for the sake of mere knowledge, any seeking-out of the origins of words, any study of the life of an author

when it sheds no light on the work in hand, is a waste of time; for it distracts the attention from the literature, and never allows the reader to catch the fires of a great creative spirit. So, too, while literature is the best instructor in composition, it should never be called upon to give this lesson until it has first unfolded its great truth to the reader. And there can be nothing more stultifying to a class than forcing these secondary matters to a prominent place in the study of literature, because, forsooth, they are the only things that can be marked and evaluated. How often a child in school is trained to dislike literature because he is made to spend his energy turning the leaves of a dictionary or some handbook, or learning the nauseating drivel to be found in some edited texts! When an instructor arrives at this stage of teaching, where little things are seen out of all true proportion, his life has already fled, and soon the life of the class will flicker and die. Every student that makes details of supreme importance is like a near-sighted man studying some noble work of architecture. He may know the beauty of each individual column, the perfection of each pedestal and capital, the graceful lines of each window and door; yet this near-sighted man would have little sense of the strength and harmony of the whole. And there are many students in our classes making a myopic study of literature. Its minutest details are perfectly known; but the great broad significance of its mighty unity is never dreamt of.

The method, then, will be to seek first the truth. If in the search historic or classic references must be known, if new words are hiding the meaning, if figures of speech need explanation, if the biography of the author throws light on his meaning, learn these things. But always remember that they are but incidents; the real thing is the living truth which a great spirit has found and written down for the enlargement of the soul.—*W. F. Webster in "Teaching English in the High School."*



## Helps from the Faculty, or Practical Sayings by Practical People

No matter how far we get we never *fail* if we always *aspire rightly*.

It is the test of genius to be able to do and do and do, and wait.—*Mrs. Southwick*.

Have the power to rise to the special occasion.

Be ready so every one may feel that they can depend upon you in all the relations of life.

Every one has a place in the world. Find yours and then make the most of it.

Do what you know to be right at the time and you will be able to see more to do later.

Do not let what people may say of you hinder you unless you are in the wrong.

Have faith in some power outside of yourself; have just as positive a faith in your own possibilities; have will-power and work like a fiend.—*Mrs. Whitney*.

True culture helps you to deal with the unexpected.

Only as we help each other do we help ourselves and help the world.

Self-criticism is destructive of spontaneity.—*Miss Smith*.

The scope of elocution is to develop the whole being, that it may be a faultless medium in the expression of the author's thought.—*Mrs. Black*.

In his lectures on Dante's "Divine Comedy," on Thursday mornings, Mr. Griggs has given us many grand, inspiring, and helpful thoughts. We quote a few:

To be what you are and be conscious of it is punishment enough.

Great art comes from men who are more rather than less human than others.

You cannot enjoy or suffer anything without being either better or worse.

If we refuse the opportunities life presents we are cowards.

When we succeed give credit to the Universe; when we fail blame ourselves.

We are punished negatively when we fail to see the truth.

Art is the adequate and harmonious interpretation of some phase of man's life in relation to the whole.

Duty persisted in will be converted into love.

There are two aspects of harmony with God: the active and the contemplative. Some people pay their way in this world by what they *do*; others, by what they *are*.

One buys the power to see the path by losing the ability to travel.

He is your friend who cares more for your welfare than for your attitude toward himself.—*E. Howard Griggs.*

Art must always be, not conscious only but comfortably conscious; when it is not so it is not art.

Anything worth giving at all is worth giving as though it were the first time it had ever been uttered.

To overcome a fault, go to the other extreme.

Let experiences enrich your type, but do not drag them into your expression.—*Mrs. Hicks.*

Every person can think—even stupid people. The trouble is, to-day students do not think. I have received some of the most helpful suggestions from the most stupid pupils.—*Dr. Black.*

If we would get out of our glass houses once in a while, cease to see our own reflection, and have a good time, it would be a gloriously reckless thing.—*Miss Tatem.*

There are four steps to be taken in preparation of oral literature for interpretation: first, we must get a mental grasp; second, we must abandon ourselves to impulse without any thought of technique; third, test what we have done from impulse by our knowledge of technique; and fourth, we must practise, practise, practise, until correct artistic presentation becomes second nature.—*Mrs. Puffer.*

## The Emerson Course of Recitals

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, October 12

JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK appeared, October 12, in the opening recital of the season. In her presentation of "King John," she perhaps surpassed all former efforts. The characters were portrayed with such vividness, subtlety, and power that they moved and lived before us. Especially endeared to the hearts of all were the womanly, dignified Catherine and the little Prince Arthur.

The second part of the program consisted of the lyrics "He and She" (Arnold), "Marshes of Glynn" (Lanier), "Annabel Lee" (Poe), "West Wind" (Shelley), followed by a fine dramatic rendering of Bulwer's "Nydia." All received the deep and hearty appreciation due to Mrs. Southwick's great interpretative genius.

In anticipation of Dean Southwick's reading of "Herod," we quote the following from the *Boston Herald*:

"Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dean of Emerson College of Oratory, has rendered invaluable service in stimulating public interest in Shakespeare and other classics of the drama. For seven successive years recitals have been given under Mr. Southwick's direction, in the rendering of which he has had the assistance of some of the best-known public readers in the country. The present course will terminate next Friday evening, when Mr. Southwick himself will read Stephen Phillips's 'Herod,' the tragedy which was produced by Mr. Tree in London six years ago. This will mark its first presentation to a Boston audience."

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp, October 19

The second recital was given October 19, when Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp gave a rendering of "King Henry the Fourth." This particular play is a very difficult one, but Mr. Tripp proved himself more than equal to the



occasion. Especially strong was his portrayal of Falstaff, that mountain of flesh, exuding wit at every pore, a hero without conscience, a robber, coward, and liar, but nevertheless a jovial rogue who wins by his wit.

Besides Falstaff, the characters of Henry the Fourth, Prince of Wales, Poins, and Bardolph were especially well sustained.

Throughout most of the evening the audience was in a gale of merriment, and Mr. Tripp's recital will long be remembered as one of the most enjoyable in the series.

#### Miss Edith Coburn Noyes, October 26

Miss Edith Coburn Noyes chose for her subject Oliver Goldsmith's delicious comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," and all who heard her agreed that she far surpassed all former efforts in the line of comedy. From the moment she stepped on the stage, her listeners assumed and kept on their countenances one broad, expansive smile, while at times they became so convulsed with merriment that they threatened to drown the speaker's voice. Her gestures and facial expression, combined with remarkable characterization, scored for Miss Noyes an absolute triumph. She was equally fine in her rendition of the dignified Squire Hardcastle, Mrs. Hardcastle, and Kate. A touch of low comedy was introduced in the character of the clownish Tony Lumpkin. But in spite of the demand of this character, the reader's well-balanced artistic feeling did not allow her to overdo the part. The audience felt, throughout the play, that behind the portrayal was an immense power held in reserve.

Miss Noyes has always been one of our most popular readers, and this last recital made her even more entitled to that distinction.

#### Katherine Oliver McCoy, November 2

The fourth recital in the Southwick Lecture Course was given Friday evening, November 2, in Chickering Hall, Miss Katherine Oliver reading "Dr. Luke of the Labrador." This little English masterpiece has crept

into every American heart. It is a book once begun always finished. Its characters are real enough to grip the heart, unique enough to hold the interest, and so clearly defined that they live in the reader's memory. Dr. Grenfell's great work among the people of this northern country has only served to emphasize the best value of this book. His tales of this sterile, snowbound land tally well with the pages of descriptive work which Mr. Duncan has so ably pictured with his talented pen.

On last Friday evening, the pretty story, so full of love and life, romance and dark, deep tragedy, took on new meaning.

Miss Oliver was moving in her descriptive work. Her depiction of the lives of these Labrador people was more than mere word-play; it was like a bit of soul sight, which always makes for the surest reading reality. This artist is well known and much favored. Her dramatic gifts are many, her stage presence full of charm. It was all very satisfying, and added another laurel to the splendid success of this particular lecture series. The audience was large and greatly enthusiastic. There was much applause.—*Press Notice.*

Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks, November 9

Seldom has Shakespeare's comedy "Much Ado About Nothing" found so fine an interpretation as that given by Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks, before the Southwick Literary Society, on November 9. Brilliant, spirited, charged with vivacity, and sparkling with wit, it was a masterpiece of keen characterization, of flashing conversation, of striking contrasts of type. Her portrayal of Beatrice and Benedict was superb, while her Dogberry and Verges marked the ability to portray the blundering clown. Indeed, the reader succeeded so well in blending the serious and the humorous elements that the contrasting forces made one vital and exquisite harmony, full of tenderness, audacity, and brilliancy.

Besides her dramatic ability Mrs. Hicks has a fine stage presence, and a strong personality which commands attention whenever she appears. Certainly her "Much Ado" was a distinct triumph in dramatic art.

## The Southwick Literary Society

Gertrude McQuesten, in "Colombe's Birthday"

A MOST accurate and pleasing rendering of Browning's play "Colombe's Birthday" was presented for the Southwick Literary Society by Miss Gertrude McQuesten. This meeting of November third was the first of the much-anticipated series. The house was well filled and the applause with which Miss McQuesten was frequently greeted attested the pleasure and appreciation of the audience. While the Duchess and the Prince were portrayed most admirably, Valence, the advocate of Cleves, especially at his intensest moments, was most vividly before us. We saw the loyal patriot and the humble lover, and lived in his moods.

The usually difficult Browning was made quite clear, and his peculiar poetic beauty was most sympathetically presented.

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## Psychology in the Normal School

*H. H. Schroeder,*

*State Normal School, Whitewater, Wis.*

FOR what purpose is psychology included in the Normal-School course of study? It is clearly placed there primarily for professional purposes, and not as an academic subject. It is there primarily, not for its value as a disciplinary or as a culture subject, but for the purpose of assisting in the professional training of the students. And for this reason the psychology taught in the Normal School must be pedagogical psychology, or, better still, the principles of psychology with special reference to pedagogical problems. Above all, it must furnish the foundation of an understanding, on the part of the student, as to how the aim of education is to be realized. To do this it must, of course, be so taught as to be of actual and practical help to the prospective teacher.



What is the sense of teaching the Normal-School student that the aim of education is character-building, and of then proceeding to teach him for the rest of his professional training, not by what means to *realize this end*, but rather by what means to *teach*; in other words, by what means to enable the pupil to secure knowledge, or at best, by what means to develop his intellect? If we really believe that character-building is the aim of education, then let us shape our "professional courses" accordingly; that is, let us everywhere put the emphasis on how to build character, and not, as we now do, devote three fourths of our time to questions of the psychology of the intellect and to questions of methods of teaching particular subjects. On the other hand, if we wish to keep on teaching only how to teach particular subjects, then let us stop all this cheap talk about character-building as the aim of education.

If the securing of knowledge and the development of the intellectual powers are not the aim of education, and if character-building is the aim, then it follows of necessity that psychology in the Normal School must be taught with the emphasis, not on the psychology of the intellect, but rather on the psychology of conduct — the psychology of ethics — the psychology of the feelings, the emotions, the sentiments, the will, character. Instead of devoting the bulk of our courses to the intellect, it would seem we would be more logical and more scientific if we would turn the proportion about; if we were to devote, say, one third of the time to the cognitive, and two thirds of the time to the affective and conative phases — certainly not more than one half of the course to the intellect.

Coming to detail, in teaching the psychology of the intellect there are of course two things to keep in mind. In the first place, that this part of the subject is to give the student light on the question of the laws of intellectual development; and, secondly, what is more important, that it is to help him to see the connection between knowledge and habits secured through the acquisition of knowledge, on the one hand, and conduct on the other. There

is no need of emphasizing the first point, for that is pretty well borne in mind by the writers of most of our textbooks, but there is the more need of devoting attention to the second.

Of course it will be impossible, within the limits of this paper, to consider every detail of what is to be taken up, and furthermore, every detail as to how the work is to be conducted. Yet it will be necessary to particularize to some extent. If we bear in mind why we fit out the Normal-School student with a knowledge of the psychology of the intellect, what must we say of the practice of devoting from one fourth to one half of such time to sensation and the physiology of sense organs? The author knows of an extreme case where ten weeks of the entire twenty weeks devoted to psychology (not merely the psychology of the intellect) were given to the consideration of the eye and ear, vision and hearing. Interesting as these subjects may be, they certainly do not give the student sufficient light on the question of how to teach and of how to build character to justify so disproportionate an expenditure of time on them. Worse still, too often the very things that are most profitable here, looked at from the standpoint of pedagogy, receive but meagre attention, and frequently none. Under perception, for example, some time ought to be devoted to the psychology of illusion and hallucination, giving a knowledge of the conditions that are necessary to make accurate observation possible. Similar treatment ought to be given to judgment, showing the students how bias of feeling, prejudice in any form, excitement, mental preoccupation or prepossession of any sort, make reliable judgment impossible, letting them thus get clearer knowledge with regard to the value of circumstantial evidence in court, the value of the testimony of eye-witnesses as sources of historical knowledge, etc., taking up in a general way lines of thought so admirably discussed by Lehmann in his book on superstition and magic. These young people, the future teachers of our children, should understand such things themselves, because every pupil sent out from

our public schools should understand them if he is to be fitted for intelligent citizenship. Similarly, under every phase of the intellect we consider we ought to call attention to the particular habits of mind that may be acquired, and should be acquired, through exercise of such phases; as, for instance, that of carefulness in observing, caution in arriving at conclusions, self-control in overcoming sources of morbid mental activity, etc.

To give several illustrations more in detail: in these days of reaction against former mistaken attitudes in educational theory, where so much is written regarding the imagination and the great need of its development, it is highly desirable that our students learn to see that what may be said of the value of training the imagination with reference to real, non-fanciful things does not necessarily apply to its training as directed towards fanciful or fantastic objects. It is well, perhaps, that they learn to see that the imagination may, to some extent, safely occupy itself with such objects, but it is more important that they learn to comprehend the dangers involved in an extreme or over-indulgent exercise in this direction. Similarly, when studying the psychology of reasoning, it is well that the future teacher learn to see the need of encouraging in the pupil the attitude of self-reliance through independent thinking, so as not to discourage it or even to make it impossible, as teachers are prone to do even without realizing it. Let him see that he cannot develop such qualities in the pupil by insisting on the latter's forming his opinions on the strength of the authority of the teacher's or the author's statement; let him see the weakening effect of asking leading questions; perhaps above all else, let him see that if he is to develop this attitude of self-reliance in his pupils he must have patience in the recitation with the slow pupil who is trying to do his own thinking, and must discourage that habit so destructive of real thinking, that of glib reciting.

Important as a knowledge of the intellect is to make possible rational methods of teaching, and important as it is that the Normal-School student should see how good



moral habits can be secured on the part of the pupil through rational methods of teaching, it is still more important that in the course in psychology, as in every other "professional" course, he have the thought impressed on him that teaching or instruction is not all of education, and that the training merely of the intellect falls far short of securing moral character. The course in psychology must clear up his notions as to what conduct grows out of. It will not do to let our students go out with the view of some of our Herbartians (not that of Herbart himself, by the way) that intellect pure and simple determines conduct; they must learn that "ideas" when not in conjunction with feeling, or not reinforced by *habits* of action or instructive inclination, will never be expressed in action. They must learn that outside of the motive force of habits the mainspring of action lies solely within the realm of feeling.

To proceed to a few details: when considering the feelings or emotions of self, it is a question whether it is advisable or even possible to accomplish our purpose without dipping more or less into ethics; for what will a study of the emotions of self profit the student if he is not made to realize the thought, to quote Plato, that "excessive love of self is in reality the source to each man of all offenses?" It is here that the student must learn that there is such a thing as a proper regard for the interests of self, and that, therefore, it would be foolish and wrong to attempt to eradicate or crush an inherent disposition or proclivity of the child's nature. Let him see that instead it must rather be properly directed.

When dealing with those emotions that are called forth by the thought of merits or excellencies of and about self, let him see that vanity is, in a sense, part of our native endowment. Adam Smith goes so far as to say that the "secret of education is to direct vanity to proper objects;" we can agree with him only by straining the meaning of the term so as to include even true moral pride. It will be well to teach the student of what an ideal development of this side of the child's nature consists; let him

see that of necessity the child is proud of vain things in externals, as good looks, dress, etc.; that, as his judgment matures, these lesser things lose in his estimation, and he will be proud of things of greater social and moral value, until through an ideal training his original vanity will have been transformed into true, moral pride, a pride based on a consciousness not so much of the possession of moral worth, but more on the consciousness of leading a life in obedience to the moral law. The student must learn to discriminate between true, moral pride and false pride, or pride based on wrong objects; must not confuse this true pride with vanity, with haughtiness, with self-righteousness. He must, in short, learn that true, moral pride is but an emphasized self-respect, an attitude of mind most compatible with justice, modesty, and humility; in fact, a characteristic which cannot be secured in the absence of these attitudes last mentioned. If he is not taught these things, then the confusion in the use of the term, in which it means as a general thing the objectionable attitudes of vanity, haughtiness, arrogance, self-righteousness,—a confusion regularly met with in the writings of many of our authors, as for instance Ruskin, to mention but one — will not keep him from making the mistake of attempting to crush a proclivity of human nature which, when properly appealed to, becomes one of the most potent tendencies towards the evolution of moral character.

Similarly, when considering the so-called altruistic feelings or emotions of love, sympathy, etc., it will be impossible to avoid ethics. Furthermore, if our curriculum does not include a course in ethics it will be highly desirable not to try very hard to avoid ethics. Here it is especially desirable that the psychology of the question of hedonism be studied, and for this reason: the student is bound, sooner or later, through his own thinking or through his reading, to stumble upon arguments in favor of the view that all our actions are prompted by selfish motives. In fact, it would seem that every person who devotes some serious thought to this question is bound

to be confounded, because we get into the trap of not distinguishing between the (1) psychical and the (2) psychological inquiry; we do not distinguish between the (1) motive and the (2) impulse; we confound the question, "With what purpose or intent did I do this?" with that entirely different question, "What caused or prompted me to do this?" And so the student, at first approach to the difficulty, is bound to take the position that there is no such thing as unselfish action. Now because our students cannot avoid coming upon this question sooner or later, and because of the danger involved in the acceptance of the hedonistic view by the teacher, the course in psychology in the Normal School should clear up this difficulty for the student. Let him see that although it is more agreeable or satisfactory to yield to the stronger impulse or motive than not to do so, it is a case of pleasure coming as a result of the action, and not a case of the idea of pleasure-to-be-attained acting as the motive to, or the sole cause of, action; let him see that on this difference, the difference as to what is in the mind of the agent, depends the difference of selfish and non-selfish action in the ethical sense.

When treating the so-called "higher feelings," the intellectual, esthetic, moral, and religious sentiments, it is also necessary to bring out their relation to the development of moral character, showing to what extent they do aid, and to what extent they do not aid, in this direction. Taking the esthetic sentiment for example, it seems necessary that the student learn to see that esthetic pleasures *are* pleasures, even though they be of a higher kind than some others; let him see that a refinement of the child's nature on this side serves to guard him against immorality in *vulgar* garb, it is true, but that on the other hand it is no safeguard against immorality in its more refined and therefore more dangerous forms, that it may even be an aid to immorality in such form, in that the latter presents itself in the garb of respectability; let him see that sympathy aroused at sight of misery portrayed on the stage or in the work of art is not true sympathy



at all; that true sympathy is a painful experience, and therefore results in action to alleviate distress, whereas this esthetic sympathy has in it an element of pleasure, and is therefore not necessarily an aid towards the development of real sympathy at all, and, when over-indulged, a positive impediment to such development.

The treatment given to the discussion of the sentiments should not be dropped until the student sees clearly that these attitudes can be highly developed without securing a proportionate improvement in conduct; that when they become a dominant characteristic of disposition they are really a vain and idle fruitage of culture, of no value socially excepting in a purely negative way, unless they be supported by the habitude of corresponding conduct. It is here that the prospective teacher must learn that the feeling aroused for right and morality through the medium of music, of literature, of history, of nature study, etc., is in large part feeling of self-conscious illusion, feeling of unreal situations not calling for positive expression in action on our part, and hence, that such training is worth little unless supported by the securing of *real* feelings that receive expression in corresponding action; that, in fact, such training is really training in immorality when allowed to proceed along with neglect and failure to respond to present situations demanding immediate expression in action.

So, also, when we study the will, we must again emphasize the fact that mere knowledge as such does n't necessarily express itself in corresponding action; that even emotion and sentiment do not necessarily secure corresponding action. It is here that this most important truth in the psychology of conduct must be brought home to the student; that knowledge of right and wrong, that profession or endorsement of right, yes, that even strong sentimental support of, or enthusiasm for, the right, is worth nothing unless action consistent with it is secured; and, furthermore, that it is not only worth nothing, but, in addition, that it is positively harmful when developed along with failure to perform present duties. He must

see that all these are of real value only when accompanied by that attitude of mind which is manifested in fidelity to duty in the routine of daily work, for it is only then that daily actions are consistent with knowledge of, and sentiment for, duty. It seems to me that the course in psychology must, above all things else perhaps, get the student to see that moral character is not secured until we have secured the habitude of permanent consistency between knowledge, emotion, and sentiment on the one hand, and action and conduct on the other. It is needless to say after this that the course in psychology must include separate lectures or chapters on the subjects of character and habit.

Having now attempted to show *what* of psychology ought to be taught, there is no need of discussing the question of *how* to teach it; common sense will show us that if we but keep in mind our purpose or aim. Still it seems advisable to lay down two main maxims: First, applications of psychological principles must everywhere be made to actual, practical problems of schoolroom work, or the work will in the main be a matter of unassimilated cram as far as the student is concerned. Secondly, advanced problems of peculiar interest to the specialist have no place in a course in psychology in the Normal School. In fact, we must ever remember that the time allotted to psychology in the Normal School is short, and also that our students are but ill-prepared to derive much benefit from even the most simple and pedagogically organized text-book, not to mention the so-called "text-books" in psychology really written for the benefit of other psychologists.

To summarize: it may be necessary to touch on comparative psychology, experimental psychology, physiological psychology, abnormal psychology here and there; but the bulk of the work must be pedagogical psychology, or the principles of psychology applied to educational problems, and, therefore, in the very nature of things, must be largely the psychology of conduct. If you have a course in ethics or a course in the methods of

moral education in your school — which is improbable — my contention would still hold good, for everywhere this one thing must be brought home to the future teacher: that the most important problem of education is that of securing moral character; and if you have n't such a course, then so much more need of teaching psychology with that lack in mind.— *American Education*.

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## Editorial

IT must be one of those evidences of "racial memory" which puts me in mind of men and other lower animals so much recently. We are hearing a great deal about our arboreal ancestors these days, and I have often thought recently that our most up-to-date nature writers are reaping a fat harvest from the motif sown by Darwin. However, Darwin is a little — a very little — lacking in relative humidity, and we graciously hail the naïve Herford, who tells the children to

"behold the Chimpanzee  
Who sits on the ancestral tree  
From which we sprang in ages gone."

So far he but expresses the Darwinian theory. Mark how he differs, continuing,—

"I 'm glad we sprang! Had we held on,  
We might, for aught that we can say,  
Be horrid Chimpanzees to-day."

Darwin stated a fact; Herford states the fact and then expresses a personal opinion thereon. Query: Is he who is impersonal greater or less than he who is bold enough to hazard a critical opinion?

One thing we know,— that he who bumps the bumps of life is more or less inured to vicissitude; he who impersonally slides down the toboggan-chute goes mighty smoothly for a time, but woe betide him if he get off the track.

But to get back to the subject of the giraffe, which it was my object, at the beginning of this editorial, to speak



of. (I have got off the track, but then, used as I am to bumping the bumps, I get back gracefully, if audaciously.)

The giraffe cannot be classed as an arboreal gentleman, exactly, and yet his head, at least, is arboreal in its habits. He carries his head in the air, if any one does, with a fine sense of distinction; and, now I think of it, it was about distinction, and not about giraffes that I intended to write.

There are so few who understand the meaning of that word, "distinction." I think if one does understand the meaning of "distinction" it is because one is distinct one's self. Just, for example, note the gentle sway of a giraffe's head as he turns to gaze at you and other lower animals when you stare at him in the circus. Did you ever see anything more sweetly superior than the gentle burning in his brown eyes? What does he care for you and your curiosity? Nothing whatever. Give him perfectly clean, healthful food and an exact temperature, combined with a sufficient lack of relative humidity to satisfy a Darwin even, and he will condescend to live for you for a few years, and you can gaze at him when you will. Move an iota from the requirements of his temperament and, sobless, he will die on your hands. He will snub you so loftily in his pacific passing that it is doubtful if a worm like you will know what he is doing.

That is one of the delights of genuine distinction, of real aristocracy. You can reach a height where the opinions of the crowd will be like the howlings of coyotes afar off, where you enjoy the calm of the spheres without bothering to explain anything, without accommodating petty petitioners, without caring much who counts the spots on your sleek hide. You know that they are clean spots, and that's enough. Then, and only then, will you not only be "glad you sprang," but be glad you sprang from what you sprang from. Distinction, after all, is a kind of kingly simplicity, or a kind of king's simplicity — if such a kind exists. It humbleth what it exalteth and exalteth the humble. To be distinctive is to be clear of eye, clean of mind, strong of limb, bright of sword, and ruddy of heart.

## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes

Miss Thomas C. Roquemore, '06, tells of the work she is doing in Senoia, Ga. She says: "I am very much pleased with my work here, though I wish I were back at dear old Emerson! It is hard for so many of my class to be back while I am denied it, but I am trying to keep the beautiful spirit of the College with me, and to persuade myself into thinking that it is just as well. However, the future holds somewhere a P. G. year for me, I know."

Minnie M. Kerschner, '06, is studying at her own home, 1025 Linden St., Allentown, Penn., and will return next year.

Marshall Pancoast, '06, is now assistant principal in the High School Department of the Normal School in Greeley, Col. It will be remembered that Miss Tobey is in the Normal proper of the same school.

Another tribute to the College comes from Fanny St. Clair van Antwerp, '04, who is teaching at McDonough, Ga. She writes: "I often wish that I might come back to Emerson, for after being there for five years it seems more like home than almost anywhere else."

We recently learned, with regret, of the illness of Mrs. Lena Budd Powers, '99, on her way to the Western coast. She is now at Palo Alto, Cal., and has recovered her strength and courage. She sends her greetings to the College and her friends, and wishes us all a most successful year. I am sure we all heartily join in wishing Mrs. Powers health and success for the coming years.

Jennie Ray Ormsby, '92, has completed arrangements for a seventh season at Winona, Indianapolis, and is doing special work in Franklin College.

Mary Laviniah Murray, '05, now at home in South Charlestown, O., sends a circular telling of most successful recital work. She expects to give a recital every week throughout the winter, and hopes to return to Emerson for the purpose of completing her postgraduate work. We venture to quote the following tribute to Miss Murray's work, from the *Piqua Daily Call*.

The rich endowments of refinement, superior character, a well-trained voice, and a most pleasing presence commanded for her the closest attention, undivided interest, and heartiest applause from all who heard her. The grace, dignity, and sincerity which characterized the reader throughout were delightful, and gratified the audience in a most pleasing manner. Miss Murray won a place in the hearts of all who heard her — not only as a reader, but as a most estimable and charming young woman.

H. G. Churchill, '03, holds the position of vice-principal at Endeavor Academy, Endeavor, Wis.

Mrs. Caroline Berry Phelps, '88, offers a very fine course of study in the Baptist University for Women, Raleigh, N. C. It includes platform deportment, literary analysis, extemporaneous speaking, oratory, personation, and debate.

We are in receipt of a fine, enthusiastic letter from Jane M. Keeler, '06, who is teaching elocution, reading, and private work in the Normal School, Edinboro, Penn. "I cannot tell you how much I miss Emerson," she says. "Every day I wish I were with you, and when I receive letters from the girls I feel as if I must be with them."

Best wishes for a happy and successful year to this loyal Emersonian!

Of the dramatic readings given by Jennie Ruth Coons, '03, at an entertainment in Dundee, N. Y., the press says: "Miss Coons is a reader of marked ability and deserves much praise for the manner in which every number was rendered. She is characterized in her reading by a charming naturalness. Her voice is pleasing, her gestures easy, and she has the happy faculty of making her audience see her characters and feel with them."

With wishes of great success to the Magazine, Olga White, '05, writes from the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Ala.: "The last year's numbers are all good. I found them of great help in my work — especially those devoted to 'Voice' 'Physical Culture,' and 'Oratory.'"

Truly, such a letter maketh the Magazine Board's heart to glow with joy, and it will be their endeavor to keep the Magazine to its former high standard.

Helen Merrill, '07, will continue her studies in Germany during the winter.

Ethel Stoddard Denison, '06, has made her debut as a public reader; and judging from the fine things said of her by the critics, we dare predict for her a very successful career. Miss Dennison offers a finely varied program, consisting of humorous, dramatic, and classic interpretative numbers. Among the numerous press notices testifying to her ability as reader, we quote the following from the *Washington Post*:

Miss Ethel Stoddard Denison, who made her debut as a dramatic reader in this city recently, is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston. Possessed of a magnetic presence and much dramatic ability, she would no doubt make a phenomenal success on the legitimate stage. Miss Denison, unlike many elocutionists and dramatic readers, is at all times the master of her inflection, and never indulges in those gymnastics which so many mistake for impressive gesticulation. Her voice is always the same pleasing tone that so enchants the listener and gratifies the most exacting critic.

EMPORIA, KAN., Oct. 4, 1906.

*My Dear Mr. Southwick:*

Your cordial letter of greeting to the alumni was duly received. Now I should have enjoyed taking a course in the summer school, and with such a free offer as you make. But my duties at home seem very pressing, so I cannot leave. I hope to sometime.

This year I have a very good position in my first alma mater, the Kansas State Normal School. It is a fine, large school, well equipped, and with over two thousand students. I teach elocution, voice, and physical culture, work which I enjoy immensely.

My best wishes to all the teachers so dear to me, to my fellow classmates, and to the whole College.

Cordially yours,

META H. TAYLOR.



Alida W. Brooks is working for the degree of B. S. in the New York University. Miss Brooks graduated from the Emerson College in '93, taking the postgraduate course in '94, besides completing a summer course at Martha's Vineyard. Among the interesting items contained in her letter is the following:

"The New York E. C. O. Club meets, November 10, at the home of Mrs. William W. Walker, and we hope to have a very successful year. We all enjoyed having Mr. and Mrs. Southwick at our benefit last year, and we hope to see them again this year. These meetings are a great help to us all in our work, as we compare notes and experiences, and have many interesting discussions."

Marielle R. Wood will spend the coming year teaching oratory and physical culture in the High School at New Britain, Conn. Miss Hayes, '05, succeeds her at Batavia.

To Virginia Jarman, '04, we are indebted for this graceful tribute to the Magazine. "It is a great source of inspiration and a delightful means of keeping in touch with the work and the people in whom we are all so interested."

I thank you, Miss Jarman; this shall indeed be always the aim of the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Alice M. Osden, '97, has succeeded Miss Gill, a Columbia graduate, as instructor in reading, methods in reading, and public speaking at the Normal School in Los Angeles, Cal. She has been studying at the University of Chicago during the summer. She also visited Moorehead, Minn., where she studied the methods of Harriet E. Rumball, '04, who is teaching there.

Maude V. Flint, '08, has been teaching music during the summer at Stamford, Conn. She gave several recitals which were very successful, both artistically and financially. The papers said: "The readings by Miss Flint were charming. Her style was both artistic and sympathetic, and displayed perfect mastery of each selection. She gave a natural interpretation to each character which she impersonated. She was equally at home with the serious production of 'Gentlemen, the King,' and the lighter one, 'The Bear Story.' She carried the sympathy of her audience in every selection, and received repeated expressions of appreciation."

Mabel R. Miller is teaching in Providence, R. I. She has about seventy-five pupils. A short time ago she presented W. B. Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire" with great success. She writes:

"If I may I should like to say a word in regard to Mr. Kidder's work in Visible Speech. Since leaving the school my work has been largely with pupils whose speech is defective, either from cleft palate, stuttering, adenoids, etc. One case has been particularly interesting. A boy of fourteen last October had never spoken so that his mother could understand him. One of our eminent throat specialists operated for adenoids, enlarged tonsils, etc. When the throat was entirely healed the physician turned the boy over to me. At first the work was up-hill and hard, but as soon as the boy got the

idea of how to use the charts in Mr. Kidder's little book his progress was rapid, and now when we are starting in upon our vacations he can talk so that any one who will try can understand him perfectly. Had I given more attention to the work while at Emerson it would be much easier now. I would that I might urge upon those who are taking this course to make the most of it. To teach elocution is delightful, but to feel that you have been the means of putting a fellow being into easy means of communication with his companions makes life seriously worth living."

Addie Chase Smith, a former graduate, sends us a circular of her public work. It says:

"Mrs. Addie Chase Smith is one of Springfield's best-known readers and instructors. She divides her time between Boston, Northampton, and this city. Mrs. Smith is a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory. She has been an instructor at the Quincy High School and at Dr. Anderson's School of Gymnastics at New Haven. She has taught also in Boston and New York, in the latter city for two years. Mrs. Smith has also been an instructor at Chautauqua for nine years. Mrs. Smith has a mellow contralto voice of rich quality and rare power of modulation. She at once enlists the attention of her audience, and holds it by her naturalness as a reader; there is no straining for effect. Mrs. Smith's range is wide and varied, and, whether it be tragedy, pathos, or comedy, she sways her auditors at will."

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### Married

Helen Belle Sylvester, '04, to Wilfred Clarence Murphy, Sept. 19, 1906, Campello, Mass. They will live in Providence, R. I.

Bertha Wyman Clowe, '99, to George William Rankin, Boston, Mass.

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### Died

John Burgess Weeks, from nervous prostration, at St. Albans.

Mr. Weeks took the three years' course at Emerson College, being graduated in 1894. He then joined Otis Skinner's dramatic company and travelled with that distinguished actor four years, three years of which were passed in the capacity of stage manager. During all this time he played many important rôles and manifested a high degree of talent. He had given hundreds of evening entertainments as an impersonator and monologist, and achieved great popularity in this art, that left with thousands of people a delightful memory of his personality.

In the *Knox College Bulletin*, issued at Galesburg, Ill., we find the following announcement concerning the death of the noted educator, Prof. Albert Hurd:

It was with the most profound sorrow and regret that the many friends of Professor Hurd learned of his death just at the beginning of another college year. He passed away early on Sunday evening, September 2, at his home, at the age of eighty-three, and surrounded by his daughter, Miss Mary Hurd, and a few intimate friends. His death was due to hepatic stasis. For the past several months Professor Hurd had been

suffering, but it was only during the last few weeks of his life that his indisposition partook of a complicated nature. It was then that even he himself began to realize the seriousness of his condition, and it became evident to all that the end was only a matter of time.

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## College News

### Postgraduate Class

The present Postgraduate class occupies first place in having the largest number of members returning from the Senior roll of last year. Such being the conditions, unusual teamwork and splendid progress will be the aim and should be the result. Moreover, the new members joining the class have proved themselves worthy, and the readiness and competence with which they have identified themselves with the class spirit have been much appreciated. It is evident they are a valuable reinforcement.

The course offered the Postgraduates is one to inspire a deal of enthusiastic study, and we trust the "end in view" is always such as to make the grind seem easy.

While a large number have returned to reunite as Postgraduates, there are many of '06 who are proving their abilities in active life. Two have followed a unique course in which the entire body of old classmates join in wishing them all possible success and happiness.

On May 27, 1906, Floyd C. Van Eseltine and Ethelyn Redway were married, at Syracuse, N. Y. Miss Redway, though "a new Senior" last year, soon won a wide acquaintance and sincere appreciation among the members of '06.

The Graduate class has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: president, Anna E. Marmein; secretary, Susan D. Pierce; treasurer, Sydney Thomas; Magazine representative, Betsey Kenyon.

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## Notice

It is of the utmost importance that each and every alumnus register his name with both the registrar and secretary of the College, in order that each may be reached promptly when matters of mutual interest are on the tapis.

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## Gossip

The 1906 baby has grown to be real big, and she is now doing big things. She is not a Freshy any more, you know; but just a cunning little Junior — but she can do things though. If you want to know just what ask the Limerick Club, who meet occasionally at the State of Maine Club House.

Mother Nature and all her children who live in the Fenway cordially invite all Emersonians to come and see them. I am sure if you go real often, and especially before breakfast, you will be better Emersonian children, for you know it is from them that we learn how to live.



A dear little Freshman of Emerson, standing in front of Jordan Marsh's, was heard to say, "O girls, let's stop a minute and wait till the crowd gets by!"

A 1906 Freshman of Emerson wrote to her father last year asking him to come and visit her and she would give him the time of his life. The father, after much consideration as to whether he could leave his business and take the trip, started for Boston, where he was met with open arms by his daughter, who addressed him thus: "O Papa, I am awfully glad to see you — never was so glad to see any one in all my life — all I've got is seventy-five cents!"

The Hallowe'en party given by the Juniors in honor of the Baby was largely attended. The rooms were tastefully arranged, and all that suggested Hallowe'en was to be seen.

As the guests ascended the stairs they were met by twelve ghosts, dotted here and there the length of the staircase. It was pleasant to be in such a goodly company and to receive the warm grasp of the hand which only ghosts can give.

All sorts of games were indulged in, and a fortune-teller with a widely known reputation was present to unfold many a future. The ghost of Madame Insight was also present and read the lines of the face. Little did people know what their faces bore until they came, heard, and saw for themselves.

Dancing was enjoyed by all, even the ghosts indulged; and dainty refreshments were served.

The "Home, Sweet Home" waltz came all too soon, but it seemed a pity to keep Baby up longer. My, but she's cunning — and the Juniors did so enjoy amusing her!

Emerson College is real proud of its 1907 Baby. It is an exceptionally pretty one, and it is n't a bit afraid. Perhaps soon Dean Southwick can get it to smile for the ladies and shake a day-day.

It is real nice to have a submissive mind, and oftentimes it is a saving grace — it certainly was the means of giving an added charm to the Hallowe'en party, for the twelve young maidens who acted as ghosts gracefully submitted to the fact that they were alone in the wide, wide world, with no gallant youth with whom to trip the light fantastic; but they just met the situation, borrowed all the sheets and pillow-cases available, practised long hours in the Virginia Reel, and came — and no one was sorry.

## 1908

Miss Grace S. Reed, '08, gave several humorous readings, which were encored enthusiastically, at a Hallowe'en sociable given by the Brookline Baptist Church on Nov. 1, 1906.

## 1909

### A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES

Ask some bright-looking Freshman to explain "Mental and Physical Attitudes and Sensations," and you will go on your way rejoicing.

Oh, was n't it nice, classmen,  
To be a Freshman green:  
To bob for nice big apples  
That glorious Hallowe'en?  
To blow out fateful candles  
And learn your future, too;  
Be scared to death by ghosts  
And dance a dance or two?  
We had a good time, Juniors;  
You really do not know  
The fun you gave us "workers."  
We'll never say you're slow.

One of the most enjoyable events of the school year thus far was the trolley-party given for the Freshmen by the Seniors, but whose pleasures were shared by many other members of the school and some members of the Faculty as well.

On the fifteenth of October, at about one-thirty in the afternoon, nearly one hundred and fifty fine-looking young people, proudly wearing the purple and gold, congregated on the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues, with light hearts and smiling faces, ready for whatever was in store for them.

The trip took most of the afternoon, and among the many interesting points seen were: Chinatown, Old South Church, the old State House, Charlestown bridge and Navy Yard, Bunker Hill Monument, besides going through Somerville and the beautiful town of Brookline.

It was a charming combination of pleasure, educational value, and offered an excellent opportunity for the new student who is a stranger to Boston to become acquainted with its many points of interest. In view of the fact that the "Baby" Freshman has arrived at that interesting stage where it begins to take notice, the trip was doubly appreciated, and our heartiest thanks go out to the Seniors.

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### Echoes from the Classroom

Some of the Freshmen are unable to practise devitalization on account of 2 x 4 rooms which are one of the luxuries of the strenuous life college students are compelled to live.

*Teacher.*— Miss W., the representative of which division appealed to you most?

*Miss W.*— The young man.

(Laughter in intermission).

*Teacher.*— How many agree with Miss W? Please raise your hands. (No response). Must be, then, Miss W. has him to herself.

The Freshmen are all glad to see Mrs. Whitney back with them once more.

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### E. C. O. Canadian Club

THE Emerson Canadian Club has reorganized, and at their first meeting, October 10, were glad to welcome several new members. Last year's officers were reelected, with Mrs. Black again our honorary president. H. B.

## “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star”

“Miss Emersonia Osgoodson will now favor the company with a recitation,” announced the teacher to the friends who had assembled in the schoolroom to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia recited as follows:

“Coruscate, coruscate, diminutive stellar orb!

“How inexplicable to me seems the stupendous problem of thy existence!

“Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!

“Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystallized carbon gem of unsurpassing brilliancy and impenetrability glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavor to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!”

When the dear little Boston girl had finished, in her rapt, soulful Bostonian way, and sat down, there was n't a dry spectacle in the schoolroom.

## Exchanges

*The Forum*, published by the students of Lebanon Valley College, contains a number of interesting articles, among which “The Legitimate Use of Subsidiary Events in Julius Cæsar” is conspicuous. We are glad to quote a little editorial from this magazine: “College life is a leveling process. Every new student exhibits peculiar characteristics. The boy from the farm may be countrified and perhaps the city boy has his airs. There is a mean between these two extremes. The rustic must key up and the dude must tone down to that mean.”

We were pleased to read, in *The Winthrop College Journal*, of the fine new library presented by Mr. Carnegie, and we congratulate the students of the College upon receiving it.

*American Education* contains excellent matter from cover to cover. Its articles are most helpful as well as interesting, and any one would gain splendid suggestions by reading them; indeed, if one wishes to keep in touch with the advanced ideas that concern teaching he can hardly afford to miss this periodical.

We are in receipt of the *Danaid*, published by the students of Miss Dana's School in Morristown, N. J. It contains a number of snappy little stories; also several inspiring editorials.

*The Normal Eyte*, published weekly at the State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Io., is a bright, neat little paper. Its little story concerning poetry is well worth repeating:

*Teacher*.—How many kinds of poetry are there?

*Pupil*.—Three: lyric, dramatic, and epidemic!



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## Sonnet

SPICE-LADEN winds from isles of tropic seas,

Slow tides that wash the murmurous beach's breast,  
White gulls that float like foam-drift on the breeze,

Heave of green waters in their vague unrest,  
Wraith of a ship, thro' the dim space of night,

Sparkle of sunshine on the harbor's blue,  
Red fires of sunset, rimmed with opal light,—

All bring to me a subtle breath of you.

Not something vivid to my touch or sight,

Nor of the well-known forms of earth, it seems,  
Yet radiant, vital, with a charm so bright,

It holds no kinship with the shapes of dreams.

Into my soul it enters, sweet and true,

And then my life blooms fresh again with you.

## True Freedom\*

*Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick*

WE must first discriminate between true freedom and the false idea of it. Is not true freedom perfect liberty to become and to fulfil the highest? Freedom is not merely an external condition, the absence of restraint. It is a becoming, as well as a state of our environment. We must be free within, else we can make no good use of the outer condition. Some one has said, "The only rights we should have are in the right to do right." And yet we have not this without the opportunity to do wrong. But perfect freedom within would be a state of being unconstrained by the disposition to violate truth. The basis of freedom lies in the fact that the highest finding of the individual will is in the realization of the infinite will. In it we feel that we are a part of the nature of things — one with the oversoul. Liberty is the power to affirm in the outer life the truth of our inmost consciousness. A false notion of freedom which prevails among shallow and selfish people is that it consists in the removal of the restraint of law and in the chance to interfere with the freedom of others if one has the power and pleases to use it. But surely any concept of freedom which implies destroying it for others is an anomaly! We must create freedom if we would partake in it. That expression of self which robs the beneficent whole of life, or any part of it, is not truth; and it is only "the truth that shall make you free." Anarchy is the exact inversion of true freedom.

The value of true freedom is incalculable,—ever have men fought for it, sacrificed for it, died for it, in times of the world's advancement. Every reform or revolution against oppression, every attempt to advance the world, has been in some form a fight for freedom — freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom of worship.

The qualities required for the manifestation of freedom are, first, true individuality, or the power to realize the au-

\*Abstract of a lecture delivered before Emerson College, Nov. 15, 1906.

thority of the divine consciousness within, apart from all pressure of opinion from without; then, the power of discrimination, or the perception of truth as we look out upon life; finally, the wisdom and courage to apply this truth of inner consciousness and outward perception in our action. Courage is basic and must be the father of the motive-power; wisdom comes with experience. Perhaps to a conscientious person, sensitive to the supreme importance of truth and wise discrimination, the greatest courage is required to face the liability to mistakes. Yet the truth is not true for an individual until he has proved it to his own consciousness. Those dependent upon others' opinions for their knowledge of truth never know! How, then, shall we be taught? By receptivity and experimental obedience to those who have achieved more than we. But the true teacher will lead us to independence of his authority at the earliest possible moment. The religions teaching subservience to higher authority have had the greatest following among the ignorant and superstitious. It may be said that the difference between leadership and tyranny is that true leadership illumines the way and incites to higher spheres of thought and accomplishment, while tyranny demands deference and the abnegation of confidence.

Better differ honestly with a man who is right than to pretend accordance with what you cannot receive! By one way you may at least learn the truth sometime; but in the other you lose the power to affirm truth at all! But true freedom is in harmony, not discord! By spoiling harmony one abuses freedom — and loses it in consequence; for so he interferes with the fulfilment. Life must be constructive; we have the *opportunity* to destroy, but this brings responsibility. We may destroy, and so be destroyed by the conditions we create. Emerson says, "Fate is laws of the world: fate is what you may do. There is much that you may not do." Ours is the power to choose; but the consequences rest with the Law.

And so on from cycle to cycle, we choose and experience and learn, until we are able to achieve the realiza-



tion that life is one, and whatever violates any part of the great whole is a wound in the side of Humanity, of which we, too, are a part.

If we would enjoy freedom ourselves we must create what we would enjoy. The price of freedom is responsibility. We may break the harmony and spoil the happiness of the whole of which we are a part, but we cannot command *results* by false *conditions*.

Professor Griggs, in his comment upon Dante's Paradise, points out the appropriateness of the symbol of circular motion, ever the gravitation toward the centre, which is the Divine Heart of the Universe; ever the affirmation of the individual distinct and outward toward the circumference, the perfect balance between these forces resulting in circular motion, the planet revolving round the central sun.

The type of character which is free, then, must be *positive*, "good for *something*." Inertia is one of the greatest dangers to character. The inert thing is invariably moved upon by stronger or more affirmative forces. Hence, we must *choose* the good. Not to do so is to drift helplessly with the bad, or to be swept over by it. For inertia is of death. He who is off guard is ever in danger. A free man must have directness of conviction. The habit of following prescribed opinions, without having approved and *chosen* them, blurs the power of direct conviction. Emerson says of these people, "Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right."

Freedom is menaced by inertia, by selfishness, by negative states of mind. Fear paralyzes; this is the most negative state of mind. Fear is of death. It is the fatal stab to inspiration, the prisoner of the soul. We should not even fear too much to do wrong; if our motive is right, that will redeem mistakes. "He who fears to plunge, risks to succumb from heat."

Have faith in the heart of things! Pure motive gives freedom! Give freedom to others, first, by *being* free;

second, by promoting freedom. The tyranny of imposed beliefs is stultifying. Unity comes through light, not by coercion. Only the free can serve well. Evolution is possible by freedom. Freedom is life; slavery is death!

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## The Mission of the Dramatic School

WITH the passing of Lewis Morrison a few weeks ago, there disappeared from public view another actor of the "old school," the school of long apprenticeship, the stock company of the old days, when the aspirant for dramatic honors spent many years in a usually futile effort to gain recognition.

To-day the training formerly acquired laboriously in the stock company is given in the dramatic school, which is a recognized institution, as are the schools in which other professions of art and science are taught. The sceptical often exclaim, "None of the really great actors ever went to a dramatic school." To this one may answer, "But they had teachers who taught them the fundamental principles of their art"—Rachel, Talma, Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Frederick Lemaitre, Forest, and many others. Formerly the outsider found the greatest difficulties, if he desired to secure a position on the stage, however humble. In those days, the real art of the theatre was to be learned only in the theatre, and so long and arduous was the road to recognition and proficiency that by the time success had crowned his efforts he found himself an old man, weary and heartsick after the long struggle.

No less an authority than Arthur Wing Pinero, the greatest of living English dramatists, has said: "For a man to venture upon the stage to fulfil duties, however slight, without first grounding himself in the technicalities of articulation, modulation, emphasis, and inflection is as gross an anomaly as for a man to paint a picture without knowledge of drawing, or any developed sense of color."

Into the dramatic school of to-day may enter the untutored and untrained young man or woman, and after a certain term they are sent forth into their profession with a knowledge and equipment which, until a few years back, could only have been accomplished after several years of the hardest drudgery. The aspirant for theatrical distinction made his way along a path at the outset of which stood the character commonly referred to as "super," and at the end of which emerged a half-trained actor, fitted only for subordinate parts.

The study of acting, if rightly pursued and following natural methods, is an education of the highest importance to every person. The student will have become familiar with every phase of human nature, with the laws that govern all expressions of words and feelings, with the control of the body, and will have acquired information of an intellectual character and self-culture, the value of which cannot be overestimated. There can be no better course of training for any man or woman than that which is found in the pursuance of this art of arts. Everything is done to stimulate the imagination, to awake the intelligence of the students, and to assist them to a clear understanding, a comprehensive grasp, of the inmost meaning and spirit of their work, the characters to which they are trying to give form and life. Merely as an education, this work of giving physical expression to the best thoughts of the best minds, clothed in the noblest language, is certainly priceless. In every sense it gives the pupils in the shortest possible time all the requisite knowledge necessary for a successful stage career.

Progress in the methods of all lines of study is the rule of the day. We cannot longer govern ourselves by old methods and standards. Cherished traditions have been handed down to us like hallowed memories of the deeds of the giants of the old school. Their day is past. In their place has risen the student, young and vigorous, of the new school, the new temple of art. The dramatic school has its mission, its work is clearly defined. Its usefulness has been proved, and its results have surprised



the most sceptical. The scoffer has become a convert. The way of the young aspirant is still a hard road to travel, but now, as never before, the way to success is pointed out to him, and hard work, intelligence, and sincere endeavor are his sure stepping-stones to success. — *Paul Gerson in The Theatre Magazine.*

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## The Orator and His Work

WHEN man developed an intellect and walked upright, he had to pay for it in loss of physical strength. God seems to have given to each one so much power, and if he uses it in this way he cannot use it in that.

The Greeks had a myth, which represents the evolution of the human race. A typical man, Prometheus, stole fire from the altar of the gods, and through the use of this fire he became a rival of those who dwelt on Olympus. And they were exceedingly angry with Prometheus and bound him hand and foot, and although he could think and feel, and imagination could soar through the universe, his body was chained to a rock and he struggled with fetters. This is the first essay on compensation and means there is no such thing as a free gift. We have to pay for all we get. We are unskilful, even now, in the use of this stolen fire. Many have consumed themselves with it. It is still known to be dangerous, and understood no better than electricity, and is not applied to so good advantage. Much of this fire we waste, throw away, dissipate. We have only a small quantity. The genius is the one who conserves and concentrates this power. We are limited as yet in our use of the intellect. A man who works eighteen hours a day does not do the work of a genius for that time, or, like Keats, burns out his allotment of fuel at twenty-four. But as a rule the man who boasts of a long day's work has concentrated on no part of it.

There is no such thing as a long poem — that expression would imply days and nights of pulse at fever heat —

a fire that would burn to ashes any human being. A poem has but a few lines — lines that are fire and ignite the brain that comprehends them — a live wire. A “long poem” is a way of connecting a few poems. A “long poem” is mostly padding. Reach for your Browning and open to “Paracelsus;” the passages you mark with your pencil are the poems — the rest you endured for the sake of the vital portions. Men of genius have ever tried to prolong the moments of creative fancy, but the jealous gods visited upon them the punishment of dissolution and death. Thomas de Quincey has told the story once for all of the attempt to rival the immortals in his “Confessions of an Opium Eater.”

We are subject to the will of the gods — limited, imperfect mediums for the expression of divine energy. And yet, there is no joy known to man that can compare with that which comes from the use of the Promethean Torch. Of all those who are used by the Divine Energy, whose expression we call art, none are in such danger of being consumed as the orator. He deals directly with the people, and they are thoughtlessly without mercy. It is of the orator that I wish to speak, and my first word is for his protection.

First, he has a limited use of the divine power. He has limited strength with which to use it. He is under contract to thrill you at 8.15 o'clock P.M. You are going to hold him to the contract. You must give him a chance to fulfil it. How? By *letting him alone*.

Your orator is an interesting, attractive, fascinating, magnetic person, or he could be no orator. It would do you great honor and pleasure to “entertain” him when he comes to your town. So you send him an urgent invitation to be your guest during his stay in the city, and that you will meet him at the station, etc. This is beautiful and courteous. He, perhaps, has half a dozen such kind requests, and naturally would be flattered by so much attention. He accepts the first that comes. You meet him at the train, take him home, and then the responsibility of being hostess to a Great Man is upon

you. You cannot sit still under it. You show him to his room, and, the excitement of having met him and talked with him a little being over, the stillness of his room oppresses you. You begin to wonder if you remembered to put everything into his room that he needs — and even if you did, great men are often peculiar, and this G. M. might want something that you had n't thought of — you must not be negligent — what would he think of you? And so you knock gently at his door and ask if there is n't something you can do for him. He does n't answer, and you knock again, and louder, and ask if he is comfortable, and if you can't do something for him. He says, "No, thank you," without opening the door, and you feel he is not quite so great as you thought him to be at the station. But your duty as hostess compels you to think what you can do for him when he comes down stairs, and you plan enough things to last a week for any man with unlimited strength. You are energetic and one of the leaders of society, or you would not have the G. M. in your house, and so a part, at least, of your program is bound to be carried out.

Of course, joy is not joy unless you can share it, and your friends know the honor done to you, so you write to them to meet the G. M. in your own house before night. And you have plans. You are besieged. Your friends arrive in groups. A telegram for the orator compels you to go or send again to him. And this brings him down stairs to respond. Now is your chance, and, being the clever woman that you are, you improve it. An hour is gone before the calls cease. Then you are told over the telephone that the reception the leader of the best culture, etc., is having that afternoon must be crowned by the honor of yourself, accompanied by your guest, and the carriage will be at the door at exactly three o'clock. You have to invite your guest, and he is compelled to accept. You and the orator are held for two hours, for it is the largest and most splendid "function" of the season, and the hostess brings about a hush when there are a hundred people crowded into her parlors, and an-



nounces that the orator will speak to them — and he does. You are worried to death, for there is the drive to get in, and guests for dinner at 6.30 — not many, but people you must do your best for.

At dinner your G. M. does n't scintillate, as you expected, and he looks worried and is silent. He does n't seem to enjoy what you have so painstakingly thought out for him. He goes to his room at 7.15 and fusses around there until fifteen minutes of eight. He is positively rude, for he forgets all obligations to you as a hostess, and hurries away without ceremony. He gives his lecture and you are not thrilled. He leaves on the "midnight." The men took him to a banquet immediately after the lecture and he only shook hands with you as he did with a hundred others and said good-by. It takes you a week to get over it. And the orator — he spoke the night before he came to you — boarded the train at 11 P.M. and rode for twelve hours! The night before he carried out a similar program, and the night before that. The orator usually has one-night stands.

He was tired when he reached your home. He lay down as soon as he was left in his room, and was asleep when you came to ask him if you could do something for him. How he did need the rest no one knows except those who have given their lives to the public in the same way. When you brought the telegram to him he had just fallen asleep again. Then he met your guests, had lunch, and had no rest before three, when that carriage came for him. He stood for two hours listening to nothings, and was compelled to talk to people for whom he had no special message. The lecture he was to give that night was in his mind, but he must keep that until evening. So he had the misery of talking when he felt there was no purpose in it but for him to make a good impression! When dinner-time came he was worn out body and mind. At 7.15 o'clock he was desperate — rushed to his room to get ready to "thrill" half a thousand or more people.

There is no obligation that weighs upon the orator's soul more than that of keeping faith with his audience.

There is the sting of agony in it. It is a biting pain. Will that "Will o' the Wisp" called eloquence be his? Will the Promethean Torch illumine him, consume him, or give off only smoke? Can he get fire at all? He is distracted with the misery, tired to the point of exhaustion. At the hall where he is to speak the committee occasionally has a tale of woe about the tickets not selling as they should, etc., etc.; competing attractions, etc. The committee cannot, without, etc., and will not he divide the loss with them. The orator is not so popular as the committee had been led to believe by his circulars, etc., etc. It is the Esau story repeated. Even a Shylock would let them do as they will. And he comes before the footlights.

His habit of work, his custom of going before audiences, his preparation, make the lecture a possibility; but for him there is no fire from heaven, no joy, no ecstasy; just the depression of a sense of defeat. But the men come along and claim him for the banquet, and he is hurried along, and eats and drinks what he does n't need; and no gods visit him that night. Let the orator alone. A man who is able to entertain you is able to entertain himself. Leave him to himself. He is in good company! Let the orator alone. See him a little after his lecture, if you wish; and let him enjoy with you the pleasure of having done good work. But remember, if you use him all day, he will have little for you at eight o'clock when the curtain rolls up. No man can go from a dinner-party to the platform and deliver a lecture. He may be able to talk, and say a few things, too, but the gods scorn him; for him the veil of the temple is not rent in twain, he cannot see the Holy of Holies; no prophetic vision, no godly use of that divine instrument, the brain. If he would speak as an immortal, he must dwell silent and alone on Olympus, where each has his own mountain top communicating with infinity. To be good to the man on the platform, let him alone.—*Mrs. Elbert Hubbard in The Lyceumite.*

## “Herod”

Recital by Henry L. Southwick, November 16

To hear Henry Lawrence Southwick in his presentation of “Herod” was the privilege of those who attended the last recital in the course. All who had been looking forward to this culminating treat in such a series of rare treats felt an unusual pleasure in hearing their beloved Dean give a drama which has, as yet, never been presented to an American audience.

“Herod” is a tragedy, by Stephen Phillips, and has all the depth and intensity of the old Greek plays. Lconcic in style, like them every word is filled with a weight of meaning and suggestiveness. The action moves swiftly, irresistibly, and without a single retard, toward a powerful climax, after which comes the terrible reaction, unrelieved to the last. Through all the tragedy runs the incessant thought,

“To me it seems that they who grasp the world,  
The kingdom and the power and the glory,  
Must pay with deepest misery of spirit, and ever ransom  
The outward victory with inward loss.”

Because of the fact that in the whole play there is not a single touch of humor, and only one beautiful scene which might be said at all to lighten the gloom, “Herod” is singularly difficult to present. Only the genius of a Dean Southwick could prove equal to its interpretation.

Herod, as king, ruthless conqueror, and passionate lover; Mariamne, whose beautiful, over-sensitive nature is ill suited to the barbarities of the age; and the young Aristobulus, in his feverish response to the sudden rise to dignity and popularity, were all appealing in their intense humanity.

The murder of Aristobulus, the malicious plottings of Cypros and Salome, the death of Mariamne, and the madness of Herod, — all are themes which require the utmost skill and delicacy of portrayal; but that these requirements were fulfilled was attested by the rendering



of that last supreme moment when twilight deepens into night, and Herod stands fixed and motionless before the bier of Mariamne. The effect produced by this scene alone, disassociated from anything else, will place Stephen Phillips's "Herod" and Dean Southwick forever inseparably in our minds.

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## Southwick Literary Society

November 24, 1906

WHEN the names of two such preëminent artists as Mrs. Eben Charlton Black and Mr. William Howland Kenney appear together on a program the audience naturally feels that little more could be desired. This was the general feeling on November 24, when Chickering Hall was filled with the many admirers of these gifted members of our Faculty.

Mrs. Black won the audience before she uttered a word, and in her readings from Ruskin, Stevenson, Sheridan, and Browning succeeded in portraying the author's thoughts through the greatness of her own spirit and personality. Will any one who was there ever forget the pathos of "Andrea del Sarto," or the exquisite tenderness of her child impersonation in "The Lamp-Lighter"? Mrs. Black was as fine in the delicate mysticism of "The Road to Rome," as in the comedy of the quarrel scene from "The School for Scandal."

Equally versatile was Mr. Kenney in his vocal selections, his choice ranging "from grave to gay; from lively to severe." His rich baritone voice has never been heard to better advantage than on this occasion. The following were his selections: "The Maiden and the Butterfly," "When Thou Art Near," "Lady Picking Mulberries," "Biblische Lieder, No. 1, 3, 4," "The Erl-King," "Sir Marmaduke," "Danny Deever," "King Charles."

## “Arms and the Man”

AN all-star play with an all-star cast was the form which the Emerson College Magazine Benefit took on Dec. 5, 1906. The play chosen was “Arms and the Man,” one of Bernard Shaw’s early comedies, and because of its wholesome fun and lack of the cynicism which characterizes his later productions, one of his most successful.

For an amateur production, “Arms and the Man” excelled anything which has been given here this year. Nor is this a matter of surprise, considering the brilliancy of the stellar aggregation which presented it. A fleeting glance at the cast will amply prove the truth of our assertion.

### CAST

CATHERINE PETKOFF .....	Mrs. Marmein, P.G.
RAINA PETKOFF .....	Miss Boyd, '07
LOUKA .....	Miss Powers, '09
MAJOR PETKOFF .....	Mr. Garber, '07
NICOLA .....	Mr. Pflüger, '07
RUSSIAN OFFICER .....	Mr. Johnson, '07
MAJOR SERGIUS SARANOFF .....	Mr. Rawlings, '07
CAPTAIN BLUNSCHLI .....	Mr. Bickford, '08

Mrs. Marmein played the part of Catherine Petkoff with the capability and earnestness which always characterize her dramatic work. The Postgraduate class may well be proud of her.

Raina Petkoff was an admirable impersonation by Miss Boyd, who, both in manner and appearance, satisfied all the requirements of the heroine; while Louka, splendid in her spirited pride, and a complete contrast to Raina, was admirably played by Miss Powers.

Major Petkoff, bluff, good-natured, free-speaking old soldier, was played by Mr. Garber with an abandon and genuine spontaneity of humor that was irresistible.

The part of Nicola was capitally rendered by Mr. Pflüger; and with equal excellence Mr. Johnson as the Russian officer sustained his share of the happenings.

Mr. Rawlings, as Major Sergius Saranoff, was "a dream in blue and gold," as one of the "babes" remarked. But aside from his wonderful make-up, there was much in the art and spirit of his work which deserves commendation.

Mr. Bickford's Captain Blunschli was but another triumph added to those acquired last year in the plays of the Twentieth Century Club. He came fully up to all expectations, proving himself an actor of considerable promise, and one whose career will be watched with interest.

Aside from the individual merits of those who took part, "Arms and the Man" deserves mention for the general good management; the beautiful music, for which we are much indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Patten and her daughters; and for the admirable staging, under the direction of Fritz Carlmann Bickford. Unto him, as well as unto the "stellar aggregation," be the honor and the glory of the play's success; and unto him, also, be the gratitude of the Emerson College Magazine Board.

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## What Is Artistic?

THE question which I have placed as the heading of this editorial is one which most men must ask themselves at some time or other. Though the question cannot be answered so as to satisfy all people, yet much can be done by clearing up confusion of terms. Perhaps the most common misconception is mistaking technique for art. This common phrase, "It was too artistic for the audience," should usually be, "It is too technical for the audience." That art which exalts the technique above the spirit can be understood and appreciated only by the few; that art which subordinates the technique to the spirit is seldom beyond the comprehension and appreciation of people everywhere.

The musician who insists on songs in a foreign tongue, the original language in which they were written, has



much to favor his contention, but his arguments are all because the technique will be better. The mechanics of an art are not to be despised or neglected, but they must not supplant the spirit. These lines on "Art" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich are suggestive and well worth preserving.

" 'Let art be all in all,' one time I said,  
And straightway stirred the hypercritic gall;  
I said not, 'Let technique be all in all,'  
But art — a wider meaning. Worthless, dead —  
The shell without its pearl, the corpse of things —  
Mere words are, till the spirit lend them wings.  
The poet who wakes no soul within his lute  
Falls short of art; 't were better he were mute.

"The workmanship wherewith the gold is wrought  
Adds yet a richness to the richest gold;  
Who lacks the art to shape his thought, I hold,  
Were little poorer if he lacked the thought.  
The statue's slumber were unbroken still  
In the dull marble, had the hand no skill.  
Disparage not the magic touch that gives  
The formless thought the grace whereby to live."

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## The Emerson College Motto Explained

ONE year not long ago a certain young man at a certain dance given at Emerson College conceived a very wicked idea. He asked, in turn, each girl with whom he danced, what the College motto "Expression necessary to Evolution" meant. Much to his surprise, not one could explain to him. The inability may have been due to one of several reasons: *the time* — late at evening, when the thinking faculties are not always at their best; *the place* — it is often hard to talk seriously at a dance; and, *the girl*. Perhaps the reason of the failure was partly with the girl.

Undoubtedly a large part of the difficulty lay in the construction of the phrase itself, which, like many of its kind, is exceedingly complicated in its simplicity. Some were driven to that conclusion when the expression was

assigned in the rhetoric class as a subject for exposition. With more consideration, however, it will appear that the difficulty lies chiefly in an attempt to explain a too limited application of a principle which in itself is most universal.

It must appear to all that "expression," as applied to oratory alone, is not necessary to evolution, although it may aid, just as the proper cultivation of any talent must aid all the other faculties. But expression in the broad sense — that is, the pouring out into tangible form the spirit, or the intangible, and fixing such moods in a series — is that without which there could be no growth or evolution. God has expressed and made tangible his will in the creation of this universe; and continuing, circle within circle, the unit of expression at last becomes the individual.

That, whatever it be, which does not work toward more definite shape and form is of necessity dissolving and passing again into the elements, as decay illustrates in the plant world. In the animal world it holds true of the body also. When the physical body ceases to express growth through its series of changed forms it is in a state of disintegration. So, finally, it is with the mind. So long as that vague, but most powerful something outside of us which constitutes the mind and soul takes, with the aid of the physical agents, some tangible series of forms, be they symbolic or otherwise, there is positive evolution and growth. But when such expression ceases, that high Force in us becomes simply a part of all other minds and souls about us, is actually subservient to all, and individual evolution is lost in the retrograde movement back into the whole. Thus it will appear that "Expression is necessary to Evolution."

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## Coeducation

WHETHER men and women shall be educated together or separately is a topic that has been somewhat freely

discussed of late, with various conclusions, all based on premises that were contrary to fact. Chicago University has not (as so many newspapers have alleged it has) made a reversal of its policy. Its policy about coeducation is precisely what it has been ever since President Harper won a very close victory by the somewhat drastic method of counting out votes after he had allowed them to be cast, on an old rule, which he had never enforced before, to the effect that instructors could not vote on such questions until their period of service in the University had reached a certain stated length. That energetic victory of his established the point that when classes reached a certain size they should be divided, the women being put in one division and the men in another. Not only is all the advanced work at Chicago coeducational, but the early work also, with this one exception of very large classes. Whether or not this division shall in time prove to be an entering wedge, it is not a step that has been recently taken. Although the numbers of women increase so rapidly in proportion that many educators are alarmed, the Western universities, as a rule, thus far show no tendency away from coeducation.—*Collier's Weekly*.

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## A Prescription for Optimism

MORE than all else, what thousands of people need today is something to cheer them up and enliven their spirits—in fine, a more optimistic outlook on life. Not that an optimist is necessarily a type of the amiable moon-calf who goes round smiling blandly on every dirty gutter and insisting it is a crystal-clear mountain brook. Not at all! He knows a gutter when he sees one; but feels no inclination to sit all day on the curbstone with his legs across it, gazing down into its muddy depths and inhaling its peculiar perfume. Quite the contrary!

But he knows equally a leaping, cascading, granite-basin-brimming mountain brook, and loves to linger hour by hour along its course. And he says, This makes me



better, braver, happier. So far as I can, I will subject myself to such exhilarating influences. So he makes his choice. Each of the two — brook or gutter — is a real fact of life, but he says, "Brook every time!"

The class of personalities and objects with which a man surrounds himself mainly determine for him what kind of a world he shall live in. He sees them and little else; he is wrought on by them and by little else. Thus birds of a feather flock together; and so it comes to pass that the sparrow knows very little of the wood thrush. An entirely different class of influences is perpetually playing on the two.

Now, so far as our own optimistic or pessimistic view of American society is concerned, it will never do for us to lose sight of how very narrow and partial this view must be, through the wretchedly scant and misleading data supplied us for constructing, through imagination, any adequate idea of its varied phases.

Suppose, for example, it is of the swarming slum quarters of New York we are trying to make a mental picture. Now, what do we ever hear of that region but of its brawls and assassinations? And yet in it are tens of thousands of desperately poor people, ragged and half starved, who are sacrificing themselves for the future of their children in a way to put to shame our puny self-denials. No, only when one of these poor wretches chances to stick a knife into another of them do we hear a word from that quarter, and then, generalizing on a score of the like, build up a conception of the community passing all their time in sticking knives into one another. And then we do not feel optimistic over the imaginary spectacle.

Change, however, the point of view by going down personally into slum quarters and visiting the public schools. What a host of bright, loving, devoted teachers! What a reversal of the Tower of Babel story, by turning all the tongues of earth into idiomatic English! What crops of Patrick Henrys and Dorothea Dixes starting to life out of those little boys and girls! At once one begins to feel optimistic, and to say, There is no other recipe for feel-

ing optimistic but fronting objects that make for optimism — fronting the brook, instead of the gutter.— *Boston Herald*.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes—and Letters

Beulah Rudd Hood, '04, has been appointed to an enviable position in Denver's largest High School. She has work in Greek, history, and English composition, and has been very successful in coaching society and school plays.

Since September, 1905, Lucille Le Furgey, '96, has had charge of the Department of Elocution and Physical Culture at St. Mary's Academy, Denver, Col., where her charming personality and thorough artistic work have received for her a permanent position. Miss Le Furgey accepts only a limited number of platform engagements, giving most of her time to teaching and interpretative lecture recitals; but from the many appreciative press notices relative to her platform work, it may be surmised that as dramatic reader, also, Miss Le Furgey has placed herself at the head of her profession.

Miss A. F. Kingman, '94, is teaching in Ferrisburg, Addison Co., Vt.

Olive Inez Orton, '06, has charge of the Department of Literature and Oratory in the State Normal School, Springfield, So. Dak. She hopes to resume her work at Emerson as a postgraduate.

Mrs. Frank Lincoln Howes, née Elizabeth Corinne S. Underhill, '95, is at home, 26 Still St., Brookline, Mass.

Edith A. Turner, '06, is teaching elocution at Stepney Depot, Conn., besides doing substitute work in the grammar school of that town.

Katharine V. Hayes, '04, writes from Batavia, N. Y., "It seemed this fall as if I must go back to Emerson. I should even have enjoyed taking my P. G. course over again."

The work of Laura V. C. Stewart, '00, is most interesting in that it differs so much from the usual career adopted by the graduates of Emerson. Miss Stewart is one of the instructors in the Institute for the Deaf, Rome, N. Y. She attributes her success there to the conscientious study of "Visible Speech," and the training received at Emerson College.

Marion Nichols, '04, has signed a two years' contract as dramatic reader with the Robert Bickle Concert Company, consisting of Martha Philena Powell, a New York soprano, and Robert Bickle, a tenor from Woodstock, Ontario. Both are widely and favorably known in Canada, as well as in the United States, and it is a fitting recognition of the ability of Miss Nichols that she has been chosen to assist in the work of these artists.

The many friends of Violet Mahar, '03, will be glad to learn of her success as leading lady with the Avery Strong Dramatic Company. Miss Mahar won much appreciation for her work in Justin Adams's "Girl from Broadway," and great things are prophesied for her future.

Bessie J. Scott, '06, writes: "I am teaching reading and prize speaking in the High School of Richfield Springs, N. Y., and enjoy my work very much. I often think of Emerson, and all the nice people there, and of how much I enjoyed the work. It really did n't seem like work, because it was a pleasure. . . . I am going to spend the holidays with Ethel Shallis Parker, '88, who is now living at Troy."

Bertha Emily Strandberg, '05, is attaining great success both as a singer and reader. The Cambridge *Transcript* says of her: "Miss Strandberg is at her best in the clever work of characterization. Her power is shown as fully in her decided repose as in a true understanding of the subtler part of her selections."

Ethel Louise Miller, '06, is now in Allegheny, Penn., acting as dramatic reader for the "Prize Singers," a well-known concert company of that city. Miss Miller's recent letter gives so interesting an account of her work that we reproduce it for the edification of the alumni: "We have finished our first two months' tour, and have a little breathing-spell till after the holidays, when we will have a trip through Pennsylvania. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed this trip. I had the usual list of small towns and cross-country drives, but beginners must expect such, and accept with a cheerful spirit. We made a number of large towns in Michigan and Ohio. One of our concerts was given in Capital University in Columbus, O., and the hearty, enthusiastic welcome we received brought to mind the red-letter days at Emerson when we had a bit of music or other event out of the ordinary daily routine. It was a typical college audience, and it is needless to say that we appreciated their good cheer. We were up in the beautiful lake region in Wisconsin, giving one concert at the Wisconsin Veterans' Home, situated on the Chain-o-Lakes near Waupara. It was delightful out there. The Chain consists of about twenty-two lovely little lakes connected by various channels and waterways. Mr. Larson, of the Badger Bureau, took us for a long ride through the lakes in his launch. That evening, spent with the old war veterans and their wives, was a memorable one. Their evident joy and pleasure was most encouraging, and it made us happy to feel that we could bring a bit of laughter and sunshine into their lives. I am realizing more and more the possibilities of my work, and I am trying to get into the subtleties of real life in order to make my work alive. I met Capt. Jack Crawford at Mr. Dickson's office last week, and think he is a most unique character. His ideas are original and good, I believe, although I've not become well acquainted with him. I am so glad that everything is well at Emerson. Enlarged quarters — that is splendid! I suppose very few of the people are still there that I used to know, yet I feel as if I must get back there and look around, talk in the corridors, and linger in the halls after class, as was the usual way."



Arlein Hackett, '99, is gaining distinction in the theatrical world. She is playing an important rôle with a New York company that is touring the South, and the press clippings she has sent home speak very highly of her work. Since graduating from Emerson she has taught elocution, reading, and declamation in the High School of Middleboro. Her present work was taken up after a successful season in "The Man from Now."

An example which might well be followed by all the alumni has been set by the Emerson College Club of New York. To those desirous of emulating this noble example, we would recommend a careful perusal of the following letter:

EDITOR OF E. C. MAGAZINE.

*Dear Emersonian:*

At a meeting of the Emerson College Club of New York, it was suggested that one of its members be appointed correspondent to the college Magazine, to send notices of meetings, and items about individual members for the "Alumni Notes."

All the members who subscribe to the Magazine testify to the enjoyment derived from these "notes," and agree to help lighten the editor's burden in every way possible. I therefore take pleasure in sending you the name of our future correspondent, Miss Leslie Thompson ('03), 27 Hart St., Brooklyn.

With best wishes for the success of the Magazine this year,

Yours cordially,

BERTHA COLBURN ('88).

The Magazine Board takes this occasion to thank the Emerson College Club, and to suggest that, in like fashion, all loyal alumni keep before their mind's eye this little admonition.

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What is the question? How is the Magazine to print alumni news unless the alumni send news to the Magazine to be printed? That is the question!

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Jane Keeler, '06, has been elected teacher of oratory at the Pennsylvania Normal School.

Miss Edna Sutherland, '96, gave a presentation of "Everyman," the great morality play, at Winnipeg, Nov. 27, 1906.

## College News

### The Reception for Emersonians at Trinity

The students who were so fortunate as to be able to accept the invitation of Dr. Mann to the reception at Trinity Church, on the evening of December 4, will long remember the friendly welcome which was extended to them. The evening was spent in an informal and most delightful way, with a musical program and an address by Dr. Mann. This was followed by a general discussion of ways and means for entertaining those Emersonians who were to spend the Christmas holidays in Boston. This is but another manifestation of the cordial spirit with which Trinity has always greeted the students of Emerson, and it is with a deep feeling of appreciation that the College

acknowledges the kindness of this great church to the stranger within its gates.

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### Dean Southwick's Canadian Tour

On November 20, Dean Southwick left Emerson for a week's tour, visiting Kent's Hill, Me.; Summerside, and Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, and Amherst, Wolfville, and Truro, Nova Scotia; presenting "Richard III.," "Julius Cæsar," "The Rivals," and "Richelieu"—all these received by that enthusiasm which always greets him. We doubt, though, whether it could have been heartier or more sincere than that which greeted his return to the College.

Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp departed at a like season for a Western trip extending to Ripon, Wis. At the present date, it is impossible to ascertain any details of importance which might otherwise save his wondering pupils from "going unexperienced to their graves," but it is hoped that at a time not far remote their minds will be further enlightened.

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### Y. W. C. A. Notes

The Young Women's Christian Association has been successful in securing an attractive list of speakers for its weekly meetings.

Mr. Stockdale, our College Chaplain, came to our meeting one Friday afternoon with a very stirring talk for the young ladies, filled with enthusiasm and practical application.

Another afternoon Miss McQuesten inspired all who had gathered to hear her. She opened her informal talk on "Responsibility" by a beautiful little story which stands very vividly in the minds of all who heard it. As she knows the life at Emerson so well, she was able to point out the privileges and responsibilities peculiar to our College. We are already wondering when we may hear her again.

Mr. Jelliffe had charge of one meeting. He is one of the Assistant Ministers of the Central Congregational Church, and has proved by his missionary talks of previous years his ability as a speaker.

Our New England Student Secretary, who usually helps us so much by her friendly manner of talking over Association work with us, has been obliged to leave her position temporarily, and Miss Dorothea Day came in her stead, bringing news of the work of the National and International Associations of which we are a small part.

Dr. Blake, of the Tremont St. Methodist Church, came to Emerson for the first time this year. His audience was small, but his message was so appealing that all his listeners are very anxious to hear him again.

Music has been one of the chief features of the religious meetings of the Association. Each week some of the students have contributed to the musical part of the program. Among those who have assisted in this way are the Seniors, Miss Münch and Miss McKenzie, and the Juniors, Miss Havener and Miss Lawson.

The plans for the coming semester are interesting ones, for the speakers

are those of particular appeal to Emersonians. We hope to see you all on Friday afternoons.

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### Sorority News

The Phi Eta Sigma sisters gathered at Emerson on the evening of November 6, to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the sorority. One of the rooms had assumed an especially cheery and festive appearance, and several chafing-dishes held the attention of the sisters and their friends until music from an adjoining room called the party from their jollity over the rare bits of their own making to the opening waltz of a short program of dancing, chaperoned by parents of several of the sisters, and members of the Faculty.

The hour for disbanding found both old and new members grown nearer together and firmer in their desire to work unceasingly in upholding the aims of their beloved College.

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### Echoes from the Dorm., otherwise Radclyffe Hall, 38 St. Stephen's Street, Boston, Mass.

At the beginning of the first semester, the girls of Radclyffe Hall formed Radclyffe Club to promote sociability among its members and their friends.

Early in the year an "At Home" was given by the club to about one hundred guests. The drawing-room was decorated with white roses and ferns, while the dining-room, with its tea-table festooned with pink and lighted with many candles, made indeed a pretty picture. Music was furnished by students from the conservatory.

On Hallow e'en the club entertained at dinner two members of the Faculty, Miss Noyes and Miss Tatem. The weird effect produced by the unique favors and the appropriate decorations was greatly enhanced by the gleaming jack-o'-lanterns, However, this weird effect did not lessen the jollity of the party.

The Dean and Mrs. Southwick honored the club by taking dinner in Radclyffe Hall on Thanksgiving Day. The dinner was typically New England. The table, with its dainty hand-made menu-cards and golden chrysanthemums as favors, was unusually pretty. The chaperone of the Hall, Miss Coolidge, presided as toast-mistress. From dinner the group retired to the drawing-room, where the guests of honor entertained the club by reading and story-telling. The Dean fascinated the young ladies by reading in his inimitable way, "The Camel," "An Alphabetical Romance," and "The Tragic Voyage of the Marion Squizzle." Mrs. Southwick endeared herself anew to the girls with several selections of child impersonations, among which, "Mammy's Li'l Boy" stood out most vividly. The evening twilight brought a close to the very happy, homelike Thanksgiving Day.

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### Operatics and Dramatics

On the evening following Thanksgiving Radclyffe Club made its début in the dramatic line, presenting to its invited guests the quarrel scene from



"The School for Scandal," Sir Peter being taken by Miss Keppie, and Lady Teazle by Miss Tiller. This was followed by a farce, "The Interrupted Proposal."

## CAST

MR. STONE .....	Grace Thompson
MRS. STONE .....	Hughina Thompson
HELEN, their daughter .....	Elizabeth Hardenburgh
MR. HOWARD, a practical joker .....	Elizabeth Carl
MR. TRACY, a dude .....	Isabel Ellis
MAID .....	Mildred Clark

The concluding numbers of the program consisted of a grand opera in burlesque, "The Fire Alarm," the libretto, by George Ade, set to music by Miss Nettie Tiller and Miss Eva Johnson.

## CAST

MR. T. (impersonating Caruso) .....	Eva Johnson
MRS. T. (impersonating Melba) .....	Grace Thompson
JANITOR — in recitative .....	Elizabeth Carl

Under the experienced management of Miss Coolidge the entire program was very successful.

The festivities of the Thanksgiving recess were brought to a close by an informal dance given by the club on Saturday evening, December 1, at the College. The decorative color-scheme was red. Room 3 was made attractive with banners and inviting cosy-corners. The dance was chaperoned by Miss Coolidge and Mrs. Southwick.

Thus endeth the first lesson.

We are anticipating hearing an account of the doings of the other halls.

### To the Gentle Reader; also to the Gentle Writer

The most inspiringly appreciative words as yet received by those hapless wights who constitute the Magazine Board came recently in a letter from Newton B. Hammond, instructor in platform art, public reading and speaking, and dramatization of plays, at the Southwestern Normal School, California, Penn. The letter is so good that we venture to quote it entire:

*Dear Friend:*

The arrival of the Magazine is almost like "getting money from home," as the boys put it. It is pleasant to feel that we are in touch with the "family," and to learn how our brothers and sisters are getting on.

I see in the November number that the upper classes are *doing things* these days, and that the Freshmen have safely passed the "teething" period, and are beginning to "sit up and take notice." In the general rush of all the upper classes to welcome and entertain the Freshman class it seems almost as though some of the rest of us should take part.

With best wishes for a most successful year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

NEWTON B. HAMMOND.

P.S. I note your editorial relative to "hash." The *home-made* article is all right, when the component parts are as palatable as those which you have been serving for the past two years.

N. B. H.

And N. B., without the H., "this is the most kindest cut of all" (if we may be allowed to deviate from the exact phrase of the immortal Willy), for

it is, and evermore shall be, the aim of the aforesaid board to provide only the "home-made" and "palatable" article.

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### Class Observations Wise and Otherwise Postgraduate

Seniors, we thank you for so sympathetically interpreting our preoccupied silence when we are about the College. We are dreaming great thoughts and deep, and some day, out of this dreaming, will come what always must be born in dreams. But, Seniors, when you have become graduates, as we hope many of you will, you will understand one thing you may have overlooked or failed to think soberly about,— that the dreaming of graduates is never the dreaming of quiet slumber, but the vivid and inspiring day-dreaming which thrills and spurs us on. You *will* understand. Of this we are glad: that you appreciated the fact that we have done our "best;" that we have "worked hard for three years;" and for the rest — well, we always do "go way back and sit down," in *Chickering Hall*. It is only polite and right to the "littler" ones, who cannot see if the bigger ones get in front. Never mind, you'll be big some day. We like you *now*. We like your way of doing things.

A member of the Graduate class, Betsey Kenyon, and three Seniors, Lesah Henshaw, Mary Hare, and Faye Nickerson, gave a concert, December 1, at Miss Kenyon's home in Rhode Island. The first part of the program consisted of readings and music. An original and uniquely costumed pantomime formed the second part. The work of those taking the part of inanimate objects was especially fine. The electrical lighting-apparatus worn in the costume of the Fire Fairy was most effective. It served as the only illumination of the stage, making the whole effect very strange and fairy-like. The audience manifested much appreciation.

1907

#### HURRAH FOR THE SENIORS!

'07 again gave evidence of their ingenuity in a brilliant stunt given Tuesday morning, November 27.

You know the Seniors are noted for their novel ideas, but this stunt excelled all previous ones in its unique character. The excitement was in the air, and when the doors of Chickering Hall were opened, at nine o'clock, and not a Senior was to be seen, every one knew that something must be "doing;" but, alas! the Dean had not returned, and a flock of very meek Seniors took their places for the chapel exercises. At the close of the devotional exercises the Dean appeared, and immediately excitement took possession of aforesaid Seniors. They left the hall in a most undignified manner, to presently reappear in orderly, military precision, wearing caps made of their class colors and marching to the music of small drums. Captain Johnson and Drum-major Searle had charge of the troops.

First on the program was a strange pantomime which mystified all present. Some one entered with a large Egg-o-See box; another brought in a

saucer; another, a package of gold-dust; another, a hen. He was followed by a magician who made several queer passes over the box and left us to await further developments.

The songs were adapted to appropriate music, for which much credit is due to Mr. Davidson. The yells were exceptionally good, and words set to some military calls made a very unique and pleasing program. But why dwell upon the songs and yells? No one who was there will ever forget them. One of the especial points of the performance was the rendering of our morning exercise, "ta-te-to-te," with variations. Another interesting feature of the stunt was the presentation of drums to the other classes. Three squads left the ranks, marched around the hall, and each presented one of the classes with a small drum. This ceremony was preceded by the very apt remark, "Since you can't beat the class of 1907, beat *this*!"

At the close of the fourteenth number the Senior president instructed the Dean to investigate the mysterious box, which led to the discovery that the Seniors had a hen which lays golden eggs. One of the eggs the Dean found in the box is valued at ten dollars. A note was presented with it which read:

*To the Students of Emerson College:*

Emerson College has a Scholarship Fund. The class of 1907, wishing to increase that fund, has secured the services of a hen which lays golden eggs when properly dieted; and the class take pleasure in presenting the first of these as a nest egg of its contribution to the fund.

With the hope that other classes and organizations in the College will help along this worthy cause, the class of 1907 herewith gives directions for obtaining golden eggs.

First, get a hen.

Second, get a hen's nest.

Third, get some gold-dust.

Fourth, feed the gold-dust to the hen.

Fifth, wait.

Sixth, remove the egg.

Seventh, feed the hen more gold-dust, etc., etc.

Further instructions on application.

Students, get into the egg business. There is money in it for the Scholarship Fund.

During the year '07 will be heard from again.

THE CLASS OF 1907.  
per Secretary.

*Emerson College, Nov. 27, 1906.*

The program was concluded by the yell

"M-D-4C's-V-2I's

M-D-4C's-V-2I's

M-D-4C's-V-2I's See?

Emerson! Emerson!

Rah! Rah! Rah!"

The Seniors marched out first, followed by the other classes to the tune of the drums, and the last stunt of '07 was concluded. Let other classes follow the good example of the Seniors.

We are glad to welcome Miss L'Hommedieu and Miss Hatch once more among our number.

Miss Lou Goyne gave several very successful readings at Hendree's Hall, Dorchester, Mass., on Monday afternoon, December 3.



The Seniors have organized a Diction Club, to be held on Thursday afternoons, from two to half-past. We hope to see the results of their study in practical use.

Sit up and take notice, Seniors! Professor Paul has begun to hold extra sessions in psychology.

Miss Zola Bauman has filled many very successful engagements lately, among which are Dedham, Readville, Norwood, and others.

We welcome Miss Thornton as a new member of our class.

## 1908

Jennie Archibald, '08, read at an entertainment given at Medford, Tuesday evening, November 13.

Edna M. Hammond, '08, was a member of a house party given recently by her cousin, Mrs. Nettie Grimmer, of Quincy. Miss Hammond was among the entertainers of the evening.

The First Church Literary Analysis recently granted its pastor, the Rev. W. B. Tripp, a week's leave of absence. His sermons were greatly missed, as well as his sober mien and solemn ways.

Professor Ward, in his usual clever way, sprang an Exam. on the Juniors recently. However, a week's notice was given. But the Juniors forgot all about telling the "blue books," and, like the young lady, who had in her possession all the regalia of a automobilist, but owned no auto, the Juniors appeared upon the scene with pencils, brains, and happy (?) faces, but no "blue books." Dr. Ward, good soul that he is, did n't mind a bit about sending for them. They came and the Juniors still live.

A Junior was made very happy and proud the other day by being taken for a grave and potent Senior. It was just a little Freshman who thought such a beautiful thing.

Juniors are busy these days with their "Macbeth" and pantomime rehearsals. Their favorite haunts are the catacombs, where even the mice are charmed by their oratorical ability.

A hearty cheer was given Miss Smith on the morning of November 20, all on account of a birthday, which some little bird had whispered about the College. She responded in her usual pleasing manner, which made everybody glad to be in chapel.

The ten-year-old brother of one of the Juniors was captivated by the pet stunt of his sister, known as "devitalizing," and having watched the process, he attempted the stunt, and amused the family circle when he told them all to watch him "demoralize."

The Seniors are a clever lot. If you doubt it you should have been on time Tuesday morning, November 27. Stunt number one was all right, brother; and you can beat drums, if you can't beat bigger things like the Junior class.

## 1909

The Freshman class, or as the Dean lovingly calls it, "the baby," is proving itself a strong, healthy infant, and is thriving upon the Emerson diet.

The class is now very well organized and promises to do some strong work in the future. It is planning many pleasant things, in some of which the rest may — but that would be telling. Just watch the way the wind seems to be blowing, and you may find something interesting.

We are very sorry to lose from the class Miss Florence Tucker, who is now teaching in \_\_\_\_\_, but we wish her all success in her new work and would be very glad of her speedy return to Emerson.

Freshman class meeting every third Thursday. The members of all other classes cordially invited to be absent; but we have many matters of importance to consider, so, Freshmen, show your colors! By the way, at one of our class meetings we chose our class colors, green and white. We have been told by many that they just suited us, but wait — we'll make those colors the banner colors after purple and gold.

Seniors are loyal and brave,  
Seniors are strong and true;  
They gave to the Freshmen the best that they had,  
Which we will give back to you.

On stunt day they gave us a drum to beat, and now we'll blow our own horn with a merry, merry Christmas and a happy, happy New Year to the very best Faculty in the land, and to our own fellow students.

This is the night that decides whether the Seniors keep the banner or not. Maybe they won't. They can make hens lay golden eggs, but they should n't "count their chickens before they're hatched."

My! we were glad to see the Dean when he came back from his vacation. The Seniors came near being disappointed, though, that morning. Our class is very proud of them. They did a first-class stunt, second only to the coming one of the '09 Infant Prodigy.

We have watched with great pleasure the Senior "stunt," but just wait till the Freshman "stunt" comes. However, the class yell, we think, expresses our sentiment better. Just listen:

"Thunder and lightning, hail and sleet!  
Nineteen-nine is hard to beat!!  
The other classes that we may meet  
Must go way back and take a seat!!!"

#### A TALE OF FRESHMAN D

Now Freshman D,  
To speak soberly,  
Has many a character rare,  
And this tale is told  
Of its youth so bold,  
And its charming maidens fair.

In Freshman D  
There's one K—y,  
A youth with a deep bass voice,  
Who speaks his part  
With fervent heart,  
Then kicks himself from choice.

Miss H—t, you 'll agree,  
 Is quite a beauty,  
 Tho' too meek to hold high her chest;  
 But her smiles are so fair,  
 And her blushes so rare,  
 That we almost forgive her the rest.

Then there 's sweet Miss J—s,  
 Who attention claims  
 By nods both expressive and vigorous,  
 Till Mr. G.  
 Says, "I 'll give thee  
 A guardian silent and rigorous."

So Miss K—r  
 Doth act as mamma;  
 It seems to be in her line.  
 She also marks  
 For us our parts,  
 And reads in tones sublime.

Miss J—s now comes next,  
 In this our brief text  
 Of things passing strange, yet true;  
 Her heart is all right,  
 And her ways are so bright  
 That she 'd surely interest you.

Miss K—y, beside,  
 We mention with pride,  
 As one who repels all sly glances;  
 No young Lochinvar  
 Would progress very far,  
 For she 'd scorn all his gallant advances.

And Miss H—t? — yes,  
 You 'd surely confess,  
 If you once heard her earnest expression,  
 That she 'll soon write her name  
 In the temple of fame,  
 If she keeps up her present progression.

Miss J—n, too,  
 Is one of the few  
 Who can set your sides a-shaking;  
 And she 's clever beside,  
 For we point with pride  
 To the magazine of her making.

So Freshman D,  
 As you can see,  
 With all its laughter and fun,  
 Has a spirit that 's right,  
 And will keep up the fight  
 Till accomplished is all they 've begun.

W. G. H.

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### The New York E. C. O. Club

The first regular meeting of the E. C. O. Club of New York for the season of 1906-07 was held at the home of the president, Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, 58 West 50th St., New York, on Saturday evening, November 10. Four



new members were admitted to the club: Miss Eugenie Mills, Miss Clara Coe, Miss Stella Louise Parmelee, and Mrs. Bessie Baker Patterson.

After the business meeting was over, a delightful program was rendered, consisting of recitations, vocal and instrumental music.

Following is a list of the club members, regular and associate:

*Regular Members:* Miss Grace Burt, 465 W. 23d St., New York City; Miss Mary Benson, 80 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Albert Brown, Westminster Hotel, New York City; Miss Alida W. Brooks, 200 Boulevard, Bayonne, N. J.; Miss Mary Canney, Broadway and 103d St., New York City; Miss Bertha L. Colburn, 112 W. 90th St., New York City; Mrs. Jessie Crommette, 549 W. 159th St., New York City; Mr. Edwin E. Cox, California; Miss Florence Cannif, Verona, N. J.; Miss Grace Correll, 10 Winans St., Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Robert Peyton Carter, 23 W. 44th St., New York City; Mrs. Gerta Colby Donnelly, 1508 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Clara Mae Delano, 39 Cedar Ave., Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. David E. Dunn, Fort Plain, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Dow, 7th Ave. and St. John's Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Lizetta J. Gumperts, 5 W. 122d St., New York City; Miss Lottie Grainger, 305 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Caroline Greenfeld, Hotel Calumet, New York City; Mrs. Ada Dean Hempstreet, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, 125 Primrose Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Miss Frances Hess, 1006 6th St., Harrisburg, Penn.; Miss Adelaide Jackson, Plainfield, N. J.; Miss Margaret Klein, 123 W. 74th St., New York City; Miss Rachel Patti Maxon, 222 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Anna McIntyre, W. 112th St., near Amsterdam, New York City; Mrs. Sara Handy McClintock, 421 E. 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Minnie McConville Naely, 450 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City; Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Narber, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Miss Mary E. Noon, Kingston Academy, Kingston, N. Y.; Miss Caroline M. Page, 68 Cambridge Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth Payne, 259 W. 92d St., New York City; Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy, 51 No. 10th St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Miss Luella Phillips, 134 Carnegie Hall Studio, New York City; Miss Bessie Baker Patterson, 160 E. 46th St., New York City; Miss Stella Louise Parmelee, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Mr. W. Parmer Smith, 220 W. 123d St., New York City; Mrs. George Arthur Smith, 87 Buena Vista Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Miss Leslie Thompson, 27 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Flora G. Treadwell, 294 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Helene Cecile Tuttle, 2439 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Sylphie Walton Thompson, 79 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y.; Miss Emma Elsie West, 27 E. 75th St., New York City; Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, 58 W. 50th St., New York City; Miss Maud Wolfe, Stratford, Conn.

*Associate Members:* Miss L. M. Barber, 191 Leferts Pl., New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Cox, 235 Broadway, New York City; Miss Cecile Leonard, 210 W. 4th St., New York City; Miss Helen M. Wood, Room 44 World Building, New York City.

The second meeting of the E. C. Club of New York for the season of 1906-07 was held at the home of Miss Grace Burt, 465 W. 23d Street, New

York City, on Saturday evening, December 8. During the business meeting a proposition to form an Alumni Club in Syracuse, New York, was made by Mrs. Gerta Colby Donnelly, class of 1893. The president considered it an excellent suggestion, and proposed the matter should be referred to Dean Southwick. Three new names were proposed for membership.

The business meeting was followed by a most delightful program, vocal and instrumental music combined with discussions on staging and coaching of plays. Miss McIntyre, class of 1905, read a most interesting and instructive paper on the "Preparation of Plays at Emerson College." Miss Phillips gave an excellent dissertation on the "Choice of a Play," while the "Stage Business, Traditional and Modern," was most ably handled by Miss Correll and Miss Burt, as was also the "Educational Value of Plays," by Mrs. Crommette.

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## Exchanges

"The Exchange Editor may scratch with her pen  
Till the ends of her fingers are sore;  
But some one is sure to remark with scorn,  
'Rats! How stale! I've heard that before!'"

*The Normal Eye*, from which the above is quoted, deserves special mention for its general bright qualities. Current events are a feature of this month's issue, which is also enlivened by a number of good cuts.

From Westminster College, New Wilmington, Penn., comes *The Holcad*. It has several interesting stories and some clever character sketches.

*American Education* contains many helpful suggestions to both teachers and pupils. Its editorial on "Vertical Writing Not Practical" gives a new view of a long-discussed question.

*The Criterion* is one of our very best exchanges, interesting in appearance and subject-matter, and with all departments well conducted. The stories incline somewhat to the sentimental, but their originality is beyond question.

*The Mitre* has some good ecclesiastical notes, but is somewhat marred by numerous typographical errors.

*The Chaparrel Monthly* has the usual characteristics of the school paper. Its articles are nearly all of purely local interest.

Although the *Allisonia* lacks the usual vivacity of a college magazine, it is distinguished by several very well written articles, notably the graduate biographies.

*The Winthrop College Journal* is very pleasing with its beautiful cover of terra-cotta and gold. Its contents are equally good.

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## On Our Interest in the Personality of the Poet

Extracts from a Lecture by President Rolfe

THE interest and curiosity which we feel concerning the personality of eminent people is natural and perfectly legitimate; that is, I hardly need add, if it does not transgress the limits established by usage, courtesy, or, we might say, of common sense. It is only the ignorant, the vulgar, or the unscrupulous — like the impudent "interviewer" of these latter days — who fail to recognize and respect the rights of personal privacy, the inalienable rights of the humblest and the highest alike. . . .

But as I have said, the curiosity we feel concerning the personality of public characters, literary or other, aside from these reasonable restrictions, is natural and proper. . . . We are not satisfied with knowing what famous



people have *done*; we want to know what manner of men they *were* — not merely the facts of their public life, but of their every-day life as well: their birth, their parentage, their personal appearance and habits, everything, in short, outside of the strictly private limits to which I have referred. . . .

If we cannot have the privilege of meeting them face to face, we like to hear about them from those who have had that good fortune. What pleasure it is to see their portraits! How keenly we feel the deprivation if no such "counterfeit presentment" of their faces is to be had — or only a poor or doubtful one, like all the portraits of Shakespeare. Blessings on the photographic art which has made authentic portraits of modern poets accessible to the poorest of their admirers! What would we not give for a photograph of Shakespeare!

In the case of Shakespeare it is something to have even the poor apology for a portrait in the Folio of 1623, though after looking at it we feel inclined to say of the engraver, as Ben Jonson does in his verses upon the picture:

"O, could he but have drawne his wit  
As well in brasse as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpasse  
All that was ever writ in brasse;  
But since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

That we are only too happy to do, for there we find the real Shakespeare, a very different man from the wooden caricature in the engraving. . . .

But, though the book in a way reflects the man, and in some respects may be a better portrait of him than any pictorial representation, we long to know more about him. . . . If he is dead, we make pilgrimages to his birth-place, his former home, the localities associated with his writings, or his grave. . . .

In Westminster Abbey the Poet's Corner, where the graves and monuments of so many English poets — from Chaucer to our own day — are to be seen, attracts far

more visitors than the portions of the edifice where kings and queens, princes and nobles, statesmen and soldiers, are entombed; and when we visit scenes of purely historical interest in the Old World it is often the poets that had commemorated them to whom we are most indebted for the interest they excite. . . .

We may *admire* other writers for what we know of their personal character and history as well as for their works, but it is the *poets* whom we *love*. Our relations with them are more intimate and sympathetic; our sense of obligation to them far deeper and stronger. They open our eyes and our ears to the grandeur, the beauty, and the harmony of nature. We come to view nature through their eyes, and it is a new revelation and a fresh delight to us.

We are also indebted to the poet for giving expression to our feelings towards nature — either the emotions which we feel but cannot express, or which are awakened in us by the poet's expression of his feelings. Whether they are ours or his, we are indebted to him for their embodiment in fitting and harmonious words. We know how much our enjoyment of the beautiful in nature is enhanced by congenial companionship; and the poet is always a congenial companion. Especially is he such in scenes of peculiar grandeur and sublimity, where common words seem a mockery of the emotions that overwhelm us. . . .

We are further under obligations to the poet for adding a *human interest* to nature, thus doubling or multiplying many fold its charm and attraction for us; as in the case of Longfellow's chestnut-tree (or even the place where it stood), Lowell's "willows," a few of which are still left near the banks of the Charles,—the stream that both poets have sung,—and countless other natural objects and scenes in our own and foreign lands made famous by many poets. . . .

A large portion of Scotland — all that is celebrated in Scott's poems and romances — is aptly called *Scotland*, and it is by far the region most attractive to tour-

ists from America if not to those from the British Isles. Similarly, the English Lake district is often called "Wordsworthshire," from the poet whose home and works have made it famous. . . .

Within the limits of these poetic domains are many places of purely historic interest, but history, as a rule, has to yield the palm of fame and attraction to poetry. . . .

All these facts, and thousands like them, illustrate the peculiar appeal that the poet makes to our hearts. We may appreciate, admire, and honor the historian, the prose author, but we *love* the poet, and it is on this account that we feel almost as deep an interest in the singer as in his song — a *personal*, not a merely critical interest.

The poet generally appreciates and enjoys the personal tribute thus paid him. . . . A few poets, however, have repelled this personal interest on the part of their readers, as Tennyson did. I am very sure that he was not the "bearish" person he was generally supposed to be, from his rough treatment of people who thrust themselves upon him without proper introduction or through mere curiosity — the mob of tourists who drove him in summer from his favorite residence in the Isle of Wight, where they intruded upon his grounds with spy-glasses and cameras, and even, as he declared, "flattened their inquisitive noses against his windows" in the hope of getting sight of him. Such annoyances led him to build his summer residence at Aldworth on a lonely hill three miles from a railroad or telegraph station. There and everywhere he was delighted to see his personal friends, and strangers who were properly introduced — and who often became his friends after he had met them.

He was extremely sensitive to unfavorable criticism, and this also had much to do with his supposed "bearishness." He had suffered from unfair criticism in his early years of authorship, and had resented it in the verses addressed to "Christopher North" and to Bulwer Lytton — which afterwards, however, he had the good sense to suppress. It was this kind of criticism, I think, which led him for many years to refuse to answer letters inquir-



ing about the meaning of obscure passages in his poems, some of which were much discussed in literary journals without settling the disputes concerning them. . . .

Browning also in several of his poems — particularly in those entitled “House” and “Shop” and “At the Mermaid” — protests against the intrusion of readers and critics into the personal privacy of the poet, as well as to their assumption that the poet reveals himself — that is, his real personality — in his works. . . .

If we imagine Rafael as feeling like Browning (who alludes to him in “One Word More”) concerning the desire to intrude into the privacy of the poet’s personal life and heart, may we not fancy him as saying to the English poet here : “What! would you, who object to the curiosity of those who read your *published* poems concerning the personality of their author, would *you* pry into the unpublished volume of poems written by me for one eye alone? Shall I sonnet-sing *you* about myself? Will you attempt to enter the private apartments of my life — listen, as you say, to the very ‘bosom-beats’ of Rafael? No, I must decline. . . . Peep through my window if you can, but no foot over my threshold!” And what could Browning, thus condemned out of his own mouth, say in reply? Browning in several other poems addresses his wife in the same intimate strain; as, for instance, in the invocation to her in “The Ring and the Book,” beginning “O lyric love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and a wild desire,” etc.

Even more significant than Browning’s addresses to his wife in his works, in which he certainly unlocked his own heart and threw open its innermost recesses to the eyes of the world, was his urging her to publish the “Sonnets from the Portuguese” — love-poems unparalleled in all literature, the outpourings of a woman’s tenderest emotions when her whole nature was thrilled and exalted by a passion that in such a being comes but once and once for all. She never ventured to show them to Browning until after her marriage, and when she first handed them to him told him to destroy them after read-

ing if he did not like them — and fled to her own room. Before he had finished them, he could not restrain himself from rushing after her and telling her they were treasures that should not be kept from the world. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said to Mr. Gosse, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's." Mrs. Browning, according to the testimony of her husband himself, was reluctant to consent to the publication of what had been the secret chronicle of her betrothal, and it was not until some three years later that they were printed except in a private edition. Surely, in this instance, the sonnet was a key in which the author unlocked her heart; and Browning did not sneeringly ask, "Did she? If so the less poet she!". . .

So far as *Shakespeare* is concerned (who is my main subject, though I have been so slow in coming to it) we know that in his *poems*, as distinguished from the plays, he does, more or less directly and distinctly, speak for himself. This must be true of the "Sonnets," whether they are to be regarded as autobiographical to a greater or less extent. We may disagree as to some of the *facts* they have been supposed to reveal, but, whatever may be the amount of actual *personal history* in them, they certainly express his feelings, his tastes, his ideals of love and friendship, and much else that makes the *man*.

I believe also, as the majority of the biographers, critics, and commentators have done, that we can find Shakespeare the man in the *plays*, notwithstanding the fact that he is the most impersonal of dramatists. In former lectures I have quoted sundry of the best critics who have asserted this most emphatically and I need not do it here. Shakespeare's leading men and women, whether historical or fictitious, are in an eminent sense his *creations*. If he takes them from history or from old novels and romances, he *re-creates* them. They are as much his own as if they had been born of his own brain. These creations or re-creations *must* reveal the character of their creator, as truly as the works of the Divine Creator reveal his nature and character.

In the case of Shakespeare we really learn more about him from his works than from all the information that we have concerning the facts of his life, which are comparatively few and some of which at first sight seem inconsistent with those which we infer from the works.

This difficulty of reconciling Shakespeare the man as we see him in his personal biography (his parentage, education, etc.) with Shakespeare the poet and dramatist has been the cause of endless confusion, misapprehension, and controversy, involving even the very identity of the man and the poet, the question whether Shakespeare or Bacon or somebody else wrote *Shakespeare*.

The Baconian heretics have been seriously refuted again and again, though they have often complained that their so-called "arguments" were treated with ridicule instead of serious discussion. But reason is wasted upon them. A "crank" can never be cured of his wild delusions. If he were capable of estimating sound reasoning he would never have become the victim of such delusions; but having once adopted them he cannot be reasoned out of them. The proof of their absurdity may be clear to anybody else, but he cannot understand it. . . .

But you may tell me that persons who are intelligent, perhaps well educated, believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. True; and they may have read and studied Shakespeare somewhat carefully; but no thoroughly critical student of Shakespeare, no one who deserves to be an *authority* on the subject, has ever been converted to any of these heresies. I have read most of the books and other writings of these people, and I can assert with absolute confidence that *in* their writings they furnish ample and indisputable evidence that they are more or less deficient in the knowledge of Shakespeare — his life, his works, his language, the English of his time — in short, of everything that would enable them to speak with authority concerning the question on which they presume to pass judgment.

It does not follow that you and other honest and faithful students of this and other questions concerning Shake-



speare should assume that any extraordinary knowledge, to be acquired only by long and laborious study and research, is necessary to enable you to come to an intelligent decision concerning them. A certain amount of knowledge is required, and a certain degree of judgment — or plain common sense, we might say — in considering it; but so much misinformation and misapprehension have gathered about the facts, partly through ignorance, partly through the controversies of biographers, critics, and commentators, during more than three centuries, that the average student is liable to become bewildered and confused in his honest efforts to get at the truth. He needs help and guidance in doing this, and my aim in the lectures that are to follow is to give you this help and guidance — to point out in a plain and familiar way the chief mistakes and misapprehensions of the multitudinous literature of the subject, and to enable you to get at the main facts, to see what they teach us concerning Shakespeare, his life and his works; and not only to get positive ideas on disputed matters, cut to be prepared to justify and defend your opinions against ignorant, prejudiced, or misguided people who may take ground against you.

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## Goethe's "Faust"

Introductory Notes to Lectures by Edward Howard Griggs

NOTE.—Reports of lectures will appear in subsequent numbers of the Magazine

GOETHE'S *Faust* is distinctly the most remarkable artistic creation since Shakespeare. As such it should be studied comparatively with the great masterpieces in the world's literature. Such a work is amply justified merely as a creation of beauty. To respond to its wealth of imaginative vision and the subtle and varied harmonies of its music would be enough; but, beyond this, an artistic masterpiece stands as an expression and interpretation of

human life. Every work of art incarnates the ideals and the life of the age that gave it birth. Whether the artist be conscious of the fact or not, the intellectual and moral atmosphere he breathes gives its peculiar color to the work of his genius. Thus the student finds that work the best avenue through which he may enter into the spirit of a particular civilization. As the *Divine Comedy* best reveals to us the heart of the Middle Age, so we turn to *Faust* for the fullest embodiment hitherto achieved of the spirit and problems of modern life.

The ultimate value of a literary masterpiece does not lie, however, in its expression of the time-spirit, but rather in its revelation and interpretation of those aspects of human life which have permanent and universal significance. As with the *Divine Comedy*, so with *Faust*, the appreciation of the master's study of universal problems should be the deeper aim of the student. One must ask, "What did Goethe really mean to say regarding human life?" And when this question is answered, one must seek to state Goethe's meaning in terms of one's own experience. As it is said to the artist, "Look into your heart, and write;" so it must be said to the student, "Look into your heart, and read!" The same human spirit that gave birth to the artistic creation is the key that must unlock it. When the poet's message is stated in terms of our own experience its meaning is ours.

*Faust*, moreover, sustains a unique relation to Goethe's life. The dream and plan of his youth, the completed achievement of his extreme old age, a poem worked upon at intervals for nearly sixty years,—*Faust* is the most complete expression of Goethe's central spirit and whole philosophy of life. All his works, he said, were "fragments of one confession:" in that sense *Faust* is his supreme confession, and of a life that was even more a work of art than any poem he created. The more one studies the varied expressions of Goethe's personality the more amazed one is at the unity of purpose, consistency of effort, and wide range of relation and achievement he everywhere displays. Mistakes, wrong choices, periods

of misdirected effort, are evident; yet what ever-renewed and long-continued self-control and struggle to realize all the wondrous and varied potentiality resident within him! With regard to the whole problem of self-culture, his is the most instructive life we are privileged to know intimately.

Like all else we know, the human spirit has three dimensions,—height, depth, and breadth. Characters like St. Francis or Jesus are marked by spiritual height; Dante and Browning are characterized by depth of personality; while men such as Goethe and Shakespeare show the greatest breadth of relation to the objective world. If at times we miss in Goethe a satisfying spiritual fineness and the deepest personal loyalty, the breadth of his relation to objective nature and humanity, and the sanity and wisdom with which he interpreted the world as it is, give him his place among the few to whom we turn, not only for a wealth of exalting beauty, but for insight into the mystery and meaning of human life.

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## Sayonara \*

### A Play by Archibald F. Reddie

SCENE: The house of Yamajo. An interior. Balcony beyond. A shrine. Buddha enthroned. Lamps. Discovered: Kati-san and Oyouki. They arrange trays for tea.

TIME: 1900.

PLACE: Nagasaki.

#### CAST

YAMAJI, a seer of the College of Philosophers.

IMADA, his pupil, a suitor for the hand of Setsua.

ITO, a young noble, also suing for Setsua's hand.

SATO-SAN, a marriage-go-between.

SETSUA MATSUE, daughter to Kati-san, engaged to Arthur.

KATI-SAN, wife to Yamajo.

OYOUKI, waiting-maid in the house of Yamajo.

ARTHUR CARTWRIGHT, an American, engaged to Setsua.

JACK WILBUR, an old friend of Arthur's.

ALICE, Jack's sister.

KATI-SAN. Oyouki, you are an infidel. Place the sweet fish on the left.

OYOUKI. Yes. It would offend the gods otherwise.

KATI-SAN. It would offend Yamajo, my husband. There! Come here, Oyouki.

\* Permission to perform this must be obtained from the author.



OYOUKI. Yes, revered madam.

KATI-SAN. Oyouki, why are you not married? You are beautifully sixteen.

OYOUKI. Alas! the men tell my father that I am like the lotus-pond: the littlest wind stirs up a storm. The men all want very solemn women for wives—like you, respected madam. Tell me, O Kati-san, were you always so exquisitely solemn?

KATI-SAN. I hope, by the soul of my mother, that I have always known what was expected of a woman.

OYOUKI. My revered father is a poor man. Yet there is a chance—you know Sato-san?

KATI-SAN. The honorable marriage-go-between? Yes.

OYOUKI. Then will I tell you a secret, revered one. Yesterday Sato-san called upon my father and mother. He said he had an offer for a wife—

KATI-SAN. Take it, Oyouki.

OYOUKI. O Kati-san, of course I have taken it; but I feel very strangely, for it is an order from a young foreigner. You know the American honorable sir who is married just now with Tonki-san. It is not for himself; if it only were I should not feel so strangely, for he knows our ways. But it is for an august friend of his who is to arrive to-day on the big ship. He wrote to the present husband of Tonki-san that he would want a wife when he landed. O Kati-san—he wants a wife for a whole year, the letter said.

KATI-SAN. You are indeed fortunate, Oyouki—a girl in your station; you should be very happy. It will do you good. A little worldly wisdom is an excellent thing. The first time I was married—Aie! “Wash me clean from all my impurity, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, as one washes away uncleanness in the waters of the River of Kamo.” You must say that prayer, miserable child, before you eat each morning. Aie! Here comes my Yamajo, and with him Imada and Ito. Go, that the tea may arrive with them. [*Oyouki rises.*] Also, bid Setsua to come. [*Exit Oyouki. Enter Yamajo, Imada, and Ito.*]

YAMAJO. Enter my poor house, revered friends, and partake of a cup of the honorable tea. Where is the dear creature, my daughter Setsua-san?

KATI-SAN. O Yamajo, I have sent for her to come. [*To Ito*] You have not seen her yet. Wait! Aie! the foreign air of polish! it is like old jade!

YAMAJO. Old jade receives its beautiful polish by being worn by those who love it, not through being sold from hand to hand beyond seas. [*To Imada*] I never approved this foreign education for my daughter Setsua. [*They sit.*]

IMADA. Yet think, revered Yamajo, of all Setsua Matsue now knows; she could be the wife of an ambassador to any court in Europe.

YAMAJO. Stop, Imada. Rather than my daughter should go to a European court I would sell her to a Chinese mandarin. Surely you are not head-turned by your court connections? Aie! what need we of foreign legations; dealing with European kings and queens? I honorably wish that Japan were surrounded seawise with a wall of death-dealing reefs as high as our sacred Fuji-yama; that the deep around us were as full of strange foreigner-

devouring monsters as it was in the days of my great-grandfather, to whom, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, be all honor and glory!

ITO. I express myself but poorly, learned Yamajo; but I think the time is not far off when our battleships will have the death-dealing vomit of Fuji, and our torpedo-boats the appetite and capacity of your honored great-grandfather's sea-monsters.

IMADA. Ito-san, the truth hangs ever on your lips. Yet still I stand with our loved Yamajo so much that I do say Japan must be like the foreigners in order to withstand them that way.

YAMAJO. Give me the days when our religion was sufficient to us; when to lay a perfect ode at our Mikado's throne-foot was a greater deed than the building of a railroad! Give me the days when our cloth was woven by hand; when every man was a workman, and every workman was an artist! Those were the days when one higher step would have made us honorably gods! Alas! alas! "Wash us clean, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami," we pray, yet we dip our hands deep in foreign poisons. Our throne has lost its august majesty; our religion has been defiled by the dishonorable doctrines of a foreign horde; our art has degenerated, and we are at the mercy of this civilization-swept dust from Europe — Russia on the west and America on the east!

IMADA. Their papers are full of the "Yellow Peril," however.

ITO. We are not enough, Imada; we will be absorbed eventually; we will intermarry. You may see on our streets already half and quarter breeds; and I, for one, like to see a blue-eyed Japanese girl.

YAMAJO. Ito-san, distinguished one, you anger me. You are an example of this modern graft.

ITO. Aie! Do not attack me, O Yamajo-san. I do not want blue-eyed children. I want to marry your daughter, Setsua-san. I am throughout entirely of Japanese. [*Aside to Kati-san*] Though, at times, Kati-san, when Setsua and I were children together, I fancied I saw purplish lights in her eyes and a subtle copper tinge in her hair when the sun kissed it. Am I right, O honorable Kati-san?

KATI-SAN. Peace, Ito-san, most dear one. Come over here. You must remember, O Ito-san, that you are very young. But you are very smart. Oh, yes, the purplish light? Aie! When one is very young one is apt to have the many honorable admirers, and there was a foreign naval officer once — but, Ito-san, one very seldom honorably knows, and it is only in the sunlight that my daughter's hair shines copper and the purple light plays about her eyes, and her father — Yamajo-san, I mean — my husband — has always been a trifle near-sighted. But you are a man of the world, and I like you.

ITO. Tell me all about Setsua; she is quite the foreigner now?

KATI-SAN. Yes — no — no — yes. It depends on how she is dressed. Her father — Yamajo, my husband, I mean — detests the European dress, so Setsua does not wear it very much. But I — I am a woman of the world, and have been in court —

ITO. Aie! Yes, you were a —

KATI-SAN. In my younger days — before I met Yamajo — I was attached to the court. There I learned many honorable things. I saw the way civil-

ization was tending, and although I was afterward married off to Yamajo, who is the closest of conservatives, the dear creature, I determined not to be narrow. So, when Setsua was born, I made up my mind to teach her all the foreign ways I had learned — Aie! I even allowed a Christian missionary woman come to see her!

ITO. A good idea! When I am with foreigners I make light of our old customs. The habit of being of one mind always is an honorably stupid habit. I am broad.

KATI-SAN. I shall be glad to have you for my Setsua's husband.

ITO. You think you can prevail upon your august husband to let me have her? You know he favors Imada, here.

KATI-SAN. Yet I still have weight with Setsua. She does not want to marry a dragon off of an old Banko vase. Setsua is a modern.

ITO. I yearn for her, O Kati-san.

KATI-SAN. And you have not seen her for six years, Ito-san! She may disappoint you.

ITO. Listen, O revered one. Imada is ambitious. He wants to become a foreign ambassador. I am ambitious, too, but I want to stay at home, and I want a wife who is so smart she can sway the Mikado himself — to whom be everlasting praise — if necessary. You understand?

KATI-SAN. Ah, I wish I were young again, Ito.

ITO [*aside*]. The old nanny-goat! [*Aloud*] That is why I want to marry Setsua Matsue. And think what your position would be, O Kati-san! Not a clumsy kimono, but a tight-fitting French-made robe, and your beautiful neck and arms covered with jewels, and a coronet on your raven hair!

KATI-SAN. Aie! I have seen the Empress — to whom be everlasting praise — dressed that way, but it must be very, very cold on the neck and arms, and I sometimes have the rheumatism — oh — aie!

YAMAJO. Your arguments are honorably good, O Imada, and I can see that my daughter Setsua would be a fitting wife for you. She is a magnificently dutiful girl, and virtuous — in spite of her American training. But I want to see her married away and have my house in quiet again for the undisturbed writing of my memoirs. Ah, I wish for a son!

IMADA. I will be your son, honorable Yamajo-san, even as I have been your pupil. You have been good to me, and I shall never be able to return your goodness according to your high merit; but I will be your son, O Yamajo-san.

YAMAJO. But a son such as I want, O Imada-san, does not go beyond his father, even as the pupil enters into studies beyond even the teacher's comprehension. The son I want is satisfied with what his gods and his ancestors teach him. No, you will never be my son, even if you take my Setsua to where your screens offer honorable privacy. I can see whither your learning tends even as plainly as I can see that more than half the time Setsua wears American shoes upon her feet; aie! even when she wears our Japanese honored dress. These things make me sad, O Imada.

*Enter Setsua Matsue.*

SETSUA. Oh, I forgot, father.



YAMAJO. What was the word you used?

SETSUA. Father. It is an English word. It means honorable parent.

YAMAJO. Is not sire, or Yamajo-san, a good enough word? Is our language of Japanese insufficient?

IMADA. Will you condescend to sit by me, Setsua-san?

SETSUA. I have not met the other honorable sir yet —

KATI-SAN. Ito, this is she — Setsua-san, your old playmate.

YAMAJO. Look at it! Our ancient customs are humbled in our daughters. Setsua, a Japanese welcome for Imada-san! You make a fool of our honored friend Ito.

SETSUA. I must serve your tea now.

ITO. I am charmed with her.

SETSUA. I have but seen you once, Imada-san, since my return.

IMADA. I would not have known you in this dress. The other time I met you at the Temple of the Jumping Tortoise you wore a Japanese robe of gray, with apricot-blossoms embroidered.

SETSUA. Confess you like this best?

YAMAJO. Setsua, Ito-san has no tea.

SETSUA. Come, Ito-san, here is your tea.

KATI-SAN. Careful, my child, with your foreign ways! Wait till after the marriage contract is signed.

SETSUA. I forgot, honored one.

YAMAJO. Is it true, as I have heard it stated, that in America the men wait upon the women?

SETSUA. They are honorably glad to do so, Yamajo-san.

YAMAJO. I hope you did not allow such barbarians to make you forget our revered customs of Japanese and your proper place as a woman? Women should be ever exquisitely subservient.

SETSUA. They teach differently in America, O Yamajo-san.

YAMAJO. Then they teach falsely there. I am sorry I ever allowed you to go there. If it had not been for the great Marquis Tu and his superlative advice I had not been persuaded to let her go.

KATI-SAN [*aside*]. And I got Marquis Tu to use his influence.

YAMAJO. Remember what you have learned, Setsua-san, but do not apply it but by Japanese honorable rule. Be glad you know all these things, but be more glad that you know that they are not true; and be glad that you know the teachings of our gods and our ancestors are true. Aie! I do not believe they have either gods or ancestors in America. Kati-san, will you not take our honored friend, Ito-san, to see my most recent dwarfed ginko-tree? It will exquisitely interest him, I know.

ITO. It will be my highest pleasure to go, dear friend. [*Aside*] He only wants to get me out of the way, the old fox, so he can give Imada a chance to talk to Setsua.

KATI-SAN [*aside*]. Do not you be the moon-fool, Setsua. Young men, love and liberty; old men, the tortures of chilled affection and a life of honorable imprisonment. I know!

SETSUA. I am discreet, honored madam. [*Aside*] How I hate it all!

KATI-SAN [to Ito]. I will see that you marry Setsua. Trust me.

*Exit Kati-san and Ito.*

YAMAJO. Now, my Setsua, entertain my guest the while I write peaceably my memoirs.

IMADA. Will you sit by me, Setsua Matsue? It is many years since you went away, Setsua-san, a little, round mousme, on the big steamer to the far East. Aie! and you have come back a woman.

SETSUA. Something more than woman, as your tone implies it, let me hope, O Imada-san.

IMADA. I would not have a woman more than herself. But I would have her just as you are, Setsua Matsue.

SETSUA. I know of no other woman just like myself in every way, Imada-san, so I fear you will have to honorably wait still.

IMADA. There was the foreign manner in that speech. But Yamajo-san says I am to have you for my wife, Setsua Matsue.

SETSUA. My father promiscuously bestows what is not honorably his to give.

IMADA. Ah?

SETSUA. I mean, since my mind went out to the heavens; since it was watered by rain from the sky and struck trembling roots deep into my soul; since I waked from the sleep which holds old Japan under its spell; since I learned I was a live thing and had flowers to spread and fruit to bear; since these, O Imada-san, I hold my father has no right to bestow my unworthy body here or there as he would bestow a bit of pottery.

IMADA. This is a new thought. I do not like it.

SETSUA. Is it new to you, Imada-san? I think it should not be, for although you are my honored father's pupil, you are a man of thought, and have come in contact with the part of Japan which is waking up.

IMADA. The male part, yes. But you are a woman.

SETSUA. I see. You are not prepared to concede waking hours or a soul to a woman?

IMADA. A soul — aie — authorities differ honorably as to what a soul is. But I waste time, Setsua —

SETSUA. I will excuse you.

IMADA. There was a foreign dishonorable sting about that, Setsua-san, although I did not get at the meaning. Here is the argument. I am ambitious, as you know, to move among the foreign courts. I want a wife of brain, of beauty, of tact, of courage; one who can parry and spar with the women of European courts on their own ground; who can play her part so well and look so inscrutably from her black Japanese eyes that no woman or man in Europe can tell whether she even knows or appreciates, yet who must comprehend everything. I want a woman to help me in my work, to work with me; and, she must be all Japanese. And, Setsua-san, I have honorably asked your revered parent to give you to me for this wife, and he has said his yes. I claim you mine.

SETSUA. One moment. You want a helpmate with the subtlety of a serpent, the presence of a queen, the guile of a courtesan, the innocence of a

child, the education of a philosopher, the tact of a diplomat — and the submissiveness of a Japanese wife. Tell me, O honored Imada-san, are you not expecting too much of a female without a soul?

IMADA. I miss your point.

SETSUA. You have studied your philosophies in vain, then, O Imada-san.

IMADA. But my point is I am to have you for my wife, and I am exquisitely glad in my heart, O Setsua Matsue.

SETSUA. Shall I reduce my point, honorable Imada? I see I must. You and I belong to different orders. In other words, submissively I could not be your wife.

IMADA. Your parent, Yamajo, the head of philosophers, has said you shall be.

SETSUA. He does not own me. I will direct my own life.

IMADA. You cannot. The law will give you to me.

SETSUA. Then I will obey a larger law.

IMADA. Are you insane? Would you kill yourself?

SETSUA. Yes; rather than not obey the nature which has been roused within me through my education, I would kill myself, Imada-san.

IMADA. I will place this matter with your father. [*Starts to rise.*]

SETSUA. Come here, Imada-san. You will concede that a woman has a heart? That she can love? That she may have preferences for one man more than for another? You will concede that? Well, Imada-san, I love some other man.

IMADA. It is not unlikely. I am fifty, I know; but then, you are twenty-four. Very few females marry, permanently, after twenty or twenty-four.

SETSUA. I am content never to marry, Imada-san, if marriage depends on a Japanese point of view.

IMADA. Aie! Aie! Aie!

SETSUA. Be honorably seated again, O Imada-san. I will tell you that I am promised to marry an American honorable young gentleman. I love him, and if I do not marry him, I will marry no one.

IMADA. I will give you until to-night to think. If then you do not send for me, and receive me in a proper frame of mind, honorably discarding these silly ideas of American, I will respectfully refer the matter to your learned father. [*Imada rises.*] Sayonara, O Setsua-san. [*Exit Imada.*]

SETSUA. Sayonara, Imada-san.

YAMAJI. Has our favored guest departed?

SETSUA. Imada has gone. Tell me, honored parent, have I not ever been a good and obedient daughter to you?

YAMAJI. You have. Yet is it not well for a woman to seek praise.

SETSUA. I seek not praise, Yamajo-san. I seek your heart.

YAMAJI. My heart beats very quietly, my child. Do not disturb it.

SETSUA. Yamajo, honored sire, I must set aside our customs of Japanese, for I am no longer all Japanese. I must tell you that I will not to marry Imada, your pupil.

YAMAJI. You must.

SETSUA. Sire, I cannot. I will truly kill myself before I will marry him.



YAMAJO. I did not know that suicide was taught in the American colleges, and I have paid large sums for your education. You have learned your lessons badly, Setsua Matsue.

SETSUA. I can marry but one man, and he is an American.

YAMAJO. If you married an American I would kill you with these two hands of mine.

*Enter Kati-san.*

KATI-SAN. Honorable and superlative husband, do you demean yourself by such talk to a foolish and poetry-writing girl! [*Aside*] I will help you. [*Aloud*] Aie! Setsua-san, for you I struggle; I send you abroad; I overcome honorable difficulties; you come back and say you will not marry whom your learned and excellent parent bids you marry! Go you to the Ito-san without and entertain him while I speak with my husband. [*Exit Setsua.*] My own Yamajo, adored and learned pupil of our Ottokes, speak to me, your dejected wife. Does not our Setsua like Imada?

YAMAJO. I know not. She is to marry him.

KATI-SAN. Aie! what is marriage! Aie! Yamajo, dost remember when we were married? It was at noon at the time of the year when the apricots bloomed. And do you remember when we returned here at night, I danced for you? Aie! how honorably lovely to be young! Our Setsua will miss all that joy of youth if she marries Imada, for he is fifty! Aie! There is Setsua's samisen.

*Dance follows.*

YAMAJO. Is that the way you danced for your patroness at the Court, Kati-san?

KATI-SAN. Yes, for my patroness, the wife of Marquis Tu — [*aside*] and others. Have you seen our Setsua dance? No? And Imada detests dancing so! He is no better than a dried old bonze. Aie! I do not blame our Setsua for sweetly preferring Ito.

YAMAJO. Ito-san? Does Ito-san wish to marry her? Ito-san is a very rich young man, and his family is most influential.

KATI-SAN. Did you augustly think that he brought you the priceless old manuscript merely for the sake of the honorable esteem he bore you? O Yamajo, my dear creature, what a thing is a man!

*Dusk begins.*

YAMAJO. If Ito wants our Setsua, and you want Ito to have her, I will deferentially think it over. It is now our prayer-time.

YAMAJO AND KATI-SAN. I worship and implore you, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, royal power, cease not to protect your faithful people, who are ready to sacrifice themselves for your pleasure and for their country. Grant that I may become as holy as yourself, and drive from my mind all dark thoughts. I am a coward and a sinner; purge me for my cowardice and sinfulness even as the north wind drives the dust into the sea. Wash me clean from my impurities, as one washes away uncleanness in the waters of the River of Kamo. Make me the richest (man: woman) in the world. Grant me the continued good health of my family, and above all, my own good

health, who, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, do worship and adore you and only you —

*Re-enter Setsua.*

SETSUA. I am so frightened! [*Exit Yamajo and Kati-san.*] That Ito is a beast. Oh, how I have changed! Sometimes I look into my glass and wonder if my very hair and eyes have not changed in color. Japan! Japan! And I love you, Japan! And I am a Japanese woman, and I love my country, and my nature, which is of my country! Stop! Sometimes I feel in my blood that which is not of Japan — feelings which a Japanese woman has no right to know of! Aie! Aie! It had been honorably better for me never to go to America, to college, to learn these supreme meanings of womanhood. Here I am, in a prison-house; a Japanese custom bearing me down, and down — and no help. Aie! Aie! And the letter of the man I love in my bosom! What! I am thinking, speaking aloud to myself, in English. But, is not Arthur of the English blood! [*Reads*]

“My own Setsua: Ah, such a pretty, dainty name! How I love to write it, and how it drops from one’s tongue like a pert little bird from a branch that loves it! Darling mousme, the time is drawing near when I shall be with you and claim you for my own. I sail on the *Nippon Maru* next week. My heart is so full of longing for you, Setsua, that I dare not trust my pen too much liberty. The days are full of rush and bustle for me, and I can scarcely take time even for this. The light is fading, fading beyond the Golden Gate. It reminds me of the evening you left. I can hear you breathe ‘Sayonara’ to me across the waters now, as you did then. So, I will close with that dear word, good-night — Sayonara. Your lover — husband soon to be

ARTHUR CARTWRIGHT.”

Sayonara! Yes, Sayonara, my love. Oh, when will he be here? To-night? To-morrow? I could get no news of the steamer. Where is my samisen? Arthur Cartwright! Oh, a Japanese girl has no claim to such feelings! A tear? A Japanese girl has no right to tears. I learned to cry in America — blessed, blessed America, where women may claim souls, where they are free, where they — aie!

*Enter Ito.*

ITO. Setsua! Setsua! Ah, there you are, my pretty mousme! Come! Kati-san, your honored mother, says it is all right. She has made old Yamajo to give his consent! Aie! What do you think she did? She danced for him. Hss! Are you going to dance for me, Setsua? They tell me you learned strange dances in America. But first I want you to come with me.

SETSUA. Sst! Ito-san, it is well that my father has given his consent to our marriage, but wait until the marriage contract is signed —

ITO. What is a marriage contract? Come!

SETSUA. Listen! I will dance for you, Ito-san! Japanese dances, American dances, — aie! Make a light in the lanterns and I will dance for you, Ito-san!

ITO. Make you the light. That is the woman’s task. By the way, did you know that little Oyouki is to be married to a foreigner?

SETSUA. Aie?

ITO. Yes. He has just come ashore from the steamer *Nippon Maru*.

SETSUA. The *Nippon Maru*, you say?

ITO. Yes. An American who has come to Nagasaki to go into some business here. His sister has come with him. Kati-san says she is going to let Oyouki bring the young man up here this evening, just for some diversion. Your honorable parent, Yamajo, is going out to his College of Philosophers to make a great speech. Oyouki and her American are going to live on the hill above here. Her father has arranged everything. Aie! I wonder what it would seem like to have an American wife?

SETSUA. Why don't you try the sister?

ITO. You are honorably in my thoughts now, Setsua-san. Ah, I can see that coppery glint in your hair now — it drives me mad!

SETSUA. When are Oyouki and the American coming?

ITO. In about an hour.

*Setsua dances.*

SETSUA. I must dance for an hour then — Oh, anything to keep this creature's touch away. This young man who was on the *Nippon Maru* can give me news of Arthur. I will send Oyouki to Arthur — Oh, I must manage to keep this up —

*Kati-san and Yamajo appear at back.*

YAMAJO. What is this?

KATI-SAN. Aie! Young blood, dear creature. Besides, what is a marriage contract? Lovers are ever as good as married, and there is no honorable harm in a little dancing. There, honored man, go to the Council of Philosophers. We will weepingly wait impatiently your return — [*aside*] which I hope will be augustly delayed.

YAMAJO. Sayonara.

*Exit Yamajo.*

KATI-SAN. Sayonara! Sayonara!

ITO. You have not yet danced me the dance of the sacred fox-woman. Where is the mask?

SETSUA. In the chest there. And the red kimono.

*Enter Arthur, Alice, Jack, Oyouki, Sato, and guests.*

KATI-SAN. Enter our unworthy house, august friends. This is my daughter; she dances most wonderfully, having been trained by the poets themselves. Ito-san, who is to marry my daughter, a young gentleman of honorable connections. My gracious husband, Yamajo-san, had a pressing engagement; otherwise he would be expressly charmed to be present. I salute you all. I can never return your august welcomes. Aie! this is the young gentleman our little Oyouki is to marry. Ah, it is so fine for a girl to help her old parents. [*To Jack*] You will find Oyouki-san a very superlative bride in every way, honored sir from the East.

JACK [*to Sato*]. What does she say?

SATO. She says she is great glad to see of you, and it is honored custom to present the matrimonial agent with a present of money on entering a new house.



JACK. I see. They are up to their tricks here, too. You must explain all these customs to me.

SETSUA [*aside*]. How can Arthur be so near me, and not know!

ALICE. Jack, are you really going to marry this girl? Why, we have n't been in Japan six hours! I think it is dreadful! What will they say at home when they hear of it?

JACK. I acknowledge Japan has turned my head — even before I came. As for the family, there is no need of their knowing unless you tell them. I told you not to come along up here.

ALICE. But Mr. Cartwright would not come without me, and I wanted some sort of Christian sanction to the ceremony, about which, Jack, I confess I do not feel too sure!

JACK. My dear Alice, we are in Japan now; we are a pair of orphans, and we have left conventionality and troublesome aunts and uncles behind us! You 'll probably see me with a shaved head and one of these bath-robos on by next week; eh, Oyouki?

ALICE. Arthur, is it really all right? I know Jack has always been an impulsive boy, but this is mad! It seems as if it had been arranged beforehand.

SETSUA. She calls him Arthur.

ALICE. Answer me, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Alice, we are in Japan. At all events, from a Japanese standpoint, this little monkey, Oyouki, is doing an eminently respectable thing. By the way, what a remarkable make-up that is,— our hostess's daughter! Ho, Satso-san, ask the young person with the fox's head if she won't let us see her honorable face.

SATO. O honored sir, that young lady understands —

SETSUA. Serpent! Tell him not that I understand of the English.

SATO. She say she not take off mask; she dance for you to-night.

KATI-SAN. Tell my guests, Sato, that if they will deign to follow me, I will serve them with some of my most honorable poor tea.

SATO. Kati-san, our honored hostess, say she give you tea on other room. She say each man give me present for tea, but do it not before in front of her, because of an old honorable custom.

*Exeunt all but Alice, Arthur, and Setsua.*

ALICE. Arthur, explain this mad freak of Jack's.

ARTHUR. Well, it is a marriage which can be dissolved later. In that respect it is not so very unlike some marriages in our own country.

ALICE. But that is not a marriage. Oh, look at that girl over there still! Is she watching us? Do ask her to go, or else to remove that horrible mask!

ARTHUR. Both would be useless. She is undoubtedly fulfilling some ancient Japanese custom. She would probably not think it polite to leave us alone, neither would she understand what little Japanese I know.

ALICE. You seem to know a good deal about Japanese customs and the language. Where did you learn it all?

ARTHUR. I — I — knew a Japanese once.

SETSUA. I've no right to hear this.

ALICE. Oh, you are such an undiscovered country to me still, Arthur! I've only known and loved you — two short weeks — on the steamer. How fortunate that Jack and you were old friends! That made it proper for you and me; did n't it? But tell me of your Japanese friend.

ARTHUR. She —

ALICE. She?

ARTHUR. Yes. Her name was Setsua Matsue.

SETSUA. Dare I listen?

ARTHUR. She was a student at Leland Stanford, and we were very good friends.

SETSUA. I am Japanese now — all through and through Japanese — and I will listen. By the blood of my ancestors, I will listen if it kills me!

ARTHUR. We — we — Alice, I should have told you this before. I loved her.

ALICE. You loved her? You loved her? Yes — but, Arthur, I think I can understand it — you were just in the humor for such a romance — you are so fanciful — and she came into your life there under those soft Californian skies, and you fancied you loved her — you allowed yourself to be taken with her — and it was a strange, Oriental dream to you, and — I suppose all men must have some such affairs before they really care for any one as you care for me —

ARTHUR. Alice, you hurt me; I am not worth it!

SETSUA. If I stay, I will kill him.

*Exit Setsua.*

ARTHUR. Alice, the love I bore — bear Setsua is the only real love of my life.

ALICE. What?

ARTHUR. I started for Japan to see Setsua again; to marry her if she was willing to go back with me. She is here, in this city of Nagasaki, somewhere, waiting for me — at this minute. Call me a coward — but I am glad to say I'm strong enough to speak the truth. I met you on the steamer that first evening; you know how our acquaintance grew?

ALICE. I know.

ARTHUR. And it came over me, Alice, that after all Setsua and I were not of one race, and you — you bewitched me after the manner of our own women; and I allowed myself to say pretty things to you, and you —

ALICE. Believed them.

ARTHUR. I never thought, at first — and Japan was still a far country. I found myself involved more and more deeply, and what I had meant at first for the amusement of an otherwise dull voyage became soul's earnest to you, and then one night came when words were said which implicated both of us; and instead of being blunt and brutal about the truth of it, I let the thing slip on from day to day as the steamer ploughed her way across the Pacific, until I almost got myself to believe that I was in earnest, and the dream of Setsua Matsue faded —

ALICE. Did you find that you loved me after all? Speak the truth, Arthur Cartwright!

ARTHUR. No. I tried to fool myself. I love Setsua. But, Alice, I have deceived you, and I am willing to —

ALICE. Stop! How about the Japanese girl? You say she is waiting for you. Are you mad? Do you think I will bid you stay with me? You must make your own choice, Arthur.

ARTHUR. And will you abide by my decision? If I prefer to make good to you the words I spoke on the steamer, will you let me be your husband? Will you forget this hour and what it has brought forth? Will you believe that as the years grow I will do a man's best to be a true husband to you?

ALICE. And the Japanese girl? What of her?

ARTHUR. You have told me I must make a choice, and I ask you to do what, according to my poor lights, I deem most honorable.

*Enter Setsua.*

ALICE. Arthur, it seems impossible to me that you can really care for this girl, and yet have said to me what you did — as you did! Oh, I do not know what to do! You have been miserably weak once, and you may be so again. Suppose the girl stood on the other side of you there. There! Suppose this tricked-out doll were your Setsua Matsue — make your choice.

SETSUA. One little step — this knife — first him — then myself!

*Enter Jack.*

JACK. Hello there, Arthur! Come out here and see my relations-in-law coming up the hill to escort me to my nuptials.

ARTHUR. In a moment, Jack —

JACK. Oh, I say, come along! Such a sight! — a whole comic-operaful of them with lanterns on sticks — come along —

*Jack drags Arthur out.*

SETSUA. Quick! Put on this mask and robe.

ALICE. Who are you?

SETSUA. I? Only a Japanese girl who speaks a little English. Many of us can. You know we are thrown with the English a good deal. But do as I bid! There! when he comes back he will choose the Japanese girl; I know these men! But in this disguise he will choose you, and in a few weeks the Japanese girl will be forgotten. It will be a joke you will laugh at in after-years — long time after you are married. Oh, fear nothing; this Setsua Matsue will soon forget. I know her; she has two Japanese lovers already, and besides, her father said he would kill her if she married a foreigner; and our Japanese knives are very sharp. Use your wit. Here he comes.

*Enter Arthur.*

ARTHUR. How dark it is! Where are you, Alice?

ALICE. I am here, Arthur, and you are to make your choice, supposing this girl in the mask to be your Setsua Matsue.

ARTHUR. Then I choose the mask!

ALICE. You have chosen me!

ARTHUR. You — you tricked me! Where is the girl?

ALICE. Why do you ask? She is only a Japanese girl who understands a little English; I borrowed her disguise, thinking to play a trick — yes, to play a trick, Arthur Cartwright, which I hope and pray we will laugh about



in after-years; for, if you have been weak to me, I am also most weak about you; and I love you — love you, Arthur. And you have chosen me, Arthur!

ARTHUR. Where is that girl? I chose her! Jack told me she was Setsua! I chose her; where is she?

SETSUA. I am here, Arthur Cartwright. You, Miss Alice, will you be so generously good to leave us for a little while? [*Comes down C. Then exit Alice to R.*] I have some things to say to this honored gentleman. [*Alice goes up.*] Do not be fearful; I have your happiness in my honorable wishes.

*Exit Alice.*

ARTHUR. Setsua! My darling mousme!

SETSUA. You have mistaken the street for another, Arthur-san. The geishas live below.

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

SETSUA. I mean this: I can never repay all the sweetness you put into my heart; it exceeds the possibilities of my powers of giving. You taught me the true meaning of chivalry; you taught me what it meant to be a woman. I gave you in return all I had to give; I gave you my most miserable self. I was yours; I am yours. I am your slave; yet am I the slave which has lost trust in the master. I heard your declaration of love for this beautiful white girl. I do not blame you for loving her. I only blame you for not killing me before I could know what has chased the angels from my heart and replaced them with dreadful devils. I do honorably blame you for that, Arthur-san. I determined to give you up to her when I heard you were willing to be true to her. And I knew you would choose the mask, for the sake of what your song of English says, "Auld Lang Syne." So I changed the dress with your Alice-san. But miserably you failed me in my high belief of your goodness. When you found that the white girl was back of the mask you were not true! Therefore I knew that in your heart you could never be true! You fooled me! You fooled her! I am going to kill you, Arthur-san.

ARTHUR. To kill me, Setsua?

SETSUA. By the blood of my ancestors, I will kill you, unless —

ARTHUR. Unless I run away!

SETSUA. Gods! I am happy! I have loved a weak man, but not a coward! I praise you, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami! He will not run away.

*Enter at back Yamajo.*

YAMAJI. My daughter and a foreigner! Aie!

*Exit Yamajo.*

ARTHUR. You will kill me, Setsua? Come, then, and let me die in your arms.

SETSUA. Never! And it is not because I am jealous that I kill you, Arthur-san, but because you have killed two women,— one who loves you much, and the other who loves you more than much. The one will go back to her cold country and grow thin and pale, and after many years die. The other — will shortly follow you. She is not strong enough to go on alone. You are not afraid, Arthur-san? You are not willing to run away? Out there lie perfect freedom and the arms of Alice-san. You will not go? Gods, I praise

you, I praise you greatly. I send you a man! [*Stabs Arthur.*] Sayonara, my love! Sayonara!

ARTHUR. Sayonara! [*Dies.*]

*Setsua gets a cloth with which she covers him. Then she goes to shrine.*

SETSUA. Wash me clean from all my impurities, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, as one washes away uncleanness in the waters of the River of Kamo. [*She comes down and uncovers Arthur.*] Sayonara! Sayonara!

*Enter Yamajo.*

YAMAJO. Do you miserably dare to bring your foreign devil behind my very screens? You should go to the street below for your amusements. Oyouki! Oyouki! [*Enter Oyouki running.*] Oyouki, bring me a bowl of saké. Is the man dead?

SETSUA. His soul is with his ancestors.

YAMAJO. Where thine will never be! Do you understand the misery before you in the cold lands to which you go? Give me the knife. [*She gives it.*]

SETSUA. I am not afraid, honored sire. If they refuse me where my ancestors are, surely the Christian heaven will take my trembling soul.

YAMAJO. There is no Christian heaven, thou wanton! For such as thee there is but wandering and everlasting cold. [*Enter Oyouki.*] Place it there. [*Exit Oyouki.*] Sit by that carrion. [*Places poison in saké.*] Now, condescend to partake of a cup of the honorable saké, O Setsua-san. Warm thy soul for its long journey, and make little noise in thy flight thither, for I wish to write my memoirs in peace. Sayonara, O Setsua-san!

SETSUA. Sayonara, O Yamajo-san, august parent.

*She drinks the saké and dies. Yamajo writes memoirs. Then he rises and covers both with the same cover.*

YAMAJO. Sayonara! [*He goes back to his memoirs.*]

*Presently enter Jack, Alice, Sato, Oyouki-san, Kati-san, and Ito. They enter cautiously.*

YAMAJO. Kati-san, thy mischiefs have been many. Leave me in peace for the writing of my memoirs, unless thou wishest to drink of the honorable saké which I bade Oyouki to bring me. I think there is a little left. Go — take this rabble-horde with thee. Never let me see thee again.

KATI-SAN. I humbly beseech thee, O Yamajo-san — august master —

YAMAJO. Come, Kati-san [*lifts a corner of the covering*], thy daughter! And, as I bend low in the candle-light I see what I never saw before, — a glint of copper in her black hair. Aie! Take thyself away, woman, before I send thee on to thy child.

KATI-SAN. Aie!

*Exeunt all but Yamajo.*

YAMAJO [*writes*]. I married Kati-san, who had been attached to Marquis Tu's wife in the court of the Mikado, to whom be all honor and glory —

*Enter Imada.*

IMADA. I have come, O august teacher, Yamajo-san, to learn your decision regarding the hand of Setsua Matsue.

YAMAJO. It is some minutes since I gave the hand of Setsua Matsue into the keeping of the Fates.

*The two men go over.*

IMADA. Aie! Aie!

*Exit Imada.*

YAMAJO [*writes*]. And on the day of his famous speech before the Council of Philosophers, having driven his false wife from home, miserably poisoning her child, whom, unto that day, Yamajo unutterably loved and believed to be his, and having devoutly prayed before the shrine of Buddha, having fulfilled his life, he went forth to the joys of the heavens which the gods bestow upon the righteous. [*Yamajo rises and crosses to the shrine.*] Wash me clean from all my impurities, O Ama-Terace-Omi-Kami, even as one washes away uncleanness in the waters of the River of Kamo. [*He takes up the poisoned saké.*] Aie! Die like a rat, here with that girl and her lover! No, I will go out under the honorable apricot-trees, by the lake, and there fulfil what I have written in my memoirs. The apricot-trees! Aie! [*He gets some blossoms from a vase and places them about Setsua.*] Sayonara! O Setsua-san! Ah, how blessed you might have been had you followed the advice of your gods and your ancestors! I would have never known, had you honorably lived! I had never known! Sayonara! My memoirs, here! Imada will find them to-morrow. [*He goes to the chest, from which he takes two swords.*] And now I go out under the apricot-trees.

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## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes—and Letters

A recent visitor at Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va., wrote to Florence C. White, '06, after having seen the department working under her instruction: "My short visit to your class made me feel as never before that there is an accomplishment to be derived from the study of oratory that can be acquired in no other way."

This notice from *The Parthenon*, the college magazine, gives some further idea of the work of Miss White:

The recital given by Miss Florence C. White, of the Department of Expression, was both artistic and literary. Her work maintains a standard which cannot fail to add permanent value to the dramatic work of the college. Miss White excels in subtle comedy and character-drawing, while her poise and simplicity throughout relieved the program of the usual elocutionary bombast. Great versatility was displayed in the selection and interpretation of material. Her numbers were the following: "His Majesty, the King," Rudyard Kipling; "Rabbi Ben Hissar," Post Wheeler; "Dreaming of Home," Eugene Field; "A Chapter of Revelations," Jessie Odlin; "Pauline Pavlovna," Thomas B. Aldrich.

Elizabeth R. Ray, '06, won the banner in an oratorical contest of the Kappa Epsilon society at East Syracuse. There were fifteen other contestants. The recitation which won the prize was "A Few Bars in the Key of G."



An article of special interest to Emerson students, and entitled "How Russia crushed Alexander I. of Bulgaria," appears in the *Army and Navy* magazine. It is written by a former student of the College, Evanka S. Akrabova, Spl., from Philippopolis, Bulgaria.

Lena Penistein is now in New York, teaching private pupils. Her summer's work was the enjoyable but somewhat difficult one of teaching gymnastics and athletic games in the vacation playgrounds. Miss Penistein hopes soon to fill a position as assistant in physical training.

Alma Gitchel, '04, instructor at the Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, Me., sends two very interesting programs given under her supervision and showing the kind of work she is doing. The programs include orations, humorous and dramatic readings, a farce, and a drama — a better proof of Miss Gitchel's efficiency as teacher than would be any number of testimonials.

Grace Chamberlain, '00, assisted by the Helen Reynolds Trio, gave Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Candida," in a dramatic recital at Chickering Hall, Dec. 12, 1906. The playgoing world is familiar with Shaw's brilliant pen-portraits and startling truisms, and with his original, interesting, and many times profound text. As interpreter of this particular play, Miss Chamberlain was delightful, being fully adequate in gesture, intonation, and character delineation.

Nola Venable tells of interesting work at the Coronal Institute, San Marros, Tex.

Mary Inez Crosby, '00, of 141 Walnut St., Brookline, is to spend a year in Pasadena, Cal.

Alberta F. Black, '06, is teaching oratory and physical culture in the Mt. Allison, Sackville, N. B.

Josephine Goodspeed, '06, is teaching in the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

From Fresno, Cal., comes an interesting letter concerning the work and surroundings of Agnes I. Hirsey. She says:

You will be glad to know that I am well established in "sunny California." Just at present the weather consists of a heavy fog, which is anything but sunny, and a group of us shivering Easterners find our greatest comfort in discoursing to the natives on the roaring furnaces and glowing grates which "every house" in the East sports. However, in spite of their little gas-heaters and oil-stoves, I do like it very much. Steady sunshine from the twentieth of June to the sixth of November! And then one rainy day, and steady sunshine until this morning! We have roses and violets from the gardens, and such chrysanthemums!

I am physical director, assistant secretary, and elocution teacher in the Y. W. C. A., also teacher of physical culture in the high school, and supervisor of physical training in the grades. In September I gave a recital which was very successful, and last night I read before a concert audience. I have promised to give "The Merchant of Venice" for the Association in January, and am working hard on that.

With warmest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

AGNES I. HIRSEY.

One of the best recitals in miscellaneous readings ever presented at Chickering Hall was that given, December 10, by Katharine Ridgeway, a former student of Emerson College. Miss Ridgeway is known across the length and breadth of the continent as one of its most popular readers, and her audience here attested the great appreciation with which Boston regards her.

## Marriages

Evelyn S. Davis, '94, to Arthur E. Westcott.

Anna Bart to Wm. F. Homan, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Sophia Christine Henderson, '03, to Williston Canfield Rich, Dec. 29, 1906, Red Wing, Minn.

Annie Royster Scarborough, Spl. '03, to Frank Woodward Lawrence, Dec. 27, 1906, Murfreesboro, N. C.

## College News

Plays Presented by the Postgraduate Class Dec. 12, 1906

### PICKLES

*By Lita Smith*

#### CHARACTERS

Mrs. Algernon Muffet ..... Miss Gray  
Mr. Algernon Muffet ..... Mr. Burnham

Managed by Mr. R. H. Burnham

### A CASE OF SELF-DEFENSE

*Dramatized by Miss Blanche E. Heslyn*

#### CHARACTERS

Mrs. Brisben (young widow) ..... Miss Plummer  
Mr. Winthrop ..... Mr. Farr  
Marie (the maid) ..... Miss Walter  
Susan (the cook) ..... Miss Keating  
Henry (the chauffeur) ..... Mr. Sparks

Time, Present

Scene, Mrs. Brisben's drawing-room

### SCENE FROM "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"

*Dramatized by Miss Edith Nickerson*

#### CHARACTERS

Nance Olden ..... Miss Gray  
Fred Obermuller ..... Mr. Burnham

Scene, Bachelor's Apartment at the Bronsonin, New York City

Time, Evening

### 'OP-O'-ME-THUMB

*By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce*

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Madam Didier ..... Mrs. Patten  
Clem (Mrs.) Galloway ..... Miss Nickerson  
Rose Jordan ..... Miss Heslyn  
Celeste ..... Miss Walter

Amanda Afflick..... Miss Miller  
 Horace Greensmith..... Mr. Rawlins

Time, Present  
 Place, London  
 Scene, Mrs. Didier's Laundry  
 Managed by Miss Hazel L. Miller

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

The new year began auspiciously for the Y. W. C. A. At its first meeting, in January, Mrs. Southwick gave an inspiring talk to the girls, with "Faith" as her subject. She said, "Faith is a force which comes out of the spirit, the part of us which is divine, which sees truly, is transcendent, and has conscious oneness with the Divine." In speaking of faith in connection with prayer, she said that we pray too negatively; that prayer is a demand of the soul augmented by our own effort to accomplish our desire. She cited the incident of Ethan Allen's advice to his soldiers when they were marching through the rain: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." In closing her talk, Mrs. Southwick said that we should have more of beauty, rectitude, and purity in our lives.

### Emerson College Glee Club

The voice of the Glee Club is again heard in our marble halls, and judging from the enthusiasm displayed by all its members, great things may be expected from the organization. Mrs. Knight is conductor, and Miss Lawson, '08, is accompanist. The members' names will be announced later.

Already their deeds are being sung, for some budding bard, fired with the inspiration of a noble theme, has composed an ode to the following effect:

Behold the Glee Club we all love to hear,  
 They don't sing by note, so they must sing by ear;  
 But the sounds which they make are so wild, weird, and sad  
 That at length we've concluded their hearing is bad.

'T is true, there has been a scarcity of music, but just wait; ere long you will see every member of the Glee Club bearing her notes in triumph when she enters Room One on Saturday afternoons. So peace, ye sceptics! Wait and watch!

### Postgraduate Class

Some of the graduates are doing a good deal of running in and about the "Hub." Semi-occasionally they are seen rushing about the office and corridor at College, bearing a suit-case and a professional air. Sometimes they stay a day or two, and sometimes a few weeks. Our consolation is that while they are denying us their presence and assistance they are gaining reputation abroad.

What is to be inferred when the divine utterances of Shakespeare are interpolated with snatches of sentences from the tone chart? In graduate Othello, Miss Noyes substituting for Dean Southwick:



*Miss M.* (making, after many others had failed, a superhuman effort for vital negation. In rapt tones) — Reputation, reputation, *iron bells*, reputation!

(Hearty — (?) of the audience.)

A few moments later:

*Miss S.* (still striving for vital negation) — Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my *vital* — !!!

(Hearty — (?) repeated.)

Next month will appear the track news of the graduates. All the horses entered, we feel sure there will be most interesting subjects for speculation, and undoubtedly you will find something worth staking on in any one of them. Look them over carefully, and personally, however, before you venture, and you may gain materially thereby. It is expected that Mrs. Marmein will open the list by entering "Personality," her most valued hobby-horse!

## 1907

Helen S. Hammond read "Christmas in a Lumber-camp," from Ralph Connor's "Black Rock," at the Christmas service in the Second Congregational Church, Putnam, Conn., Dec. 23, 1906.

A few weeks ago Miss Adeline Stallings gave some splendid readings at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Temple Street. Her work was enthusiastically encored.

Miss Mary Hare gave several very successful readings at her home, at Troy, N. Y., during the Christmas vacation.

The rapidity with which the list of our matrimonially inclined girls is growing is becoming alarming for the prospects of our Emerson work. The latest addition is the engagement of Miss June Shaw to Mr. Baker.

We are now on the home-stretch, and our Commencement Committee has been elected. Seniors, let's work hard and have a glorious climax to our brilliant career.

We still hold the famous Emerson banner. Hooray for '07!

## 1908

On December 14 Elizabeth E. Keppie gave a number of humorous readings, including "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Franklin High School, Boston. The audience, consisting mostly of students at the night school, was large and very enthusiastic.

A tragic spirit of uncertainty reigns in the Junior class, for exams. are at hand and there is no escape. Far be it from the author of this humble description to attempt to depict in detail the conflicting emotions of this critical period; let her rather say, in the words of a poet:

'T was a Thursday evening tender, and distinctly I remember  
On the hearth a dying ember cast its light upon the floor;  
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow  
Some one's notes which, to my sorrow, I had failed to take before,  
For I feared a "C" in gesture, having studied naught before —  
That would cost me tears galore.

## 1909

Carmen MacIntyre, '09, and Helen Badgely, '06, gave a fine concert at Dresden, Ontario, Dec. 18, 1906. Miss MacIntyre furnished the musical part of the program, rendering several selections on the violin, supplemented by songs. The thorough training received during four years in Germany's musical centres was manifest in the artistic triumph she achieved. Miss Badgely, the reader, gave varied selections, including the love scene from "The Taming of the Shrew." The reports of her work are all highly favorable. Both were well received and reflected all honor due the Alma Mater.

The verdant Freshmen echo the sentiments of '08 in one short but plainerly unanimous wail:

"Tell me not my marks in finals,  
Lest my heart contract with fear;  
On the distant, dim horizon  
Looms a lone and empty sphere."

But to speak of more cheerful subjects: at our last class meeting, we elected officers for the remainder of the year, the following being chosen: Mr. Sparks, president; Miss Slifer, vice-president; Miss Whipple, secretary; Miss Wiley, treasurer. There are also rumors of a Stunt Committee, but of that we may not speak as yet.

### Studies from the Classical

Diminutive Bo-Peep has inadvertently become sequestered from her merino pets, and cannot at present clearly apprehend their whereabouts. However, refrain from interfering with them, and they will certainly return of their own volition to their habitual abode, vibrating in the rear their posterior appendages.

### Shakespeare as He Is Quote

With grateful acknowledgment for the unconscious inspiration of Emerson students:

Oh that Heaven had not set his *heavy artillery* against self-slaughter. *Hamlet*.

What? Sweating all amort? She is a most intolerable *crust*.— *Taming of the Shrew*.

On such a night stood Dido with a *pillow* in her hand, and waft her love come back to Carthage.— *Merchant of Venice*.

His complexion is a perfect *tallow*.— *The Tempest*.

### Corridor Cuttings

[ "An old note-book of Brayton Byron's ('06) was unearthed in the "catacombs." Among other literary gems we found the following:

There was a young man from the Cape  
Who always wore trousers of crêpe.  
When asked, "Don't they tear?"

He replied, "Here and there;  
 But that does n't alter the shape!"  
 There was a young girl named "Cornelia"  
 Whose musical taste was "Bedelia,"  
 Her life was a rage  
 And a craze for the stage,  
 And the use of her eyes would congeal ye.  
 The toad is squashy and fat and brown;  
 He 's covered with dimples upside down;  
 And when he 's stepped on in the road —  
 Oh gee! I 'm glad I aint a toad.

Sidewalk,  
 Banana-peel;  
 Fat man,  
 Virginia reel!

#### THE COMPLAINT OF A CHILDLÉS CUPPIL

HEEZ hunted barz in the hilz,  
 Heez fawt the Spanyard bold,  
 Heez lekchurd on Sivick ilz,  
 And on how to kur a kold;  
 Heez razed the limit on fam-  
 Le numberz for evry man,  
 And sez evn to Unkil Sam,  
 "Good sur, bet min if yu kan!"  
 Heez a strenyuwus man, is Ted,  
 And heez up to meny a trik;  
 But iz he quit rit in hiz hed  
 When he hitz *us* in the hed with a brik?  
 He sez we 're to spel just lik him,  
 And wel willingle bring that to be,  
 Altho *we* have n't a lim  
 On the trunk of our famle tre.  
 But suppoz he shud tel us to ad,  
 Or wurs stil, to multiply!  
 The thawt of it maks us quit sad  
 For on numberz we 'v always gawn shi.

L.M.C.

---

#### A Valentine

MASTER Huntsman Cupid,  
 In that full game-bag of thine,  
 Fetch to me a sweet Senior  
 To be my Valentine.

If 'til the season opens  
 You are *compelled* to wait,  
 Shoot for me at commencement  
 "A sweet Girl-Graduate."

W. M. T., '07.



## Exchanges

WHY does not the publisher's rule "Please do not roll manuscript" apply to college magazines as well as to ordinary screeds? If the gentle exchangers could only awaken to a realization of the amount of real muscular effort which attends the monthly unfolding and subsequent reading of their periodicals, methinks they would at once invest in a few hundred envelopes, for the distribution of the same. Exchanges, please take notice!

The December *Holcad* gets its interest from a number of well-written stories, among which "A Christmas Day in the Mountains" and "Bob's Surprise" deserve special mention. "His Star," a poem, is of rather unusual merit for a young writer, and gives a promise of even greater things to come. "The Value of Christmas Traditions" is so good that if space permitted we would like to quote it entire. One paragraph, however, must suffice: "How much the legends that many are inclined to ridicule have done for man would be difficult to estimate. How much these ideals of the imagination have stirred human hearts to higher things is beyond our knowledge. Let us keep the holiday traditions alive, and let us preserve untainted the old-time good will and joy."

*The Skiff*, "a Weekly Newspaper," published under the auspices of the student body of Texas Christian University, is, as its name indicates, merely a newspaper, and as such hardly deserves the attention given to a regular college magazine. Its one article of any real interest is a criticism of "The Professor's Love-Story," but the rest of the paper consists almost entirely of assorted advertisements. We very much doubt the truth of this assertion, "Send *The Skiff* to your friends; if they are not interested in the W. C. W., they will be after reading our weekly," when this item is directly followed by the information that "the stove-man offers better value."

*The High School Arena*, from Xenia, O., is open to almost the same criticism as *The Skiff* — there is too free a distribution of ads among the reading-matter. The general character of the material, however, is such that it deserves to be put into magazine form. Particularly good is the frontispiece, a fine reproduction of Feruzzi's Madonna. "The Mother's Christmas Gift," judged the best of the manuscripts submitted to this publication, is clear, concise, and in keeping with the general atmosphere of the Christmas season. "Mark Twain on Clothes and Copyrights" affords interest to all who love this genial humorist, while "The Christmas Way" is a poem that will appeal to all.

As a seasonable article in this time of examinations, we quote from one of our exchanges the following, on "Study:" "Study is an antidote for flunking; it is as bad on ponies as rough on rats; it stimulates the mind; it puts reference-books out of commission and memory above par; it helps along the Standard Oil company's trade in oil, and eventually will destroy the art of horsemanship; it prevents laundry bills by preventing the decoration of white cuffs with trigonometric formulas; it puts us all on a level, is a good investment, and easy to get."

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## In the Evening

WHEN the lights are low, old comrade,  
And the hush of night steals on,  
Linger with me by the embers  
Till the last dim spark is gone.

When the lights are low, old comrade,  
Closer draw your chair beside me;  
Let no word offend the silence,  
As on memory's wings we flee.

As the lights burn lower, comrade,  
Brighter grows our yearning sight:  
Now we know what is was not,  
What was is not; — out, dim light!

G.

## The Life and Works of Goethe

Report of a Lecture by Edward Howard Griggs, Tremont Temple  
Boston, January 16, 1907

THE "Faust" of Goethe bears the same relation to the modern world as did Dante's "Divine Comedy" to the Renaissance, or "Agamemnon" to the classic age. Like these masterpieces of literature, "Faust" is distinguished by wonderful beauty of imagery and by that deeper truth which is an expression of whatever is permanent in the life of man. Its art is the more significant in that it involves a study of those problems with which man has had to contend in all ages.

For a portrayal of this kind, Goethe was singularly well equipped by the versatility of his own nature, being equally a genius as poet, statesman, investigator, man of the world, and philosopher. Goethe, to be sure, was not a systematic philosopher in any technical sense of the term, but in a larger measure he reaches into the heart of humanity. He interprets not only the artistic study of human life, but the full meaning of the spirit of modern culture, and the great problem of personal development.

Goethe's conscious realization that his own life was a work of art is shown in his willingness that the world should see and learn from it; his "Faust," therefore, becomes a partial self-revelation, with its primary aim the teaching of humanity.

His view of life is distinctly and modernly affirmative,—“the only hopeless mistake is the inability to choose.” “I augur better of a child,” he says, “or a youth who is wandering astray on a path of his own, than of many who are walking aright upon paths which are not theirs.” Finally, Goethe, like the modern Browning, portrays life as an unfolding process with no conceivable end. This growth had been embodied for centuries in art and religion, but not until the time of Goethe had it found an adequate expression in the field of literature. In the light of this revelation it is interesting to compare the German poet's conception of sin with that of his great Italian predecessor Dante. To the latter, sin meant simply death; to Goethe it meant the power of the soul's infinite recovery, and its growth through mistake and failure. Goethe's conception is the more convincing in that it embodies the teachings of his own life — that life which was “his greatest artistic achievement.”

Unlike Shakespeare, Goethe is never wholly objective: he is always half lyrical, even in the mood of ironical jester. Indeed, from the “Journals” to “Dichter und Wahrheit aus meiner Leben,” all the poet's works are “fragments of one confession,” and though deviating from the exact truth, they are none the less true to the spirit of his development. From “Faust” alone one may come close to the writer's great spirit, and surely no one can do so without being in some degree influenced by it.

Born in Frankfort in 1749, Goethe's early childhood was subjected to a varying range of influences. The association with a stern, practical father



and a tender, poetic mother, added to his contact with mature men, contributed a remarkable richness to his early years, without, however, making him in any sense precocious. As a child he exhibited great activity and independence, pursuing a remarkable range of studies, but otherwise showing no symptoms of genius except a wonderful power of sympathetic response. His imagination received its first stimulus from the acting out of puppet plays; but these "fragments from his dream of human life" were soon thrown aside by larger influences. The French invaded Frankfort, and with them came the opening of the German theatre, when for the first time Goethe came into actual contact with the things which as yet he had only imagined.

It was at this period, too, and before he was yet sixteen, that Goethe had his first significant love-affair. Gretchen was the first of that wonderful group of women, including Katharine Schönkopf, Fräulein von Klettenberg, Frederica Bremer, Charlotte Buff, Lili Schöneman, and Frau von Stein, whose influence brought him to a consciousness of himself and of his powers. It was more from associations like these than from his desultory education that Goethe's genius was developed. During the three years spent at the University of Leipzig he gained little from the formal study of law, but from his observation of individuals and his attempts at drama he was slowly but surely feeling his way toward his vocation.

The subsequent failure of his health necessitated a visit to Dresden; then he returned to Strasburg, at the age of twenty-one, to pursue a new course of study, including alchemy, mystic lore, art, and philosophy. It was here that he was awakened to the possibilities presented by northern art as contrasted with that of Italy.

Among the most important influences of this period were the friends with whom the poet surrounded himself. It was from such geniuses as Götz and Werther that Goethe acquired some of his best qualities. It was Werther who introduced him to the plays of Shakespeare. It was Werther's satirizing criticism, too, which spurred Goethe to his best endeavors, and which resulted in his giving to the world, at the age of twenty-two, those first clear expressions of his genius, the "Wonder Songs" and the "Sorrows of Werther." But it was not until his long-anticipated journey to Italy, with its resultant classic inspiration, that his great masterpieces "Tasso" and "Iphigenia" were possible. No doubt, too, his beautiful ten-years' friendship with Schiller had a great influence on these works, and this, notwithstanding the great difference in their art and temperament.

After the death of Schiller, and during the last years of his life, until 1832, Goethe was constantly at work revising and completing his final masterpiece. "Faust," the dream of his youth and achievement of his old age, remains his greatest work. It is inconsistent, to be sure, as may be expected from the circumstances attending its composition, but it does possess all the consistency of a growing organism; it has all the inclusiveness of one man's attitude toward life. In that sense, "Faust," with its representations of struggle, joy, sorrow, failure, and success, is the typical interpreter of human life.

E. E. J.

## By the Scott Monument

*Ebenezer Charlton Black*

## 1.

WHAT glamourie is thine, fair spire of stone,  
Silent between this new town and that old?  
Art thou their child? — for in thy face are shown  
The old-world faith and feeling which enfold  
The deep-browed castle and the palace lone,  
The while thy form is of a later mould.  
The place seems thine; and, from his rocky wall,  
Arthur's green hill looks to thee over all.

## 2.

It is not that the Spirit of the Past —  
With withered hairs inwreathed with rustling leaves,  
Her robes of yellowing eld all mossed and grassed,  
Where many an elf a varying tapestry weaves,  
Around her shrinking shoulders loosely cast —  
Amid they towers and turrets broods and grieves;  
For thou art fair and young as woodland flowers  
Opening their lips to quaff the April showers.

## 3.

A mightier than the Spirit of the Past  
Sits on a marble throne within thy shade:  
One at whose master-call she came, and cast  
Her robe about her, and, a willing maid,  
Whither he went, with hushed step, followed fast,  
Obedient as of that weird will afraid; —  
And she became a Presence and a Power,  
Erst but the phantom of a ruined tower.

## 4.

I gaze on thee, and one sweet memory tells  
Of that strange lad who, all a summer's day,  
Herded his sheep along the Moorfoot fells,  
And read the mighty minstrel's border lay;  
And who, to echoes of the city bells  
Blending with clash of arms and fierce foray,  
Beheld thee there upon the hillside lone —  
Brandished his crook and froze thee into stone.

## 5.

Fair spire! methinks thou art indeed the dream  
The shepherd-lad had of the minstrel king,

Resting in life's late gloaming by the stream  
Of Tweed, and listening to its murmuring —  
Maida\* beside him — and a golden gleam  
On the lone eye, like music on a string,  
As slow he looks, with joy akin to sorrow,  
From holms of Ettrick up to heights of Yarrow.

## 6.

And, as he rests, the creatures of his brain  
Come back, at shut of day, from everywhere,  
Like birds at twilight gathering home, then gain  
Some quiet vantage coign about him there —  
One on a splintered shaft from Melrose fane,  
One in a silent niche of sculptured stair —  
Finding a place to rest as each one can,  
On merlon, bastion, tower, and bartizan.

## 7.

We know them all, from dwarf to ladye gay:  
Buirldy Rob Roy with plume and red claymore,  
Sweet Jeanie Deans aweary of the way,  
The Harper harping of the days no more,  
Proud Maisie in the wood at break of day,  
The gentle maiden of Loch Katrine's shore,  
Haughty Fitz-James with gauntlet on the GAEL,  
And honest Dinmont from his Liddesdale.

## 8.

Then in this dream of stone a band appears,  
By one old harper, blind as Homer, led,  
Golden-haired youths and hoary-headed seers,  
With wreath of bay and thistle round each head;  
And in their van, a Saul among his peers,  
The swart-eyed ploughman with the Godlike tread.  
The poet-singers, these, of Scotland's fame,  
Yielding their glory to the larger name.

## 9.

So tells the poet's monument, as now  
It stands, serene in air, above the town,  
Of him, the modest man with lofty brow,  
Encanopied within his vast renown;  
But ah! I know, beneath a birchen bough,  
A tomb within a ruin far and lowne,  
Where sylvan Tweed flows with a stiller wave,  
And makes a ceaseless requiem round his grave.

\*Sir Walter Scott's favorite dog.



## 10.

Most sweet, most sweet! to think that *there* he lies,  
By his loved Tweed within that quiet grave,  
While all around, like cloud on cloud, there rise  
The woodlands and the heights to which he gave  
A life that lives in men and never dies,  
Breathing in hill, and wood, and running wave.  
These are his monument — those groves and hills,  
Whose every life his mystic being fills.

## 11.

For, Spire of Stone, thy glory shall depart,  
Thy statued towers and niches crumble all,  
The ivy creep into thy broken heart,  
And mosses plait for thee a funeral pall;  
But Scott has reared, by skill of deathless art,  
A monument that ne'er will fade or fall —  
In gentlest life of man, and bird, and tree,  
Its glory to renew eternally.

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## “Ralph Roister Doister”

*J. A. Garber*

A SOMEWHAT careful study of “Roister Doister,” the first “merrie comedie of merrie England,” by Nicholas Udall, convinces the reader of at least two facts: that the author was an artist, and that the comedy is as peculiarly modern as it is quaintly colored by the light of the Elizabethan period. The exact date of the play is not certainly known, but the evidence is rather conclusive that it was written during the author’s mastership at Eton (1534–41). It was the custom at Eton always to present plays at Christmas; and it is entirely probable that “Roister Doister” was one of such plays offered by Udall to his boys.

It is to be regretted that this is the only specimen of Udall’s dramatic art now extant; but the merits of this one play are sufficient to justify critics in recognizing the author as the father of English comedy. It marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the English drama. The Miracle Plays, with all their grotesqueness and

motley array of characters, from the Deity to the Vice, had been followed by the more didactic and allegorical Moral Plays; and these in turn were supplanted by the lighter-veined Interludes. The "personified abstractions" of the Moral Plays became "personal types" in the Interludes, but it remained for this "Latinist," this schoolmaster, this theological writer, to give us the individual persons,—men and women of flesh and blood.

It is interesting to notice, too, that while Udall had absorbed the spirit of the Roman comedy by his study of Plautus and Terence, he possessed the goodness of heart, saneness of judgment, and patriotism of spirit not to underestimate the modest national Interludes of England; and in his fusing of the classical and national elements into a new category I think we have the pronounced expression of his genius. The superior merit of "Roister Doister" is at once in evidence when we compare it with Heywood's farces on the one hand, and "Gammer Gurton's Needle" on the other. In delineation of character, Udall is much more genuine and less superficial than Heywood; and in construction of plot, "Roister Doister," though meagre, is far superior to the simple dialogues of the Interlude-writer. "Gammer Gurton's Needle" is known chiefly for its wealth of vulgarity and poverty of character-delineation.

In attempting a more specific review of the play, we find, as intimated before, but little plot; and the development is apparent from the beginning. Briefly, it consists of the unsuccessful wooing of the "boastful, vainglorious gull," Roister Doister, for the hand of Dame Christian Custance. If the plot be simple, wherein lies the interest, ask you? As we stand upon the mountain-side at the sparkling fountainhead of some stream and know that the water ultimately finds its way to the sea, our wondering imaginations follow the stream as it winds through the landscape, for here are the places of interest. So with "Roister:" in its "going on" and "winding about," the evolving of sundry and various ludicrous entanglements, it is teeming with situations of interest.

To see an avowed fool in love is never uninteresting; but when the object of his affection is a widow, betrothed to another, there is an added interest; and now, in addition, allow your suitor a charitable quantity of stupidity and vainglory, and you can readily see why Ralph Roister Doister is always interesting. But this is not all; Udall creates for us a humorous wit who is ever ready and able to produce the necessary entanglements that serve to keep Roister woefully embarrassed. Mathew Merrygreeke grows constantly in the play till he becomes the leading character. He is not entirely unlike Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night," but possesses a greater fund of humor. As soon as he discovers that Roister is in love he sees the splendid opportunity for fun, and he promptly proceeds to attempt to bring about such complications as will yield the most amusement — and he succeeds.

At first thought, we are inclined to feel that Merrygreeke is a false friend thus to play upon the credulity of Roister, but a little further study will convince us that we are wrong in this. In the first place, Merrygreeke creates the fun not for himself alone, for the audience is invited to enjoy it with him; and there is such a colossal exaggeration both in his flattery and lying to Roister that we quite forgive him and smile audibly at the vanity and stupidity of the lover, not to mention his gullibility. In the second place, he helps Roister accomplish what he really desires most, — the satisfaction of his vanity. How soon this object of Cupid's dart forgets his love when he is told that Custance and Goodluck fear him! It comforts his heart to learn that he is a "dreaded lion." I think Merrygreeke again proves his friendship by never revealing to Roister his absolute wretchedness. Inasmuch as Roister would never be other than a vain, stupid "gull," it is kind in Merrygreeke to send him on his way a "glad man!" The gentleman is shown in Merrygreeke, further, in that he never gives a suggestion of malice in his appreciation of all the abundance of fun that his friend supplies.

Of the other characters, Dame Custance is most in the foreground. She is a good character-study: a widow, of



marriageable age and not averse tendencies, rich, resolute, and faithful, with a touch of humor and sentimentality. The monologue which she has in the third scene of the fifth act is strong and sincere — the only ostensibly sincere scene in the play. Goodluck, her fiancé, is not a lover of the Romeo type: he is too matter-of-fact, too cold-blooded, and questions the fidelity of his betrothed too much to please us, but he serves to give the story a logical conclusion,— a disappointment to Roister's foolish hopes. All in all, the play is a most interesting study; it possesses the qualities that make it most interesting when seen over the footlights, and it will continue to stand as a monument to the name and fame of its author.

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## How to Judge a Reading

WHAT may an audience expect from a reader? How are those who listen to judge a reading? Usually, the standards will be different from those of a teacher of elocution, whose business it is to look for details that go to give the student a technique. First of all, the reader must be pleasing. He need not make people laugh, but he must give to his audience that delight which people always feel when they see satisfactory work of any kind. His personal appearance should give pleasure. An audience does not expect every man to be handsome, but it has a right to demand that every speaker shall look his best. His clothes should not call attention to themselves: neither the extreme of fashion nor entirely out of fashion; not worn with self-consciousness nor with slouchy indifference. The audience has a right to expect that he will greet them cordially, never forgetting that the cordial greeting from him requires quite as cordial a greeting in return. His attitude toward his audience must be that of a gentleman speaking to gentlemen and ladies; he is neither their superior, condescending to appear before them, nor is he their inferior, a hired man, brought out to do an assigned task

while those who employ him inspect the work to find out whether or not it is worth the money. A pleasing manner is neither eccentric nor over-nice. Gestures, articulation, and voice-control of the reader must be pleasing, but they must never be in evidence as an exhibition of skill. The audience has a right to expect good technique, but they expect more than that. The audience wants to look at the structure the reader builds, not at the tools with which he builds it.

What of the structure? That, too, must be a delight to the audience. Whether it be a fairy's castle, a splendid cathedral, or a gloomy dungeon, the idea must be pleasurable. Even in gloom and death the artist should see joy and hope, and should be able to make his hearers see them. Pleasure is not silliness or clownishness. In tragedy there is pleasure — a gloom-dispelling joy in the midst of death; death has overtaken the body, but the spirit is free in a larger life, and the death-provoking cause of the gloom has met its just punishment.

What style shall the audience demand of the reader? None. Let him read any or all styles, so he read good literature in a sincere way. Good literature is not heavy and incomprehensible. There is no excuse for literary trash; libraries abound in the choicest literature of all styles that lends itself to recitation. But too often readers' programs are filled with mawkish sentimentality, stupid burlesque, and impossible melodrama. Why feed on these husks? Besides this literary taste, an audience has a right to expect artistic honesty. No tricks must be used, no deceiving devices for betraying an audience into an emotion that the reader does not honestly feel; no prostitution of the author's lines, no pandering to the rowdy element in an audience. Tricks are unworthy of a reader, and an audience must protect itself against such artistic dishonesty.

But an audience may overlook most of these essentials if the reader be an authoritative interpreter of life. It is not enough that the reader tell a good story, or repeat a good joke; an audience may get these from books. The

story must be richer, fuller, more delightful, because of his telling. He must add to it the charm of his personality and the wealth of his spiritual life, qualities that the printed page cannot give. This is why even the best young readers are seldom more than promising; voice and manner may be favorable, but they know so little of the broad field of literature, they have lived so little of life, that they can add nothing to the mere words of the story or the melody of the verse. The supreme test of a reader is his interpretative power. He must have studied literature, so that what he presents to his audience is from a richness of knowledge. He must have lived fully the emotional, the spiritual life, so that the mere lines of the author have for him a depth of meaning which does not appear to others. He is the medium through which the living, pulsating emotions of the author, cast into the constrained forms of mere words, come into life again. The audience has a right to expect that the literature coming through this medium shall be intensified — not be dimmed, or obscured or changed in any way. He must be familiar with the fundamental principles of art, so that what he expresses shall take on such suitable and effective form that others will see and feel what he himself has experienced in reading the lines. From all of which it will be understood that there are certain physical requirements which a reader must meet, without which he has no right to impose himself on the public; but the most important requirement, the all-essential, is spiritual power. The audience may demand that the reader feels deeply, sees clearly, judges correctly, believes firmly, and that he sincerely presents the product of all these in the program he offers.

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### Words from the Wise

Good is ever present everywhere, we have only to reach out our hand to grasp it.

When life is beautiful, it is art; when art is true, it is a part of life.



You cannot be a true artist unless you assimilate the high truths you wish to disseminate.

If we could n't do wrong we would have no credit for doing right.

Difficulties are not punishments, but tests.

No greatness is ever achieved without failures, and we never fail unless we will to fail.— *Mrs. Southwick.*

Art means the accomplishment of a great thing with little apparent effort.— *Miss McQuesten.*

Do your best work simply for the love of doing, not for the commendation you may get from the public.

Don't give audiences always what they want, but what is for their best good.— *Miss Tatem.*

We cannot afford to force our own growth.

Conventionality for conventionality's sake is weak.

The value of all technique is that you yourself may be master; it would be better to have no technique than to be its slave.

Every time you do less than you can you lessen your power; every time you do all you can you increase your power.

Better be crude and sincere than polished and artificial.— *Mrs. Hicks.*

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## Editorials

*The Same  
Old Story.*

THE college magazine is the product of the student body, which it represents. It is a product by which the institution is judged by others of its kind; and next to the students, it should be of the greatest influence in determining the standing in the college world of the school it represents. With the exception of its students, the Magazine is the most far-reaching influence of the College. If the Magazine is a product of the student body, as the student body grows in size, strength, and purpose, so should its journal.

The Magazine is a reflector of the College, and as

such it should be seen that it is a true one. It should be the finest and most fragrant blossom of the college spirit.

In all the colleges we find that the magazine is under the direction of a *staff*. Now, "Bread is the staff of life," but a diet of only bread grows dry in time. So does the college journal when the brains of its editors begin to be overtaxed along the literary, social, editorial, and other lines. In most colleges—and I know whereof I speak—the student body, except in a few individual cases, gives absolutely no aid to the journal so far as its contents are concerned. Now, there must be a cause for every effect. The cause of this state of affairs is, I believe, twofold: first, the natural and blushing modesty of the student body; and second, its natural, or otherwise, carelessness. Everybody is sure somebody else is doing the work, and consequently the same people are doing it all the time.

The remedy for these conditions is this: let the students know just how much the Magazine needs their help. There is a crying need for your help, students, in the magazine work. We want a journal full of variety, and this is impossible when there is no variety of people contributing to it. There are a number of ways in which you can help. If you cannot contribute to the literary department, surely you can give in some accounts of the social life of the College, or perhaps you can tell us of something which will be of interest to the alumni; and last of all, if it is impossible for you to write a line, you can at least help us to lengthen the list of our exchanges.

Let us have for our library table a large number of good college magazines.

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*A New Story.* WITH this issue we begin a new department, which should prove of special interest to our readers. It shall be our effort to make "Among the Magazines" particularly helpful to readers and students of expression. Several of the current magazines will be reviewed each month, with the question constantly in the mind of the reviewer, "Will any of these stories make good readings?" or, "Will this article be helpful to me in teach-

ing?" It shall be the province of this department, first, to attempt to assist you in answering these questions; second, to comment briefly on several articles that offer available material, and to review at some length at least one article each month. In this way we hope to make this "new story" not only interesting, but also helpful.

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### Among the Magazines

As usual, the February number of the different magazines contains but few really good stories. I sometimes wonder if the superior merit of the fiction in the December and January numbers compensates for the absence of merit and interest always noticeable in the stories found in the second number of the year. After casting about in vain for available material for the platform reader, I was about ready to give up in despair when Mr. Kenney, of the Faculty, came to my assistance. He called attention to an article in *The World's Work*, "Standing and Walking Erect," by Dr. Luther H. Gulick. There is no one who could not read this article with profit, though it possesses special interest for the student and teacher of expression. An abbreviated summary follows:

There are two principal reasons why we should stand and walk erect: (1) in order that our bodies may be capable servants, able to perform all the work they should; (2) that we may have strong, well-appearing bodies to give us personal satisfaction and self-respect. If our bodies are to do the greatest possible amount of work, we must teach ourselves how to stand and walk; and good carriage is directly connected with our feeling of self-respect. A man who walks slovenly frequently is slovenly in thought and feeling.

The people who do not walk and stand correctly constitute three general types: (1) the man with protruding abdomen, flat chest, and head carried forward; (2) the man with small chest and large abdomen; (3) the tall, thin man with lopsided shoulders. In either case, very probably the appearance does not do justice to the individual; in fact, it may entirely misrepresent him, failing completely to indicate the real man. But the effect on his appearance is not the most important: it is a question of his health. The first man, with the flat chest and forward head, breathes shallowly and exercises his diaphragm poorly; the diaphragm, in turn, fails to serve as a massage on the liver and stomach, as it should, and circulation in these organs is correspondingly retarded, and vigor and vitality accordingly lowered. The representative of the second type not only walks clumsily, but his circulation is poor and respiration impaired. The third, the thin, uneven-shouldered, spinal-curved fellow, usually has an anæmic appearance that makes the undertaker chuckle inwardly.

In suggesting a remedy, do not say, "Hold up your head;" the head is not the trouble; nor does "throwing back the shoulders" remedy the diffi-



culty. *Get the back and neck where they belong by keeping the spine erect.* This end can be attained only by constant attention. Exercise is important, but constant and persistent attention, in order that the nerve centres may be trained, is far more important. If a man would rigidly hold his body in good position for *two months*, he would probably keep doing so. By that time both the muscles and the nerves would have formed such definite habits that they would thereafter keep the correct position. We will not go far wrong in our effort at acquiring a right position if we constantly remember to *keep the neck pressed back against the collar.*

*Knowing* how to stand is not as important, however, as *doing it.* And in the doing, depend upon yourself, and not upon artificial supports, such as shoulder-braces, for example. They do more harm than good, because they do the work the muscles should do. Remember always to exercise with the body in the best possible position, for there is a tendency on the part of the muscles to keep the same position after the exercise.

A few simple exercises should be suggested: (1) hold the arms straight above the head, push the head as high as possible, draw in the abdomen, being careful to keep the spine straight, and all the time give special attention to the upper part of the back; (2) inhale slowly, taking in as much breath as possible; at the same time, press the neck back strongly against the collar — and hold it there firmly for some seconds; repeat a number of times — you can do yourself no harm. (3) For fat men: take a good standing position and vigorously draw in the abdomen, and hold it for a moment. Repeat ten times the first day, and gradually increase the number till it can be done fifty times each morning and evening.

Always think of your carriage; keep your head up, chest up, spine erect, look people squarely in the face, and "*keep the neck against the collar.*"

G.

## Stunts

*T. H. Eman*

EMERSON COLLEGE is developing a spirit of good-fellowship among its students that must be very gratifying to the Faculty, for this "college spirit," like the fragrant incense offered at a shrine, is the students' tribute of love and appreciation of their Alma Mater. Perhaps the greatest contributory element in developing this love for Emerson is the growing indulgence of "stunts" (permitted under proper restrictions), which has led the writer to study the students and their stunts.

The daily routine of studies and monotony of college work is broken by the holiday spirit of a good stunt sud-

denly sprung on the assembled students by some class; and the consequent comment and competitive "class yells" create an atmosphere of good-will and friendly rivalry that makes play of work and stimulates to fresh activity. The friendly "slams" and pardonable self-praise must necessarily furnish stimulus for each class in turn to outdo in the competition of wit and ingenuity, thus developing the "mettle" they are made of.

Stunts are a decided benefit to the College in many ways. To each class individually, in that they reflect the composite thought, executive ability, and originality of the class, which is thereby stimulated and developed; they serve to bind the members of the class together in loyalty to each other, developing class spirit, class pride, and good-fellowship. Rivalry of classes results in constantly seeking higher ideals. This is shown by improvement in the *character* of successive stunts; in the improvement in individual work and a higher standard of achievement in the work of the College.

Stunts serve to break down reserve between the student and the teacher; they reveal to the Faculty the possibilities and character of the students, both individually and collectively; they teach the student how to accept personalities by the way others take them; and they develop the true relation of the class to the Faculty.

When class days are over, the stunts will stand out as red-letter days and add much to the pleasant recollections of the years spent at Emerson. There is more in a stunt, perhaps, than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Keep up the stunts.

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### The Speaker's Searchlight

A. M. Harris, '93

ON a beautiful August night a few summers ago the silver moon shone down through a lacework of fleecy clouds upon a little pleasure-steamer gliding over the placid waters of Fisher's Island Sound. The little party of young people that had chartered the boat for the moonlight sail had instinctively adopted the two-by-two grouping made popular by Noah in loading the ark, and were disposed about the deck in places where they could see but

not be seen. Suddenly somebody exclaimed, "What is that?" and on the instant a great shaft of light, like a partly opened fan, shot into the zenith, and then swept majestically across the sky. "It is the searchlight of a big New York boat," answered the pilot, and almost before the words had left his lips the dazzling beam swept horizontally over the water and rested full upon us, fierce, blinding, pitiless. Squirm, twist, and wriggle as we might, we could not escape it. The one-eyed monster leisurely took an inventory of us, and then sought some other object of interest to stare at. Probably he looked at us for only an instant, but it seemed an age; and we wish to remark in passing that for restoring a moonstruck company of young folks to attitudes of propriety and decorum the searchlight is the chaperon *par excellence*. We could not escape that light. The pilot of the big boat saw us as we were, and could act accordingly.

In this day of newspapers and magazines the conscientious speaker needs a searchlight to turn on the mass of matter that greets his eyes from day to day, and ascertain its character. Is it true or false? Would he be safe in using it or not? Is the report reliable, or must he have other information before believing it?

These are the questions which might serve as a searchlight; and in the words of the eloquent Captain Bunsby, "The bearin's of this observation lies in the application on it."

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### Forbes Robertson's Hamlet

MR. ROBERTSON'S Hamlet, which he disclosed for the first time on the regular stage in Boston at the Hollis Street on January 21, has become by common consent the characteristic Hamlet of the younger generation before and behind the footlights. It is characteristic of the player that acts it, and of the art of acting when it unites mental acumen, imaginative responsiveness, and fulness and finesse of technical resource. In one sense it is a very complete impersonation, and yet in another the traits of Mr. Robertson, the man, plainly color it. From him it takes its grave beauty of aspect, its air of distinction and detachment, its grace and gentleness of bearing, its exquisite sensitiveness. From his command of the resources of his art it borrows first the beauty, power, and suggestion of his speech. Here, at last, is a voice that may speak poetry poetically; that vibrates, and makes hearers vibrate, to each poetic image; that may keep the thought, the feeling, and the music of Shakespeare's verse. The clarity, the rhythm, the emotional color, the suggestion of the idea behind, go side by side in these tones, and live indeed in them. These are the days when many an actor and spectator believe the appeal and the response of the eye the most potent of theatrical means. With his tones alone Mr. Robertson might almost act Hamlet in the dark. Yet in that darkness the impulsiveness of significant gesture, the quick play of the deep eyes and the sensitive mouth, the quiver of the whole body to some flash of youthful fire or to some overwhelming emotion, would be hidden,



and they are essential parts of the persuasion and the illusion of Mr. Robertson's Hamlet.

It is the passionate sensibility and the pervading humanity of this Hamlet that makes it, as it seems to us, so characteristic of our time. No actor may act Hamlet in the naturalistic way, though some have tried, because he is all of idealizing poetry. But our time does ask a Hamlet that shall be neither a poetic abstraction nor the gloom-wrapped protagonist of a tragedy of filial revenge. It bids the actor idealize him humanly, and Mr. Robertson fulfils its bidding. It bids him even touch parts of the play lightly, gracefully, buoyantly, with the humor of a quietly alert mind. It bids him summon tenderness toward Ophelia, compassion toward his mother, affection toward his friends. It asks of him something of the fire and the sweetness of noble youth. Mr. Robertson's Hamlet gives all these, and adds the tragedy of a sensitive temperament that for us is the tragedy of Hamlet. Impulse after impulse stirs in him; imagination incessantly feeds imagination; self-examination will not steady him; fineness of spirit will not serve him. His will fails and circumstance defies, buffets, and chokes. The spirit behind is too fine for the rude task that the spectre lays awesomely upon it, and to which duty ever pricks. There is the last white flash of resolve and deed, and the piteous end. Thus Mr. Robertson plays the tragedy of Hamlet and makes it ours.—*Boston Transcript*.

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## The Julius Cæsar of Shakespeare and of History

*Eva Johnson, '09*

IN most of Shakespeare's historical plays the principal characters are made to embody those traits which distinguish them in life. Such, for instance, is "Cleopatra." No one who is familiar with classic literature and tradition can fail to recognize in Shakespeare's heroine the "Serpent of Old Nile." For this reason, his representation of Julius Cæsar comes as a surprise and a disappointment.

The Cæsar who takes the title-rôle of the play is hardly worthy of notice — he takes no active part, and only becomes noteworthy after his assassination; and then his chief significance is gained from the bloody mantle which Mark Antony waves very effectively before the rabble of Rome. Subsequently, his ghost appears once or twice to trouble the assassins; but the living Cæsar apparently has no reason for existing except to become ultimately a sheath for the daggers of conspirators.

His personality is as insignificant as his performance — in every way the smallness and weakness of his nature are made obvious. His bodily infirmities are emphasized. He is heard to ask a friend to speak at his right side, since his left ear is deaf. Furthermore, he is afflicted with the "falling sickness." He swoons before the populace of Rome because they applaud him at the wrong time, and thus his timidity and ambition are at once disclosed. And while in Spain, this mighty Cæsar had a fever, and "shaked and moaned, like a sick girl."

Even these physical shortcomings might make Cæsar the more illustrious if they were associated with great intellectual power or with moral grandeur, but such a contrast is not made. Throughout the play, his petty and ignoble traits are emphasized: the superstition which makes him anxious to receive a priest's augury before venturing to the Senate Chamber on the Ides of March; and his inordinate vanity and self-glorification, to which, no doubt, is due his modest little phrase, "I do know but one that unassailable holds on his rank, unshak'd of motion — and that I am he." What a pity that this eulogy of himself could not be reserved for his funeral! Even Mark Antony could say nothing so fine of him.

But it may be asked if, like Antony, "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," why I am so long about it? Now my purpose in going into this somewhat lengthy analysis is to show that Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar is not the Julius Cæsar of history, but differs so much that there is hardly one point of resemblance between the two.

Of the shortcomings which the poet makes so vivid, historians in general either know nothing, or treat with charitable silence. Even the loquacious Plutarch asserts that he was courteous, unassuming, and modest in both speech and manner; and with this opinion his own contemporaries agree.

As to timidity, he is not known to have exhibited any signs of weak fear before pirates, savages, or the Roman populace. He was always self-possessed, and of all men, was least subject to superstition, being proof even against the common delusions which were prevalent in his time. It was for these reasons that he accomplished so many great and wonderful undertakings both as general and as statesman.

As to physical defects, Cæsar was not altogether free from them. He was of delicate physique, and had to guard his health with considerable care. He was, however, strengthened by discipline, and while governor of Gaul was able to endure all the hardships of a long and severe campaign.

His popularity was assured by the passionate devotion of his soldiers, who never once mutinied or even spoke against him. And Cæsar deserved their loyalty, for, unlike most generals, he was both fair and merciful even in conquest; and the pacified Gauls were proud to serve in his armies. It cannot be denied that Cæsar was ambitious, but his plans were always for the public good, and not for his own selfish interest.

Now, it becomes plain that Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar is not even a caricature of the real man. It is amazingly and pitifully false. It is hard to comprehend how a great and many-sided genius like Shakespeare could so underestimate and almost defame the illustrious Cæsar. It may be for the sake of the plot, which requires the greatest amount of interest to centre on the conspirators; or it may be due to the author's lack of accurate information. It was from Plutarch that he drew most of his material for this play, and Plutarch, being a Greek and a bitter enemy to the Romans, could hardly be expected to give a fair estimate of Rome's greatest hero. However this may be, it is certain that Shakespeare's portrayal is a wretched misrepresentation of the career and personality of one of the grandest of men.

# STOP! READ!!

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ON Friday evening, March 22, there will be presented at Chickering Hall the old English comedy, "Roister Doister." The Elizabethan manner of stage production will be followed, and particular attention will be given to the acting with reference to producing the style peculiar to the Elizabethan period.

A cut edition of the play has been carefully prepared and modern English has been substituted for middle English phrases and terms which were obscure. The original text, however, with its characteristic rhyming couplets, so far as possible, has been preserved. An attempt will be made to present the play as it originally may have been presented by the Eton or Westminster students. A special feature of the performance will be the singing of the old English glees, which have been set to music.

The production will be under the direction of Fritz Carlmann Bickford, and will be given in the interest of Emerson College. The cast will include Mrs. Marmein, Mrs. Patten, Miss Kenyon, Miss Walters, Mr. Pfluger, Mr. Garber, and Mr. Bickford.

Reserved Seats, seventy-five and fifty cents, at the Book room, and Chickering Hall office.



## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes

The receipt of an unsolicited and most acceptable magazine article from an alumnus was such an unprecedented event that we seize the present occasion to make due acknowledgment. It is to the kindness of Prof. A. M. Harris, '93, of the chair of Public Speaking and Debate in the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., that we are indebted for "The Speaker's Searchlight," and we sincerely hope that its perusal may result in the forthcoming of similar articles in the future. Surely every alumnus of Emerson College must have some subject upon which he can throw a little light, even though it may not be a "searchlight."

Louise H. Allyn, '95, comes very near answering that "eternal question" which has so often appeared on these pages; and though we do not quite agree with her opinion, it is none the less interesting as voicing an idea which is, alas, too prevalent among our alumni. Miss Allyn says:

"I should miss the Magazine's coming more than I can tell you, for I want to keep in touch with the Alma Mater. Indeed, we all love to hear from our fellow-graduates, but most of us feel that we are too much a part of ancient history to be of interest to any but our contemporaries. Besides, many of us are pegging away at the 'daily round, the common task' (my particular one, High-School English in my home town, New London, Conn.). But though we do nothing worth reporting to the Magazine, we are glad to hear of the doings of our more famous brothers and sisters."

Dear Emersonian, it is not alone the "famous" children from whom the Alma Mater loves to hear; it is from all those who, whatever their task, have kept their love and loyalty for the College. It is from those that we look for news, always.

Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd is giving a series of readings at the Hotel Manhattan. Mrs. Judd's programs will consist of "Macbeth," and comedy stories from Dean Swift and George Meredith. She expects to sail for England in June, and will read for King Edward VII.

Katharine Oliver McCoy, '92, as reader, with Walter Bentley Bull as vocalist, gave a Scotch evening, recently, in Dayton, O.

Florence M. Overton, superintendent of Brenau College of Oratory, Gainesville, Ga., writes, "Jane S. Mitchell, '05, gave a recital here with splendid success. I was proud of her."

Marguerite Lindsay, '04, is appearing in the rôle of the "Second Peasant-girl" in Richard Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt."

Selections from Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, and Browning were the features of a recital given by Ruth Adams Woodwell, '93, at the Chatham Episcopal Institute, in Chatham, Va.

The January number of *Greetings* from the Y. W. C. A. of Los Angeles contains two items of college interest; namely, that Alice Jacobs has charge of the gymnasium Bible class, while Elma Smith, '05, teaches physical training and elocution. There is also this notice of a recital given by Miss Smith: "The announcement of Miss Elma Smith to read 'The Scarlet Letter' brought a large number of friends and those interested in her work. They came with high anticipation and went away feeling that they had indeed been upon the mountain-tops. Miss Smith has put into the presentation of 'The Scarlet Letter' her concentrated effort for months; in fact, it was begun several years ago. Needless to say, she saw and felt with the author, and her interpretation held her audience spellbound. It was a triumph in that the speaker was merged in the story, a realization of the 'true art which conceals art.'"

That Leno Ellen Cooper, '05, is winning her laurels in her chosen profession is attested by the many expressions of appreciation which have come from the Columbia Women's College, where she is teaching, concerning her reading at a recent recital by the college Faculty. One of the local papers says: "The members of the music faculty were assisted by Miss Cooper, who had charge of the Department of Elocution this year. That she is a reader who charms her hearers is shown by the manner in which she held their attention while she recited and won their enthusiastic applause when she had finished. Her versatility is wonderful and her humor irresistible. Her manner is gracious and pleasing, and she has already made herself a favorite in Columbia."

M. Evelyn Schwartz, '93, is teaching at the Rawlings Institute, Charlottesville, Va.

Evelyn Lewis, '99, writes of a very successful season as reader and accompanist with the Lyceum Stars Concert Company, under the management of the Chicago Lyceum Bureau. Her tour extends over the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Arkansas.

F. Elizabeth Mack, '03, is teaching in the High School at Windsor, Conn., and has also a great deal of private work.

Marion Hutchins, '04, plays the leading rôle in Neal Twomey's pastoral "When the Harvest Days Are Over," and is winning much favorable comment. The McKeesport (Penn.) *Evening Times* says: "Miss Hutchins plays her part in a manner that appeals to all lovers of natural, realistic acting. Her own personal charms add much to the part."

Rev. C. Bertrand Thompson, "Special" '06, and Mrs. Maravene Kennedy announce their marriage, Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1907, in Peabody, Mass.

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### The New York Emerson College Club

The annual meeting of the New York Emerson College Club was held Saturday, January 12, at the home of the president, 58 West Fiftieth Street.

The early part of the evening was devoted to business, when an election of officers took place. All those who had served in this capacity were unanimously reelected by the club. After the business meeting the following program was given:

Vocal solo.....	Miss Kerr
Shakespeare as a Plagiarist .....	Dr. James Walsh
Vocal solo .....	Miss Gubanoff
Selections from "Guenn" (Blanche W. Howard) .....	Miss Mary Canney

The program was particularly good, especially the talk on "Shakespeare as a Plagiarist," by Dr. James Walsh.

The paper on the "Preparation of Plays in Emerson College," written and read by Miss McIntyre at the meeting of December 8, was so well appreciated that she was asked to reread it at the Teachers' College, New York.

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### The Emerson College Club of Hartford, Conn.

The Emerson College Alumni Club of Hartford, Conn., has elected the following officers for the year: president, Elizabeth M. Barnes; vice-president, Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid; secretary and treasurer, F. Elizabeth Mack; Executive Committee, Mrs. C. G. Reid; Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser, Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell.

The club has recently received to its membership Miss Martha Spencer, Mrs. Chas. L. Smith, Miss Marielle R. Wood, Miss Catharine Tinker, Miss Nellie Myers, and Miss Cora Eaton.

It is the aim of the club to extend its membership throughout the State, that the Connecticut alumni may have a common bond of interest and fraternity. All Emersonians within our bounds are, then, most cordially invited to join with us and thus assist not only in keeping in close touch with our Alma Mater ourselves, but also in extending the good work in new fields. Write to the secretary, wherever you may be, and let us count you as one of us.

Meetings are held the first Saturday of every month. This winter the subject for study is "The Modern Dramatists."

*Windsor, Conn.*

F. E. M., *Secretary.*

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### Items of Interest to Class '02

A few of the members of the class of '02 met Saturday, February 2, at 7 P.M., in Room 5, College building, and talked over plans for the coming E. C. O. Club of Boston and vicinity. It may be of interest to others to report that Miss Montford Low, Miss Louise Irvine, Miss Florence Clapp, Miss Grace Markell, and Mrs. Ellen Atwater Goudey are all active in the teaching field, while Miss Laura M. Belden is doing most excellent work as reader. Miss E. R. Barnes is engaged in secretarial work at the Children's Hospital, Boston. Miss Blanch Carter is to be married in April. Miss Sadie Bradstreet is still in Boston, and Mrs. Annie Carpenter-Burditt is crooning lullabies at her home in North Reading.



At the next meeting, March 30, it is hoped as many as possible from the class of '02 will be present. Meeting of class at 12 o'clock and 7.30 P.M. Any one who knows the address of any member of the class please send same to Box 72, North Reading, Mass.

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## College News

Emerson College students are doing a great deal of public work this year, and almost invariably they secure return engagements. Among the graduates in the field, good reports come from all. Marion Nichols, '04, is booked for a twenty weeks' tour, solid, and the reports from Ethel Miller, '05, are most flattering. She "makes good" everywhere. Delbert Lean, '05, is doing big work with White.

Henry L. Southwick has just returned from a trip to Georgia and the Carolinas, having filled twelve engagements, afternoon and evening, in less than ten days. His next trip will be to Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, and the Carolinas, after which, except for local engagements, for which he is quite solidly booked until the spring, he will remain with the College until his annual trip to the Pacific Coast in May and June.

Jessie Eldridge Southwick is at present filling engagements in the Far South and West. Among others, she has added "Jeanne d'Arc" to her program this year.

The last entertainment of the Southwick Literary Society was on January 19, when M. Eden Tatem presented (in the impersonative form) the dramatization, by Archibald F. Reddie, of Dickens's novel "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dean Southwick is shortly to present, for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund, "The Rivals," performed by members of the Faculty—Mr. Tripp as Bob Acres; Mr. Southwick as Sir Anthony Absolute; Mr. Reddie as Jack Absolute; Mr. Kidder as Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Falkland by Mr. Kenney; Thomas by Dr. Alden; David by Mr. Bard; Lydia Languish by Miss Tatem; Lucy by Mrs. Willard; Maid by Miss McQuesten; Julia by Miss Hastings; and Mrs. Malaprop by Miss Noyes.—*Talent*.

[The performance came off successfully. A review of it will be made in our next number.]

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## "The Rivals"

It should be of great public interest, the fact that "The Rivals," that delightful, mirth-provoking comedy of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's, is going to be presented by the Faculty and students of the Emerson College of Oratory for the benefit of the scholarship fund.

We of Boston know what the Emerson College of Oratory is doing, and we are not alone in our knowledge. Students from far and near, all over our great land, and many alien peoples, have tried its metal and found it well-tempered, able to ring true. This College to-day stands as one of Boston's best evidences of culture. It provides marvellous opportunities for higher education and the training of histrionic ability. It is splendidly equipped. Its Faculty numbers men and women not mere professionals, but artists in

the deepest sense of the word. No college has greater chances to give good gifts to students.

Founded with the purpose to aid the perfecting of art in many branches, those in power have pressed on determinedly, bravely, unto great achievements. Young America may at this College find a chance to make the one talent ten talents more.

We plant a tree as we would have it grow. Do we start our girls and boys always in the same careful, thoughtful way? Remembering the score of Emerson College students, we can answer truthfully that some of us have a care, that some of us know a good thing when we see it, and are striving to give our young people a fair chance to earn their daily bread. Mayhap this earning may come by the sweat of the brow,—for the curse of Eden still holds good,—but this wage-earning may likewise lead through refined and uplifting paths, paths which make stern duty a pleasure.

We have witnessed many student endeavors at this College, and never have we been able to use the descriptive word "amateurish" in reviewing them. And why? To see the good Dean once would be to answer this question. He is a man of power, a personality both masterful and very winning. His art is great. His teaching experience covers many successful years. He can interpret, first for himself and afterwards for his pupils, the great gems of poetry and prose, of stage dialogue and dramatic text. He appreciates the value of the gesture, yet understands the fine line that is drawn between realism and conventional stage imagery.

The rising of the curtain of this College never shows puppets, parrots, imitators, without soul or personal sensibility. There is hint of a guiding spirit, but the student, the would-be platform reader, the actor upon the stage, all work out their own salvation. If they have a gift, in this way does it best make itself known.

Dean Southwick has found his niche. He is not a round peg in a square hole. He and his talented wife and their large corps of co-workers march steadily on to help others to help themselves. Such an institution of learning, such a group of teachers, such meritorious educational effort, should be upheld, aided in its proposed endeavors, honored, and gratefully begged to stay within our gates.—*Boston Times*.

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### The Southwick Literary Society

M. Eden Tatem in "A Tale of Two Cities"

Dramatized from Charles Dickens's Novel by Archibald F. Reddie

THE recital by M. Eden Tatem, January 19, marked the first presentation in Boston of the "Tale of Two Cities" as written for Miss Tatem by Archibald F. Reddie. As a piece of dramatic work, it was simple, logical, and true. Every step in the progress of the plot was made clear and positive. The characters without exception were

instinct with reality, and vibrant with human passions and emotions. That an artistic personality directed the interpretation was clear to all who noted the graceful gestures, the magnetic voice, the splendid presentation of detail, and the delicacy of discrimination.

The complete success of the recital was due in no small measure to the work of the dramatizer. Mr. Reddie has retained all the strength and virility of the original while moulding the play to conform to the best literary and dramatic standards of the time.

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The Glee Club continues to warble cheerily " 'Tis morn, 't is morn," with ardor in no wise diminished by the fact that the time is in reality far past the noon hour. Such devotion to art is indeed rare and commendable, and deserves reward. Perhaps the reward will come ere long in the form of a Glee Club pin, or mayhap it will be a promotion to the rank of soloists. Who knows? Already there are rumors of an Emerson Glee Club quartette, and while the new recruits are being enrolled it behooves all members to watch and — attend meetings.

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### Y. W. C. A. Notes

The first meeting in February was of a different nature from the usual meetings. Mrs. Katherine Lent Stevenson, president of the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union, gave a talk about the national and state work of that organization. She was heartily welcomed, for all were glad to meet a woman so much in the public eye and one who could bring so much geniality and sympathy to those present. Miss Mooney, who has just come back to Emerson, sang.

The following week the Y. W. had one of its banner meetings, with no help from the outside. Miss Eva Johnson, '09, sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and Miss Thornton, of the Senior class, gave an informal talk upon "Ruth, Esther, and Leah, a Trinity of Ennobled Womanhood, and Their Legacy to Us." The meeting was brought to a close by a violin solo by Miss Kate Münch, '07.

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### Class News

1906

Of course '06 has always done original things; but this month it has broken the record.

Twice within the past month the teacher has left our class while "exams" were on, and has not felt it necessary to provide a sentinel to watch us. This is indeed flattering, but look you now what follows.

At an appointed hour the class met together to receive a scheduled "exam," and behold, no teacher arrived upon the scene. We waited — five minutes —



ten minutes — but in vain, and finally, with characteristic nobility and uprightness of demeanor, the class proceeded to act. Miss Thomas was delegated to go to the office and demand that we be given our “exam.” The guilty teacher who had perpetrated the “exam” had fled the country, but had left in the hands of his accomplice the dastardly weapon. At the last moment the accomplice had fled, tormented no doubt by a guilty conscience, but in due time he was found and made to surrender. Documentary evidence of his guilt was produced.

Next came an intervening angel in the shape of one member of the Faculty, who took the case in hand and so sugar-coated the obnoxious dose that we swallowed it whole and recked not what had been done until the process of assimilation had begun — O most pernicious woman! — smiling, damned villain.

Since then every member of the Graduate class is wearing a halo.

The fourth year at Emerson, like the fourth period of evolution, should be characterized by suggestiveness. Could anything have been more subtly suggestive than the cannon-roar which rumbled mysteriously from behind the closed curtains on the morning of the “first public rehearsal of the ’06 Glee Club.”

Previously, Mr. Zinser\* appeared, giving us a timely warning not to be astonished at the alarming *feets* which were to follow. However ominous the boom of the cannon may have been, the most strange and animated antics followed. The curtains parted, disclosing a long row of demure red-capped college lassies peeping over a wall. They grew so animated, however, while they sang about their beloved Gesture that at last they actually stood on their heads and a shocking row of white shoes and red stockings appeared over the wall. And after the second stanza they were seen still demonstrating that, in advance of all established principles of gesture, the feet may be made the leading agents of expression.

Almost instantly the curtain was again drawn and they were seen grouped for the best effects of harmony. They sang with fervor the “Alma Mater Song,” the words by Mrs. Marmein, sung to Rubinstein’s “Melody in F.”

O dear Emerson, we thy students have come  
To praise thee and bless thee for all thou hast done;  
There’s a joy in our hearts, and a light in our eyes,  
And a song on our lips for aye.  
For thee, yes for thee, Alma Mater, for thy sake,  
Out into the world thy dear message we will take;  
That all peoples of earth may know of thy worth;  
Thy aims, thy ideals, and thy struggles for truth.  
And now from thy struggles is victory come,  
The triumph of good, the service well done;  
So take thee this tribute from loves true and strong,  
The impulse swells and lives in song.  
We thy children true give God-speed to you — to you,  
Dear Emerson! Dear Emerson!

When again disclosed, they were arranged to form an — well, a *cute* angle this time, to sing, with their usual spirit, the “College Toast Song,”

\*As a result of insistent “positive suggestions” from the under-classmen, Mr. Zinser (if not a *man* then *superhuman*) has concluded that a diploma is entirely superfluous.

to the air of "Heidelberg," followed by the original class song, accompanied by subtle and appropriate gesture. Here they marched gaily into the Faculty section of seats and did some reputable yelling.

Miss Walter then appeared and instituted, in the name of '06, the first college yell. At her suggestion all arose to unite in:

E-M-E-R-S-O-N!

Emerson! Emerson! Emerson!

In the future, when paying a personal tribute, instead of the weak and hackneyed nine "Rahs," we will voice our esteem and enthusiasm in using this most appropriate and inspiring word thus:

Emerson! to the Dean.

E-M-E-R-S-O-N!

Dean! Dean! Dean!

Then the well-known treasurer of '06, of whom *rich* things are always expected, appeared; and, through what followed, the Graduate class may well be entitled to the reputation of being "diminutive but munificent." Even the weather had "blown" itself for a most glorious day for the occasion, and greeted with a burst of sunshine the announcement that twenty-five dollars was presented as a scholarship prize to the most deserving Senior who is to return as a Graduate.

Then the Dean! Deeply moved, the graduates were inspired to a new sense of responsibility and gratitude.

## 1907

Many of us spent a very enjoyable evening at the meeting of the Alumni Association, Saturday evening, February 2. Mrs. Emerson's talk on "Happy Days in Pleasant Places" was most interesting, and we will always remember her in connection with our first alumni meeting (as well as her repeated warnings not to "talk so loud in the corridors"). We are looking forward to many more such evenings, and advise all who have not done so to join the Association immediately. The next meeting is March 30.

We regret that Mr. Davison has been unable to attend school since the holidays, being ill with scarlet fever. We hope to welcome him among our number soon.

Miss Jessie Shaw has been away to attend a wedding at her home in Bayonne, N. J. Miss Shaw also filled a very successful reading engagement during her brief absence.

Mr. Beck is certainly improving in the art of realistic picturing. If you want any pointers visit his class in "As You Like It."

One of the notable events of this month was the Junior Stunt, and it certainly was a "stunt" worthy a great deal of praise. We will "try" to love you, Juniors, and we certainly admire your ingenuity and skill in presenting your sentiments toward all concerned. We congratulate Miss Thayer as one of the leaders, and we hope your helps to the other classes will prove useful. It certainly paid you to *wait*.

Miss Leona Kehm has been ill for a week or so, but is now as hard at work as ever.

Miss Ethel Jones has two classes in Cambridge, teaching voice and physical culture with much success.

The marriage of Miss Anna Fichtner to Mr. Fred Sheesley took place last November, and they are living in Cambria, Va. Although a little late, we wish to offer congratulations to our ex-class marshal.

Miss Bosworth gave several fine readings for the O. E. S. at Milton and also for the I. O. O. F. in Cambridge. They were very well pleased with her work.

Miss Ecker read for a private entertainment on Massachusetts Avenue recently, and her work was received with enthusiastic applause.

Miss June Shaw — well, what's the use? We all know about it.

Miss Vernon has returned to her school work after an illness of several days.

Miss Bauman is still doing a great deal of reading in many of the towns near Boston, and is very successful.

Probably some one else has written a notice of the fine reading of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" in January, but as a class we wish to extend a hearty hand-shake of appreciation and congratulation to Miss Tatem.

Last but not least — the P. G. Stunt.

It was one of the most clever and entertaining the College has seen for many a day. The caps and the songs caused us all to realize that we were Seniors and our time was near. The sentiment of the stunt brought tears to many an eye, and we left the hall with a deeper love for our Alma Mater. We hope we may do as well when we are P. G's.

## 1908

Dean Southwick once told in class of a visitor to Washington seeing a certain senator sitting with folded arms, head sunk on chest, and eyes fixed. "What is the senator doing?" he said. "Oh," replied the guide, "he thinks he's thinking"!

A member of the — class said a short time ago, "*I think* the Juniors are slow." Well?

We may not know much about the chicken business; in fact, we confess to being a bit short on Henology, but we're long on law. For be it known that the Junior class boasts of a lawyer, a sure 'nough, real one that walks, talks, and wears a mustache; the only one of its kind in College.

Thus it happened that the Junior class became impressed with the legal spirit, having faithfully studied the law of evolution when they were "baby Freshmen in the long, long time ago," and knowing that expression must follow.

They knew they could evolve no further until they had expressed, so they decided to meet and assist each other in getting it out of their systems.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock, the Junior-class yell rang out from behind the closed curtains of Chickering Hall stage. A clanging bell notified all that it was time to awake and behold wonders. The curtains parted and disclosed — the Junior class armed with long, legal wands in the class colors of yellow and white. The class song was sung, and then the loyal spirit boiled



over. One of the number asserted that the grievances against the Faculty had become unendurable. Another suggested that a jury be constituted, with the president as judge, and this was done. Mr. Bickford was the very personification of legal dignity, and all united to uphold the austere majesty of the law; so much so that several members of the Faculty were convicted of deeds more or less heinous.

The court then took a recess, after which Miss Thayer sang a song expressing sympathy for the other classes, the Graduate class being especially condoled for its want of men. When the court again came to order, all the members of the Faculty were convicted in quick order — all but Mr. Gilbert. Some one became carried away with excitement and accused him of having been seen with his legs crossed, from which preposterous charge, however, he was soon exonerated.

After all the cases had been disposed of, the president announced that as the Dean was largely responsible for the convicted members, a fine of ten dollars should be imposed upon him. At this point the class decided to show its generosity by paying the fine for him, provided that the money be devoted to the scholarship fund. This sum was presented with a few appropriate remarks expressing the sentiment of the class.

Finally the Dean — but then every one knows what the Dean did; the right thing, of course!

And now Freshmen —

*Mr. Gilbert* (after criticizing a woeful tragedy in *Pantomime*).— Where was Miss C's best body work?

*Bright Youth*.— When she was dead.

Miss Floris Perkins has been suffering from an acute attack of gesturitis, but is slowly recovering under the strenuous treatment and drastic measures of Dr. Tatem.

But soft you now! Dr. Tatem hath e'en a rival in the medical profession, or to what else may we ascribe the following announcement:

"Are you afflicted with a pale cast of thought and a dejected havior of the visage, together with some forms, moods, and shapes of grief?

"Are you troubled with windy suspiration of forced breath?

"Are you one of those unfortunates who give their thoughts no tongue, but, distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear, stand dumb and speak not?" one so, do not despair. Noyes Favorite Prescription Sparklets will save you!"

Mr. Kenney was mildly shocked during the recent examinations when in answer to his question, "What remark of mine impressed you most?" one bright but not overstudious Senior quoted (surely from imagination), "Blank it, B., go home and study."

## The Night Before Exams

M. S., '09

'T was the eve of the second semester,  
And, after puzzling my head  
Over the next day's acoustics,  
I finally landed in bed.

But my thoughts were so very insistent  
They banished all notions of sleep,  
And my brain had full sway, for 't was midnight  
And the silence and darkness were deep.

"O dear," sighed one Thought, "you 're so stupid!  
You have been here a whole half a year,  
And really, I know you 're no wiser  
Than you were when you first landed here."

"That is right," chimed a second. "You never  
Will do much, anyhow;  
You were pretty green in September,  
But you 're even more emerald now."

So each Thought had its say, and it seemed  
As if my finish was near;  
When in flew the strangest of figures  
I had seen this many a year.

It looked like one of the symbols,  
In Bell's "Outline of Visible Speech,"  
And as soon as it came to my bedside  
It started right in to preach.

"Now see here," it said, "little Freshman,  
I 've come to drive these Thoughts hence;  
And if you have any desire  
To know me — my name 's Common Sense.

"Your Thoughts try to tell you you 're stupid;  
But listen a minute to me,  
And I will show you how foolish  
Such bothersome Thoughts can be.

"Did you know all about your patella  
And your other bones, Freshman, last fall?  
Did you know about articulations?  
Did you know you had any at all?

"Did you know all about the old Britons?  
Did you know aught of 'Paradise Lost'?  
Did you realize then, little Freshman,  
Just how much one apple could cost?

"Had you e'er heard of mental sensations?  
And of physical attitudes, too?  
Did you think speaking pieces was easy,  
And something you surely could do?

"Why, you are all right, little Freshman.  
Cheer up! The exams are all o'er;

You see you 've learned much you ne'er dreamed of,  
And next term you 'll learn even more."

I turned to my small midnight preacher  
To give thanks for the comfort he 'd brought;  
He 'd shown that I had learned a great deal,  
And my labors were not all for naught.

But lo! as I turned to address him  
I awoke, and what did I find?  
'T was the morn of the second semester,  
With my troubling Thoughts left far behind.

The moral, dear classmates, shows plainly  
That though the wonderful class, '09,  
May at times get a trifle discouraged,  
Their Thoughts, at least, are just fine.

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### Guess Who?

#### A NEW PUZZLE PAGE

The following phrases are some characteristic modes of expression employed by sundry members of our Faculty. For example, in number four the observant may recognize Miss Noyes. Now the others are just as simple — but whose are they? Send us your answers for the whole list. At the same time, give us, in not more than one page of a blue-book, your candid opinion of statement number seven.

For your skill in solving the puzzle, and for the neatness, originality, and general care displayed in preparing your answer, we will give: for the best paper, a year's permission to visit Mr. Gilbert's select repertoire in Junior Pantomime; and for the worst, a free ticket to a full course of lectures on "Tardiness," by Mrs. Emerson.

The privilege of competing for prizes is open to all.

1. "Think I can! Thought I could!"
2. "There 's a bright expression goes with this."
3. "Nothing but words of commendation."
4. "Take a dose of Sparklets."
5. "Do you get my meaning? See the point?"
6. "Well, where did I leave off last week?"
7. "Put your chest up!"
8. "By far the best work you 've ever done for me."
9. "What, late again?"
10. "An excellent piece of work!"
11. "Now, students."
12. "I have a few announcements to make."
13. "Be up for me next time."
14. "I ain't so young as I used to be" (with musical accompaniment).



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## Pure Gold

*Clara M. Spence, '06*

I ONCE in a dream saw a garden of flowers,  
And blossoms of costly worth,  
That bloomed and anon breathed their perfume sweet;  
And I longed for such blooms in this earth.

But I knew in my dream that they never grew  
In the soil of my waking world,—  
Such perfect whiteness and crystal sheen  
As lay on those petals curled.

They laughed and tossed in careless mirth,  
In a revel of happy days,  
But never a tear from a pensive eye,  
Or the deeper tinge of a mortal sigh.

My wonder grew — till the petals I spread —  
Ah! the heart of the flowers was gone:  
The yellow depths and the dewy tears  
Where a flower's soul should have shone.

I had yearned many days for happier ways,  
For life with no sighs or no fears;  
But that garden of flowers in a dream came to me,  
With no hearts of gold — for no sighs or tears.

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## When Should Technique Be Applied?

*A. F. Reddie*

It may be well to state candidly that it is my belief that the separation of technique from inspiration in any form of art production is an operation which no surgeon, or other teacher, has yet been able to perform. It is also an assumption on my part that no one considers, even distantly, the one-time method of line "teaching" to be a technical method; it is hardly a mechanical method. We will pass it by as something not prehistoric enough to have a scientific value; only recent enough to make us put it away in the attic together with the onyx table and the fringed plush lambrequin — neither of which, by the way, display technique in their construction.

There is neither beginning nor end to technique, nor to inspiration. When the child is born it is inspired to open its mouth in order to receive air, but the technique of inspiration and expiration begins at once, unconscious though they soon become. When walking-time comes the child is inspired to try, but the first tumble forward and the step to prevent falling is technique, pure and simple; however awkwardly applied at first, it is technique, mechanics.

Expression as taught at Emerson College is founded on the principles of art (art in general) as made use of in the evolution,—these principles derived from the four rough historic periods used as divisions. In making use of these as a groundwork we assume and concede the "Study of Vocal Expression" to be a branch of art (whether at present as fully developed or not is, for the sake of argument, no matter) as well as architecture, sculpture, painting, music — vocal and instrumental. We assume and

concede this. The question arises then: If we formed our study of this "Art of Expression" on the underlying divisions of architecture, the greatest of the constructive arts, must we not, at least in a large measure, be governed by the same general rules as they are, in our methods of expounding and teaching these principles — making due allowance for the difference in elasticity between the block of marble and the human (or inhuman) voice?

In fifteen years spent in studios and in professional practice in pursuit of the subject of designing and executing floor, mural, and textile decorations, I was never able, consciously, to part technique and inspiration, nor did I ever see any of my teachers or fellow workers part them consciously — that is, with constructively artistic result. The one and the other were so interwoven as to render a divorce something not hinted at, and neither was greater nor less — nor was there question of greater or less — merely which, dispassionately used, could further the final issue better. I have heard teachers — painters (though they knew more of paint than of painting) — babble amiably to students about encouraging the DIVINE EGO until the students fancied that they were all DIVINE EGO and nothing else; and so when they began to paint they painted, what? Just paint. No form, nothing but color, and such color! They called it feeling. Alas! their public — if they would ever reach the point of owning such a commodity — would have the feeling, or feelings, I fear me much! These misguided inspirationists called themselves impressionists, said Monet was one, and they his disciples. How many crimes (vermillion and Paris-green crimes) have been committed in the name of impressionism the seller of paint only knows! We must remember that the real impressionist is the realist. Monet painted, not what he really saw, but the impressions of what he really saw, just as the classic masters painted, not what they really thought, but the impressions of what they really thought. And so these "DIVINE EGO" painters have confounded Classicism with Assicism and the results are the chromo landscape and the onyx table and the fringed plush lambrequin.



In our own work, should we not do as they do in the best studios in the world — saying to a student, not, “Oh, that line! Is it right? Is it wrong? Is that a human leg or a piano leg?” but simply and frankly, as Andrea said, “The arm is wrong.” On the other hand, Andrea said,— and he realized (as Browning translates him) the value of too little inspiration,— “But the soul — out of me! out of me!”

Yes, I believe absolutely in all cases letting our teaching be as psychologic as possible, getting our technical results and our inspirational foundation by these means; but, after all, is not the deepest psychology the simplest? Is it not better to say, “The line is wrong,” at once — and then to let the student use his rare inspirational nature in realizing its significance in relation to the whole subject? Would we not gain time at all events? — get round the class quicker? Of course I do not for a moment believe in the imitative method of teaching, except in certain instances. Do not mistake me. One would as soon have an art student trace or photograph from the copy or model. But to tell where a line or an interpretation is wrong and where or how the student can get at the right point of attack is not imitation, but a direct communication of the teacher’s superior insight in the simplest, least confusing manner. Would it not be less imitative, for example, to tell a student to imagine the dreamy windings and sudden sprints of a brook and accommodate these ideas to practical use in tone production than to have him dart like a centipede around a room in order to become *en rapport* with Tennyson’s idyllic poem?

As far as the danger of overburdening the Freshmen cerebrum with technique is concerned, it should not be given to them as such, labelled and poured from the bottle in their presence. I believe, with my mother, that calomel is well concealed in scraped apple or quince jelly, but that calomel (or its up-to-date substitute) is none the less necessary, at times, to babes. I believe that even Freshmen possess technique from their birth-hour, and, as — when filtered through their awkwardness and strangeness and

shyness, it is pretty bad or apparently choked out when it comes to vocal expression — it is my very humble opinion that it should be strengthened and reënforced by its *kind*, not choking out the little fragment by development of personality only, but allowing the two to grow hand in hand.

I think the greatest danger of encouraging personality at the expense of technique with beginners is that the teacher is apt to bathe or deluge the student with his or her personality rather than to develop the individuality of the students; it is the propagation of a generality rather than the encouragement of individuality, and it seems as if honest, well-directed technique, founded on definite understanding of physiology and psychology, and doled out as the individual temperament can absorb it, will not injure even the rare individuality of a Freshman, but give it strength in the roots so that when it weathers the “nothing but leaves” stage “when all the woods are green,” and becomes a Junior, buds will appear which will make a fine crop, eventually, of Senior blossoms — for of course it would be expecting too much of a Junior to blossom. As to the P. G. fruitage, “when time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms,” — they can only hope some day to attain the glorious ranks of a Faculty where all things are known, and where they, “like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both blossoms and fruit at once.”

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## An Introduction to Ancient Arabian Literature

*Marion C. Johnson, '07*

THE ancient Arabian literature is the most delightful the Eastern world can show, and their verse is especially interesting, for “Poetry is the public Register of the Arab people; by its means genealogies are remembered and glorious deeds handed down to posterity.” One of their poets tells us that “Verse in the days of the Ignorance was to the Arabs the Register of all they knew and the utmost compass of their wisdom. With it they began their affairs and with it they ended them.”

It is impossible to set an exact date for the earliest Arabic authors, but the oldest poems of which we have any record were composed at least one

hundred and twenty years before the Flight. These earlier poets do not compare unfavorably with the later; the oldest poems we have are as brilliant and mature as those of a more recent date. After the first outburst of song, poetry spread rapidly, and poets were honored everywhere. It was considered a great honor to have a poet in an Arab family.

The Koran is regarded by many as the masterpiece of Arabian literature; but the hundred years before the coming of Mohammed saw the best of Arabic verse; later, when it became the custom to give lavish rewards to poets in order that they might write in praise of the donors, luxury crept in, and fawnish adulation took the place of genuine poetry. There is no poetry so musical as the Arabic. The soft flowing numbers of the Arabic language lend themselves wonderfully to verse. Much of this music is lost in translations, for the harshness of the Western tongues makes it impossible for the translator to give a faithful rendering and retain the melody.

For the last twelve centuries no Western language has kept its style, literature, or spelling unchanged. Two Eastern tongues have come down the centuries unchanged in books, and very little in language,—the Chinese and the Arabic. There are different dialects in China, but the written language has been the same for ages. Arabian language has had little dialectic change. The reason of this is attributed chiefly to the Koran, which the Arabs regard as the standard of literature and religion.

Arabic literature can be divided into three periods: (1) time before Mohammed; (2) from Mohammed to the fall of Baghdad; (3) fall of Baghdad to the present time. The first two periods are the ones we are interested in; but first let us examine the literature as a whole.

It is hard to classify Arabian literature, especially the poetry. It is not epic, narrative, or even dramatic; it approaches more nearly the Greek idyl than any other form of poetry. It is full of pictures, loosely bound together, and depicts life and nature as they are, and in this sense it is a history of the Arabs. This history is written in a rhyming measure. One of the Arab's peculiarities is his love for jingle. Even the school-books are in rhyme, and their prose, as shown in the Koran, is full of rhymes and jingling names; for instance, Cain and Abel in the Koran become Abel and Kabal. Another peculiarity of the Arabic literature is the numerous quirks, conceits, and puns. The "Timorous Giant" is a favorite verse and illustrates this:

"The sun aslant and low in heaven hung;  
The pigmy a stupendous shadow flung;  
A giant sat upon the mountain's head,  
Beheld the shadow, and in terror fled."

Another little conceit runs thus:

"So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,  
So afraid of himself is he grown,  
He swears through two nostrils the breath goes too fast,  
And he's trying to breathe through but one."

The good-natured humor of their verse is delicious. Listen to this the next time you are puzzling your brain over some knotty problem:



“Take an example from the roses,  
Who live direct on sun and dew;  
They never questioned after Moses,  
And why, in heaven’s name, should you?”

The poem known as “The Bad Poet” is a good illustration of the Arab’s delight in the use of repartée:

“Two poets sat to eat a dish of burning broth;  
Through blistered lips one cried, by agony made wroth:  
‘Tis hotter than sulphur, which, when you are dead,  
The fiends in deepest hell will pour upon your head.’  
The other said, ‘Such fate to you could give no fright;  
You would but have one of your couplets to recite,  
To chill, throughout, the furnace of infernal night;  
One verse like those to which your brain has given birth,  
If uttered in the realm that flames beneath the earth,  
Or written on the gate of hell, would in a trice  
Put out the fire and turn the devil’s blood to ice.’”

These examples give us an idea of the quaint conceits to be found in the Arabic literature; but the Eastern poetry is not all hyperbole and conceit. It is indeed full of childish metaphors, yet in the olden days Arabia was noted for her wise men; Solomon was called wise as an Arab; and to this day, Lokman, the Arabian sage, is remembered with pride and reverence.

Mecca, Medina, and Baghdad were once the seats of art and culture. There were narrators equal to Scott: humorists as delightful as our own Mark Twain; and thinkers as profound as Newton — different, of course, for science in those days was surrounded by a superstitious halo of respect. The literature is full of the strange mysticism and romance of the Orient. Still, we often find striking resemblances, especially in Shakespeare, whose metaphors, as Alger says, “out-orient the Orient.” But the East is in many ways more poetic, gorgeous, and mysterious than the West. Their literature is full of glowing colors and images. Notice the use of color in the lines entitled “Battle of Sunrise:”

“The red dawning proclaims  
A victorious fight;  
From the sword of the sun  
Flows the blood of the night.”

We find very little in their verse about the life after death. What traces there are are due to the Jews or Christianity. Their notions of another world are extremely vague and full of strange superstitions, such as the soul of the dead becoming an owl.

Most of the Arabic prose is in the form of fables, with some wise saying or moral interwoven. In the “Breeze or Breath of Yaman,” a collection of stories and verses by different Arabic authors, is a typical little sketch, which follows:

A certain king asked his vizier if habit vanquished nature or nature habit; the vizier replied, “Nature is stronger because it is a root, and habit a branch, and every branch returns to its root.” Now the king called for wine, and a number of cats appeared with candles in their paws and stood round him, and he said, “Do you perceive your mistake in saying that nature is stronger than habit?” The vizier replied, “Give me

time till this evening;" and the king said, "You shall have it." So the vizier came in the evening with a mouse in his sleeve, and when the cats were standing with their candles he allowed it to slip out, whereon all the cats threw down their candles and ran after it, so the house was nearly set on fire. Then the vizier said, "Behold, O king, how nature overcomes habit, and how the branch returns to the root."

Another typical Arabian story is the one about the crow and the goose. It is a quaint little sketch, evidently intended for children:

All the fowls of the air went on a pilgrimage to the seaside in honor of the eagle, and amongst the rest the crow went, accompanied by the goose. As they flew along, the crow repeatedly stole and ate of some curds out of a dish a farmer was carrying on his head; but as soon as the man put the dish on the ground and saw the crow and goose together in the air, the former, being guilty, flew out of the way, but the goose, being slow of flight, was caught and instantly killed. Therefore it is not proper either to stay or go anywhere along with an evil-disposed person.

Most of the fables are very old and cannot be assigned to any particular author. We know, however, that some of them were the work of the sage Lokman, who was regarded as the first Arab to practise and teach wisdom (the thirty-first chapter of the Koran bears his name). He was believed to have been a contemporary of David and Solomon, but very little is really known of him. One tradition tells us he was a deformed Ethiopian slave, with a gift for telling fables. This, on account of its resemblance to the traditional history of *Æsop*, has led many to regard them as one and the same person, but this theory is not well founded. All traditions agree to Lokman's extraordinary longevity. Burton, in his footnotes to Vol. X., "*Arabian Nights*," says: "There are three distinct Lokmans. The first Lokman, 'the Sage' and hero of the Koran, saw David's miracles of mail-making, and when the tribe of Ad was destroyed he became king of the country. The second Lokman, also called 'the Sage,' was a slave and Abyssinian negro, sold by the Israelites during the reign of David and Solomon. He left a volume of proverbs, not fables, some of which are still in existence. The youngest Lokman of the Vultures was a prince of the tribe of Ad, and lived three thousand five hundred years."

No article on Arabian literature would be complete without mention of the wonderful collection of stories known as "*The Arabian Nights*." We cannot assign them an exact date or author, as they come down to us from bygone ages. It is evident that the collection of stories occupied many years and was the work of many authors. The fables are doubtless the oldest part of the book. Like the Forest of Arden, all things strange and wonderful occur in these stories, and space and geography are limitless. Certain stories of the "*Nights*" were first introduced into Europe at the opening of the eighteenth century, by Antoine Galland, a French writer.

The translation of the "*Nights*" by John Payne and Richard Burton will probably remain the standard translation of this great series of Oriental tales. Great credit is due these two translators for their untiring labor and energy. All these quaint old stories with their impossible happenings and doings are exceedingly interesting. "The Man of Al-Yaman and His Six Slave-girls" is a typical tale, and in it we get a little side-light on Eastern women. In this queer little story the six girls have all different qualities: one is white, another

brown, the third fat, the fourth lean, the fifth yellow, and the sixth black. The fortunate possessor of these damsels gets them together and then each praises her own peculiarities and makes sport of the others.

"The Romance of Antar" perhaps possesses as great merit as "The Arabian Nights," although it is not so well known. It is especially interesting, for it gives full details of the life of the Arabs before and after Mohammed's time. "The Arabian Nights" deals with the life of townspeople, while "The Romance of Antar" gives the life of the people of the desert. Both are interesting, but the average reader will find them rather longer than his patience.

The complete work of "The Romance of Antar" is usually found in forty-five volumes. An abridged copy was obtained by Mr. Terreck Hamilton. He began the task of translating it, and in six volumes he brings Antar's adventures down to his marriage, and then gives an outline of the remainder.

The stories were probably first put into form in the eighth century, from old Eastern legends, by the poet El-Asmá-ee; other sources have been suggested, but this is the one generally accepted.

Antar is no imaginary hero, but a well-known warrior and the author of one of the seven suspended poems at Mecca. The place and time of his birth are not definitely known. In the "Romance" Antar is the son of the Sheik Sheddad, and his mother is a beautiful black slave-woman. He is despised and sent to herd his father's camels. He falls in love with his cousin Ablā, but her father refuses him her hand, on account of his birth. Ablā is carried off by brigands and the intrepid Antar rescues her single-handed; but the obdurate father still refuses his consent to their marriage. Antar's father gives him his freedom, and he wins wealth and renown, but Ablā's father still remains his inveterate enemy and sends him on all sorts of impossible expeditions. Antar is always successful, but the girl's father repeatedly refuses to give him Ablā. Antar, after each refusal, composes a poem telling of his grief and despair. So the story goes, and finally, after your patience is quite exhausted, the lovers triumph and are married with great pomp. The translation stops here, but Antar's adventures are carried on through almost innumerable volumes. He triumphs over all his enemies, and finally dies in honorable warfare, as befits such a hero.

The "Romance" is very popular in the East, and a favorite subject for recitation. Mohammed was fascinated with the stories of Antar's prowess and poetry. "I have never heard," said he, "an Arab described I should like to have seen so much as Antar."

The style of the "Romance" is plain and easy. Short sentences are written in easy rhythm; the poetry is very good and has few of the absurdities with which most Eastern poetry abounds. The "Romance," of course, is full of magic, enchantment, and ghosts, and when all else fails, there are always forlorn maidens for Antar to rescue, and matrons whose sons and husbands are in captivity, waiting to be freed. It makes one think of the days of chivalry, King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. All in all, it is a remarkable story, full of the color and imagery of the Orient, and teeming with impossible situations.

Antar's fame does not rest alone on the "Romance." He would have



been remembered aside from that as one of the seven authors of "The Mu'al-laquat," better known as "The Seven Suspended Poems at Mecca," or "The Golden Odes."

The tradition regarding these poems is that each poet recited his own lines at the annual fair held at Okad, and the council selected the best and hung them in the temple. They were written on silk in letters of gold. The poems all resemble each other: a lament of a sweetheart and a description of her charms; then the poem passes abruptly to an account of the noble qualities of the hero's horse or camel, and his own prowess in battle. Antar's poem gives us fascinating glimpses of Arab life,—the breaking-up of camp on the desert at night, the camels laden and bridled, and the poet hero going to a stolen interview with a beautiful damsel of a hostile tribe. The nearest approach in our own literature to these verses is the book of Job, in its pictures of pastoral life.

One of the most interesting and the greatest piece of Arabian literature is the Koran, or Arabian Bible. There was no prose literature before Mohammed, and the half rhyming sentences of the Koran were the first attempt at prose. The style of the Koran differs according to the period of Mohammed's life at which the revelation took place, and gives rather a jumbled, piecemeal effect. The language is beautiful, and in many respects resembles our own Bible. I quote a few lines from Chapter CIII., entitled "The Afternoon;" "By the afternoon verily man employeth himself in that which will prove of loss; except those who believe and do that which is right, and who mutually recommend the truth and mutually recommend perseverance unto each other."

We cannot compare the Koran with the Bible, for we must remember the Koran, according to the general consensus of opinion, is the work of one man, while we know the Bible to be the work of many. Twenty-nine of the one hundred and fourteen chapters of the Koran begin with certain letters of the alphabet set off to themselves. The Arabs believe they mean some mystery, but they do not know what. The titles of the chapters are rather peculiar; for instance, the second is called "The Cow;" the twenty-seventh, "The Ant;" the twenty-ninth, "The Spider;" the forty-fourth, "Smoke;" and the one hundred and fifth, "The Elephant." We do not always see the connection between the titles and chapters, and the chapters are not arranged in chronological order. In fact, they were not collected and arranged till after the Prophet's death.

Mohammed himself was left an orphan at eight, and was brought up by his uncle as a merchant. At twenty-eight he married a wealthy widow twelve or fourteen years his senior. All his later wives were younger, his favorite one being only eight at the time of their marriage. When Mohammed was thirty-eight he retired to a cave and dwelt there two years. Here he claimed he received daily revelations. Mohammed's wife was his first convert, but the people were slow to accept the new faith; so much so that at the end of four years the converts numbered only nine. (Some authorities place the number at thirty.) The average individual would have been discouraged, but obstacles only aroused this new prophet to greater effort, and soon the new

religion began to spread rapidly. At the beginning of his inspired career at Mecca, Mohammed stood forth as reformer, preacher, and apostle; but we must not forget that through all he was a shrewd man of business. Whenever any little irregularity arose, or he desired to take a new wife, he simply had a new revelation and the Koran a new chapter.

His name is quite interesting; it means "The Praised One," and was given him by his grandfather, who said that he named him thus, hoping that he would be praised by God in heaven and by God's creatures on earth.

Mohammed disclaims miracles, but there are any quantity of absurd stories concerning his great achievements, such as his cutting the moon in two, trees meeting him, and water flowing from his fingers. Then a beam groaned at him and a shoulder of mutton told him it was poisoned; however, it did not speak quickly enough to prevent his tasting it, and he died from the effect of the poison four years later. His famous trip to heaven was made in the twelfth year of his career as prophet. We are told that Gabriel came after him with a mule, on which he ascended from heaven to heaven. He found the first heaven made of silver and inhabited by Adam; in the second he found Noah, and this heaven was made of gold; the third heaven was composed of precious stones, and here he met Abraham; in the fourth, he found Joseph, and this heaven was made of emerald; the fifth was made of adamant and inhabited by Moses; the sixth was carbuncle, and here he found John the Baptist; and the seventh was made of divine light, where Christ reigned. Mohammed tells us that the patriarchs were delighted to see him and asked for his blessing. He, however, asked Christ to bless him. This was probably intended as a compliment to Christianity. The Arabian fondness for the marvellous is shown by the story of the angel he found in the seventh heaven. This angel was the proud possessor of seventy thousand heads; each head had seventy thousand tongues; and still more wonderful, each tongue spoke seventy thousand languages! Mohammed got within two bowshots of the throne of God. The face of the Lord was covered with seventy thousand veils, and his hand, when laid on Mohammed's back, was so cold it penetrated to the marrow. He was told great secrets and informed he should be the greatest man on earth. After his death, his followers were told he was asleep and would return shortly. When he did not return in a thousand years, his followers postponed his awakening another thousand and the Faithful are still waiting and expecting his return.

One of the most interesting stories about Mohammed is that of the "Sacred Mantle." Zohair, the author of one of the "Suspended Poems" had two poet sons; one of them was converted by Mohammed, and this made K'ab, his brother, very angry, and he composed a lampoon on his brother, the Prophet, and the new religion. When Mohammed heard it he condemned K'ab to die. The unfortunate poet was warned and made his plans accordingly; he then went to Mohammed and sat down by him, saying, "Apostle of God, were I to bring you K'ab, penitent and professing the faith of Islam, wouldst thou receive and accept him?" "I would," replied Mohammed. "Then," said the poet, "I am he." The bystanders wished to kill him, but Mohammed forbade it. The poet, on the spur of the moment, improvised

the poem known as "The Poem of the Mantle." The story goes that Mohammed was so delighted that when the writer reached the fifty-first verse, "Verily the Apostle of God is a light from which illumination is sought, a drawn Indian blade, one of the swords of God," Mohammed took from his own shoulders the mantle he wore and cast it on the poet as an honor and sign of protection. This was in the year A.D. 630. K'ab was later offered ten thousand pieces of silver for the mantle, but refused the offer. It was purchased from his heirs later for twenty thousand pieces of silver, and preserved as part of the regalia of the empire till Baghdad was sacked. What is supposed to be the mantle is now in the treasury of the Sultan at Constantinople, in an apartment known as "The Room of the Sacred Mantle," with a few other relics of the Prophet.

No religion to-day has so large a following as Mohammedanism. The religion of most of the Arabs before Mohammed was rank idolatry; and we are forced to admit that the Prophet and Koran have banished much that was evil.

It would be interesting to study the character of Mohammed and the philosophy of Islam, but that is without the province of this article.

I have made no attempt to treat any author or work exhaustively, or even to take them in their chronological order; but I have tried to show what a rich mine the student has in the Ancient Arabian literature.

Books for reference: "Poetry of the Arabs of Spain," by G. J. Adler; "Gentilism and Religion Previous to Christianity," by Rev. Areg. J. Thebaud; "History of Arabic Literature," by Clement Huart; "Life of Mahomet," by Sir Wm. Muir; "Annals of the Early Caliphate," by Sir Wm. Muir; Mrs. Godfrey Clark's translation of "Ildm-en-Nás," "Assemblies of Al Hariri," translated by Thos. Cheney.

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## Longfellow

Address by Professor E. Charlton Black, LL.D., at the  
Longfellow Centennial Service, Boston University,  
Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1907

ALL great poetry is popular poetry — popular in the deep, true sense of the word. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, the *Canterbury Tales*, Shakespeare's Plays, the Songs of Burns, — all made their appeal to the common people; the common people heard them gladly; the common people still hear them gladly. Longfellow's poetry stands well this test of what is good and worthy. Great poetry is popular because it expresses the elemental emotions common to humanity; elemental emotions, not elementary — feelings and affections that



are identical and potent through all the ages, however much the trappings and wrappings of civilization may change and alter. One poet expresses with magical felicity one group of these deep feelings and affections of the universal heart, for out of the heart are the issues of life; another poet expresses another group. In Longfellow the springs of emotion are the lives of simple people, the logs upon the hearth of home, the light of stars, the wonder and the mystery of children, the magic and the pathos of the sea. Simple, elemental themes these, treated with absolute sincerity, for Longfellow wrote of nothing he did not know; he sang of nothing he did not love. It is a clear night of stars that he reveals to us; we are back in the old house at home, and in the familiar room; the driftwood fire throws shadows on the well-known books and pictures; the children are with us again; the enchanted moan of the sea is in our ears. The sea! How Longfellow has taken his place as a sea-poet — his own rightful place! From the Orkneys to San Salvador, from the Azores to the Hebrides, we sail with him; and he sings to us of vikings, of King Olaf and Svend of the Forked Beard, of sails of silk and ropes of sandal, of the stately galley that Count Arnaldos saw, of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and the Fleet of Death, of Spanish sailors with bearded lips, and of humble fishermen in schooners facing the ever-recurring tragedy of the treacherous New England coast.

The great poets of the English-speaking world from the shapers of *Beowulf* to Wordsworth have not only given us glimpses of that Immortal Sea which brought us hither; they have shown us the children on the shore. In Longfellow's seascapes and landscapes, as in the great pictures of Murillo and Botticelli, is seen the child, through whom is the hope for all the years to come. Longfellow interprets anew the simple, elemental, eternal truth that a little child shall lead us and except we become as little children we shall in no wise enter into the kingdom. Seventy years have passed since he opened the gate into the Child's Garden by the sea, the gate that is guarded by an angel who has been a mother and who can be seen only by the pure in heart.

Not only is all great poetry popular, all great poetry is reticent,—reticent with the reserve of noble passion,—for all great poetry is reverent. Such elemental emotions as are the tap-root of Longfellow's poetry grow into simple sincerities of reticent expression; for they live in the soil of wonder and in an atmosphere of gratitude, such wonder and such gratitude as are of the essence of reverence, of the essence of religion. It is this reverence which gives us the dignity of expression that characterizes the great poetry of the world. In great literature there is nothing bizarre, odd, fantastic, either in thought or in form. All is in the Grand Style, which is reverent as regards matter and manner. "Of the soul the body form doth take"—the concentrated reserve of the Grand Style is begotten of passion, and concentrated passion is always reverent. Again and again Longfellow touches the height and the depth of this reverent passion and its reticent expression, the sob or the sigh telling the story. So the ancient Greeks veiled the features to make the pathos more poignant. In *My Lost Youth*, in *Weariness*, in *Killed at the Ford*, in *The Open Window*, we have this note of noble reserve. It was the characteristic note of the man.

Nothing in the biographies of the world's poets is more significant than Longfellow's attitude to the supreme experience of his life as a man among men—the tragedy of his wife's death. His English biographer reminds us that in the days when Miles Standish strode about New England, the graves of the English dead were hid from the Indians by being covered with waving corn. The grave that held his beloved in his heart Longfellow hid from every one. But long years after the tragedy his grief found expression in a sonnet—the *Cross of Snow*. Even it he kept secret and sacred; it was found among his papers after his death.

In this incident we read the concentrated emotion, the quivering sensitiveness, the reticence of noble passion, which have given Longfellow a place among the contributors to that slender volume, the great sonnets of the nineteenth century. *Giotto's Tower*, *Chaucer*, *Dante*, the

sonnets which accompany his translation of the *Divine Comedy*, are in the eternal book of golden poetry. They are written in ink that no passing years will ever blur or dull.

In the simplicity, sincerity, passion, reverence, which are characteristics of Longfellow the man you may read the open secret of the power which enabled him to weave into an epic of childlike dignity and marvellous grace the nature-myths which express the religious genius of the American Indian, reaching rare vision and insight in the passage which deals with the supernatural—the visit of the ghosts to Hiawatha's wigwam. It was this combination, too, of simplicity, sincerity, passion, reverence dashed with delicate humor, which enabled him to tell of the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, to sing of the forest primeval, and the far-wanderings of the Arcadian lovers—masterpieces these of description and of narration, without one touch of literary self-consciousness or artifice, but simple, sensuous, passionate.

It is indeed well that we should here and now, on this hundredth anniversary of his blessed birth, come together to do honor to Longfellow. We need his help in these days of shameless publicity and public scandal. We need his simple gospel. We need the lesson of his life, with its reverence for childhood, maidenhood, reverence for the domestic hearth and all that is at the heart of a nation's greatness. Let us listen with bowed head when he tells us in his life and in his poems how to be tender as well as strong; how to temper the power of the Puritan with the spirit of the Pilgrim. Longfellow shows us that simplicity is true dignity and true dignity is simplicity. And let us not fail to return often for rest and for refreshing to this quiet nook that his genius has made for us. You know where it is. It is between the pines and the sea, and there is a well near-by like that beside the gate at Bethlehem which David longed for in the dust and the heat of the fight. Children play there all day long, and we may play with them until the night comes and the evening star leads us home.



## The Little White Clouds

OVER the hill-top, low in the sky,  
 The little white clouds go racing by.  
 Bluebirds carol on fitting wing  
 Pæans of joy to the glad young Spring.  
 'Neath the fragrant blooms of the apple-tree  
 She stands, while her heart sings merrily.  
 Rose-stained flakes by the soft winds strewn  
 Fall on her sunlit face of June;  
 Boundless love in her heart aglow,  
 And the little white clouds will never know.

Over the crest of the low-browed hill  
 The little white clouds go racing still;  
 The pale moon shines on the drifted snow  
 That covers the blossoms of long ago.  
 Again 'neath the gaunt old apple-tree  
 She stands, while the boughs creak drearily;  
 The snow dislodged from its resting-place  
 Falls on her upturned stricken face.  
 Bare is her breast to the knife of woe;  
 The blade strikes deep as the slow hours go,  
 But no stain crimson the drifted snow,  
 And the little white clouds will never know.

M. B. W.

## "Faust"

Notes from a Lecture Delivered by Edward Howard Griggs,  
 Tremont Temple, Boston

### THE DOUBLE INTRODUCTION TO "FAUST": THE PRELUDE ON THE STAGE AND THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

OF the three definite introductions to "Faust," including the Dedication, the Prelude, and the Prologue, the first is probably the most remarkable from the nature of its composition. Written when Goethe was forty-eight, and long after the composition of some of the most stirring parts of the poem, the Dedication bears all the marks of a matured genius. It is introspective, spiritual, lyrical, a wonderful personal confession. Its long, swinging, metrical form in almost untranslatable music is like the cry of old age, the uncontrollable longing for days gone by.

In the Prelude on the Stage Goethe turns aside from the central theme to indulge in a short satire on the literary and dramatic tendencies of the age. Though treated as mere subsidiary material, this part of the drama is yet

made to serve as the vehicle for a larger meaning related to humanity. Within the intervals of mere gossip are passages which transfigure the life of the moment and discover the Divine.

The contrasting types of Merryman and the Poet mark the separation of the real from the ideal in their personification of action debased and selfish because unelevated by the ideal, and of the ideal as false and sentimental when no effort is made to express it in action. The sordidness of the manager, the capricious vulgarity of Merryman, and the weak sentimentality of the Poet are all interpreted as typical aspects of human life.

That the author himself is not the Poet of the Prelude is clear to all who are familiar with his life, for Goethe paid the price of his poetic visions by living apart from the world, while giving to it his message, nor was his treatment at the hands of his audience like that expressed by the Manager's epigrammatic half-truths. The letter, indeed, while expressing a far deeper meaning than his own character warrants, is made to take a view of life which is incompatible with the Poet's high conceptions. The Manager disregards the fact that there is greatness in the most degraded, while even a demigod must have elements of weakness. The dramatic irony of this situation is characteristic of the entire Prelude, and marks the chief difference between the objective forecasting and the subjective or internal introduction which follows.

The Prologue in Heaven represents in condensed form the symbolism of the entire poem. Like the Book of Job, it is a protest against conventional theology, but differs from this in the portrayal of its characters. The Angels, personified in harmony with their traditional conception, are the non-intellectual, emotional response to the light of God. Mephistopheles, on the contrary, has an abnormally keen intellect. Unlike the Christian Devil or even Dante's Satan, he is a spirit of sneering, cynical denial, unmitigated by the smallest appreciation of beauty or goodness or love. Mephisto is true only up to a certain point. He is like those small souls which seek to glorify themselves by pointing out the mistakes of the great, while failing to recognize that genuine appreciation of greatness must precede its criticism.

According to Mephistopheles, Man is a "long-legged grasshopper, that springing flies, and flying springs," but even his intellect fails to grasp the wonderful truth that lies behind the contemptuous assertion. It is true that "man errs so long as he strives," but nonetheless he continues to strive because of the divine discontent which spurs him on. Life is a process of limitless becoming, significant not from its achievements, but from its ideal possibilities. Only through struggle and failure can the true beauty of humanity be appreciated. It is this life principle which Faust represents, uniting as he does intellectual perception of limitation and failure with insatiable thirst for unattained ideals.

E. E. J.

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An article on "Leadership" which appears in *The Normal Eye* is one that will be read eagerly by those who are contemplating a career as teachers. A comprehensive summary is given in the concluding sentence: "The school as an organism is a mighty power for the good of society."

## Editorials

*The  
College Library.*

THE men and women who leave our colleges after graduation, if they are true representatives of the college, must stand for a power in their respective communities. Modern life more and more demands a full-rounded personality. The minister must be broader than his theology; the scientist more inclusive than his science; the teacher more widely read than his pedagogy. The college graduate should stand for *scholarship, culture, and breadth of personality*. Class work does much towards the accomplishment of this aim, but does not attempt to do all. The field of literature is so vast that but the merest fraction of that which is essential to a man of culture can be covered. In the classroom our line of reading is directed, not pursued. Here our tastes are set and attuned to that which is best and purest. Here we acquire a speaking-acquaintance with the world's great masters of thought; but we are invited to choose them for our intimate friends. Here is only the view-point from which we survey the promised land, but we are urged to go in and possess it.

The classwork must be supplemented by the library opportunities. Where the classroom ends the library begins. A well-chosen library, with the added provisos, on the part of the student, of proper knowledge in the use of it, and delight in good literature, should mean as much to him as his college course. Indeed, we may venture to say that the student's character, provided of course that he reads, is formed more by his reading than by his studies. We study what we must: we read what we love. Our hearts are and will be in the keeping of our loves. Our own institution has provided a well-chosen library. Our teachers endeavor to instil good taste in reading, and to point out the way to the best in the world's literature. The school has done its part; it depends on ourselves alone whether we shall follow the paths indicated, and whether our personality shall attain its full stature. It is to be regretted that so many of our students are content



merely with that which they obtain in the classroom. It is because of this easy-going content that a college diploma so frequently stands for limitation and narrowness. Narrowness there must be when the great men of history, science, and literature, when the great movements of thought, are little more than a name.

Not only our present, but also our future development, is largely dependent upon the literary tastes we form while in college. It is often said that it is useless to educate the Indian, for he usually reverts to his original savage condition. Did you ever think that it is also useless to educate many a white man, for too often he also returns to his pre-college condition? He never cultivated any love for literature while in college; naturally he had none when he left. His mind lies fallow, and in ten or twenty years there remains but a suspicion of his academic culture. In the field of expression, particularly, supplementary reading is essential. The work in its very nature has its limitations. It necessarily lacks the breadth characteristic of a scientific or classical course. If we as Emerson graduates are to rank with the graduates of other colleges, we must know more than expression. Knowing that and nothing more, we can never hope to become leaders. Modern life demands the specialist as never before, but modern life also asks, "What do you know; what gifts have you cultivated; what powers do you have in addition to your specialty?" The application is easy.

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*The Home Stretch.* A CALIFORNIA friend of mine, of the female persuasion, was, by way of pastime, engaging a table waitress. The proprietor of the employment-office introduced her to a "lady from a ranch near-by" and to that lady delicately broached the question of going out as second maid to my friend of the female persuasion.

"What do you pay?" asked the lady from the ranch near-by.

"Forty dollars a month," my friend replied.

"And home?"

"Assuredly, and home."

The lady from the ranch rose and hipped one hand, twisting her buxom lips with the thumb and second finger of the other, gazing wistfully out of the window meanwhile in the direction of the ranch. (The ranch house, by the way, was made largely of canvas, with a roof of tomato-cans, unsoldered and flattened. It had two rooms.) "Hm!" quoth she of the generous prairie land, "mebbe I could a-range it to accommodate you. Cook a Chineese?"

"Yes, we have a Chinese cook," answered my friend, adding carefully, "He has been in our service six years."

The other lifted her right eyebrow and settled down snugly on her left hip.

"That's a bad sign," said she; "it either betokens that you are bossy or else that you are too dead easy and the Chink has his own way. Neither case would suit me. I don't want to work with a bossy woman and I won't work with a bossy Chink. Say, *do you have waiting on table or home-stretch?*"

Although I am pretty sure that my friend engaged the lady, yet, for the present purpose, it mattereth but little. It was the *home-stretch* I was after, as at this time of year we are all home-stretching. At first thought it may seem that there is little analogy between reaching for the scrambled eggs at the other end of the table and reaching for one's diplomas, and yet the fundamentals are the same.

You see, the lady from the ranch, ethically, was right, and my friend of the female persuasion who discountenanced the home-stretch — for she did — was wrong. She was a product of an effete civilization who wanted a black or yellow boy in spotless linen and broadcloth or a husky ranch-lady in black alpaca and fine linen — and a peek-a-boo shirt-waist, God wot — to do her stretching for her, thus robbing her of one of the sweet informalities of the home circle — or oblong, the shape depending on the dinner-table's beliefs concerning form. The rancheress of the simple life, retaining all her pristine freedom of belief, would have been truly amazed by the close atten-

tions of an untubbed servant at her elbow,— i.e., if she had had the tiled and porcelained experience of my friend; the untubbed quality would probably have worried her not overmuch as it was,— but her attitude of soul was right; she was considering my silk-petticoated friend's standpoint from her own pinnacle of freedom's height. To consider from the other's standpoint is, of course, the ideal way in these cases.

Now, if the home-stretch is the ideal stretch, let us do it in the best way to gain our end. When John and Eleazer and Deuteronomy and Jerubbaal sit, each with his peculiar technique of knife and fork in active demonstration, between us and the scrambled eggs, we must also show a peculiar technique and a peculiar celerity, withal, in our dart for the goal. So, dear students, in these few weeks between beloved exams. and us, look out for Deuteronomy and Jerubbaal and the elbows and knives thereof; look out for the watchful eyes of Ma and Pa at either end of the table; and above all, watch out that your technique be perfect and its execution swift and to the point. Then soon you will be eating the eggs of mother's scrambling and the excitement of the sheepskin-getting, of exams and college life, will be over for a few weeks and the simple life be yours, if you wish it so.

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### Among the Magazines

I TRUST that I may be pardoned for a statement made in this department last month, to the effect that the February magazines offered a wealth of dearth in the line of readable stories. While this statement was true in the main, I should have noted an exception; and so, to make some part of amends, I retrace my steps.

In the February issue of *The American Magazine* Porter Emerson Browne has written a story of unusual merit: unusual because of the simplicity of the plot and the uniqueness of the plot-development. "Delegation from 'De Ate'" is the story of the admiration of a street-boy — a characteristic representative of the down-town-dark-alley class — for his employer; and the story revolves around the lad, showing his admiration at the supreme crisis in the life of his master. "At first Snubby did n't care much for his employer. He was too particular in his dress for Snubby's autocratic taste. . . . Snubby much preferred a man who wore a striped sweater with plenty of diamonds



and dirt thereon, or a soft-collared shirt, 'like de Giants wears.'" However, this feeling promptly disappeared when his employer, after persuading him to extinguish a cigarette he had been smoking in a closet where there was an abundance of paper and other inflammable material, asked:

"'My boy, do you think that your grandmother could conveniently die — eh — let us say day before yesterday, so that the funeral could be held this afternoon?'"

"Snubby scratched his nose, uncomprehending; but on general principles, he answered:

"'Sure.'"

"'Such being the case,' continued his employer, 'I feel impelled to let you go to-day at noon; and I happen to have a ticket to the ball game. . . . If the obsequies are over in time, you might possibly find an opportunity to use it. And here's a quarter for expenses.'" Of course, Snubby used both; and he returned home that evening "full of peanuts and pain and enthusiasm, with his voice as weak as his regard for his employer was strong." Always after that day Snubby insisted that his master was "a good guy all right, all right;" and he never lost an opportunity to do a service for him. But his admiration knew no bounds when the employer one holiday took "de push" out for a day on his yacht and treated them to more eatables than they knew existed. After this, for Snubby, "Spike Haggerty, the light-weight champion who ran the saloon on Fourteenth Street, and even the pitcher of 'de Giants,' joined the 'Has-Beens;'" his employer — "de good guy" — was supreme!

Is it any wonder then that Snubby became much exercised one morning when, on coming into the office, he found "de boss" bending over an open letter at his desk with "pain-lined features and drawn lips"?

"Up against it hard. Poor guy! He looks all in," was Snubby's pathetic mental comment. He was made glad a few minutes later when his master handed him a letter to carry to "Fif' Avnoo" to the one who had "trunned him down cold." Snubby declared in tones of infinite disgust to the brake-handle as he neared his destination, "Dat dame don't know nut'n' . . . . He's a good guy and she oughter be glad ter get him. Women don't know nut'n' nohow." And his conviction was very much strengthened a moment later, when "a large woman with many bundles alighted from the car backward and performed a few evolutions that greatly delighted the other passengers;" and Snubby concluded with "I told yer so. Dey don't know nut'n'. Not none of 'em." The car finally reached "Fif' Avnoo," and soon Snubby stood before the big brown house. "She must be a swell dame;" and when she appeared, Snubby stood in "round-eyed, round-mouthed admiration," and he could not help exclaiming:

"A peach! a peacherino! I'll bet she would n't get off'n no cars backwards."

Snubby returned to the office with a sad heart, for the "Peacherino" sent no answer with him. He at once resolved to help "de boss;" and when he learned from his friend Muggsy that "de political guys" always send a "delegation when dey wants ter get some'n'," he was not long in deciding on his next move.

It was a "strange procession" indeed that quietly marched up Fifth Avenue a day or two later. "It was composed of a large number of small boys — boys with the bodies of ten and the faces of forty — boys with patched holes in their trousers, boys with unpatched holes in their trousers, boys with elbows out, elbows coming out. Yet all had aggressively polished faces, and wet, rebellious hair that stuck up like unkempt stacks of soaked marsh hay." Is it any wonder that the fat, pompous butler looked amazed and disgusted when, on opening the front door of the "big brown house," he beheld the motley "delegation"? He was on the point of dismissing with proper official dignity the array of petitioners when Miss Parkins, the "Peacherino," appeared in the doorway. "With surprising unanimity the entire delegation gasped. With surprising unanimity the entire delegation removed its hats. With surprising unanimity the eyes of the entire delegation grew round with admiring wonder. And the entire delegation was so charmed that it forgot not to forget its dignity."

"'Come in, please; yes, all of you.' And Snubby promptly ordered, 'Come on in, guys;' and two by two the delegation filed up the steps and into the house." Snubby at once introduced the conversation with, "'He's a good guy; you oughter marry — marry him.'"

"'Whom?' she asked, with much surprise and amazement."

"'Why, me boss, o' course. . . . Since he got dat letter yer writ him he ain't ben no good fer nut'n' — he's all in. An' he don't never laugh no more — jest sets an' looks at de wall wot ain't got nut'n' on it ter look at. . . . And I says, 'Cheer up. She'll wake up yet.' So I gets a delegation, an' we comes chasin' ourselves up here to put youse wise . . . we're afraid he won't never be good fer nut'n' no more, he's achin' himself dat bad. And he's a good guy. He's better'n George Wash'nton 'r Abram Lincum 'r King Eddard 'r Pres'dent Rosefelt 'r Charley Moiphy 'r any o' dem guys. Yer better marry him. — Will yer?'"

"'I'll — I'll think it over.' . . ."

"'We gotter have a answer now. . . . Some odder lady might git him an' 'n wha'd you do? You better nail him while yer got a chancet, 'cause he's a good guy — won't yer say yes?'"

Just here Snubby rushed down the steps, and returned a moment later "dragging by one frock-coated arm his wondering, amazed employer," who chanced to be passing just then. Confronting the embarrassed lady with his "catch," he said, "He's here! Now make good!" Of course, she "made good."

This somewhat lengthy review of the story, I trust, will serve to suggest the cleverness and interest that characterize it. The story will need but little cutting. A good conclusion, I think, would be, "and he was right, for she made good."

The *March Reader* contains a story, "The Hydromaniacs," laid in the South, based upon commercial intrigue, in which love for woman and self-respect and honor play a most important part. The story is strong, mildly dramatic at times, and always interesting. A careful cutting would make a good number on a miscellaneous program.

## In Memoriam — Annie Blalock

*Frances Tobey*

ANNIE BLALOCK, of Resthaven, Ga., died in Kansas City, April 23, from an operation for appendicitis, following many weeks of acute suffering from intestinal gastritis. She had for years valiantly battled with the physical limitation of a chronic disease, concealing her suffering from the world, and reflecting always abounding vitality and cheer. The physicians and nurses who attended her in her last illness marvelled at her serene faith and courage; "her fortitude," they say, "was sublime."

Annie Blalock's life was intimately known as a rare source of inspiration. But few of the students who pay loving tribute to her beauty of soul and charm of person can know how large and significant her life was in its relation to its day. In the classroom she was a teacher of power; in the great world of social and economic endeavor, which claimed the last years of her life, she was a potent influence, finding many points of contact with life, facing squarely and honestly each social problem which presented itself, counting all gain but loss that hindered her consecration of her noble womanhood to the service of humanity. With the world of books open to her, she cared little for the purely academic; literature was significant only as it illuminated life. A student of art in the large sense, keenly sensitive to beauty, she never flinched before the hideousness of poverty and suffering and sordid conditions; she cared for beauty only to share it, to illuminate with it earth's dark corners. The desire to alleviate suffering, to ameliorate hard conditions, by enlarging humanity's spiritual vision, became with her, in her last years, a passion, prompting to deeds of strenuous devotion which doubtless, by drawing too heavily upon her vital forces, hastened the end of her earthly career.

To the intimate friends who knew Annie Blalock in the idyllic setting of the old Southern plantation home, much



remains cherished in memory above all that can be put into words. The sweet dignity of the hostess, the simple delight in common interests and pleasures of home and farm life, the earnest attention to sociological problems, the spiritual insight which made every minute of every day, whether spent in work or in recreation, significant, — these are among the influences which dominated the life shared by the company privileged to gather around the open fires of Resthaven. To this company, Annie Blalock was known as one of the purest, bravest, and most aspiring of souls, the spring of whose every motive was a great love for all her kind, a consuming passion for the ideal of universal brotherhood, and a serene and lofty faith in its ultimate realization.

## “The Rivals”

The Old English Comedy

*Presented by the Faculty and Students of Emerson College of Oratory*

For the Benefit of the

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

*Chickering Hall, Saturday Evening, February 16, 1907*

### CHARACTERS

Prologue by MRS. SOUTHWICK

Fag — Capt. Absolute's Servant .....	MR. BICKFORD
Thomas — Sir Anthony's Coachman .....	DR. ALDEN
Lucy — Mrs. Malaprop's Maid .....	MRS. WILLARD
Lydia Languish — Mrs. Malaprop's Niece .....	MISS TATEM
Julia Melville — Engaged to Faulkland .....	MISS HASTINGS
Mrs. Malaprop .....	MISS NOYES
Sir Anthony Absolute .....	MR. SOUTHWICK
Capt. Jack Absolute — His Son .....	MR. REDDIE
Faulkland — Jack's Friend .....	MR. KENNEY
Bob Acres .....	MR. TRIPP
Timothy .....	MR. BURNHAM
Sir Lucius O'Trigger .....	MR. KIDDER
David — Acres' Servant .....	MR. BARD
Betty — A Servant at Mrs. Malaprop's Lodging .....	MISS McQUESTEN

Epilogue by Miss SMITH

The excitement began one morning in chapel when Mr. Garber announced in mysterious terms that the Faculty was about to make its debut in some new and unprecedented fashion. But it was well that the exact nature of the performance was reserved, for when the above constellation in all its glory was revealed to the assembled expectants such applause resounded as even to drown that doughty speaker's tones. A few days later, new impetus was received from the unveiling of a masterpiece, in which every member of the cast appeared in artistic array and a variety of poses, the Dean smiling benignly from a "gentlemanly camel," and Mr. Gilbert with knees gracefully entwined. Consideration for the Senior class forbids further description, but if intricacy of composition and truth of symbolism count for aught, the "Masters of Art" will ere long be enriched. Last preliminary to the eventful night was an auction sale of seats conducted by Mr. Stockdale; and to see our Chaplain draped toga-fashion in an Emerson banner, urging on the bidders, was a sight to gladden the founders of the fund.

On the night of the play, every seat in Chickering Hall was filled, and class vied with class in enthusiasm from the moment Mrs. Southwick delivered the Prologue until the curtains closed for the Epilogue, by Miss Smith. Of course the play was a grand success, for how could it be otherwise? The box-office receipts showed a balance of six hundred dollars, which exceeds that of any previous performance. Of the cast, Mr. Bickford's Fag was the first aspirant that appeared on the stage for a fresh laurel-leaf, and, needless to say, he won it, while at the same time the "prince of charioteers," as played by Dr. Alden, was certainly one of the biggest hits of the evening. Mrs. Willard was a demure, coquettish Lucy, and Miss McQuesten as Jane won so much applause that it was some time before she could deliver her big speech — one line.

The David of Mr. Bard was a fine piece of cockney impersonation, as was the Timothy of Mr. Burnham, who, in the absence of Mr. Paul, delivered his brief soliloquy. The Irish brogue of Sir Lucius O'Trigger was a complete revelation even for him who has coped with all the difficulties of "Bell's Visible Speech," and as for Mr. Kenney's rendering of the "teasing, captious, incorrigible lover," only those who were there could half appreciate the situation. His Julia, played by Miss Hastings, was also an excellent piece of work. And Sir Anthony, "mild, gentle, considerate father," who that has ever seen the Dean in his calmer moods would suspect him capable of such fits of passion? And who would ever dare to associate sentimental swearing and restive curls with Mr. Tripp? Perish the thought! Only in memory of Bob Acres may you cherish that illusion. Mr. Reddie's "Jack Absolute" was an ideal lover, dashing and handsome enough even for the fastidious fancy of "languishing Lydia," in which rôle Miss Tatem carried off the honors with surprising ease. As Mrs. Malaprop, Miss Noyes was overpoweringly funny. The "weather-beaten old she dragon" will probably never be her like again, for in her, as in all the cast, we have proof *controvertible* that we shall never be able to *illiterate* them from our memories.

## Alumni Notes and College News

### Alumni Notes

In a newspaper from Moorhead, Minn., we note the following article relative to one of the Emersonians of '03:

"This year in the quaint fifteenth century drama 'Everyman,' Miss Harriet Rumball, teacher of expression at the Normal School, won well-earned laurels from an admiring public. The basis for the work was a rare copy of the book, and as it was written in old English, wholly without stage directions, the whole matter of stage-action and color-scheme for the symbolism of the characters had to be originated. Those who were privileged to hear 'Everyman' as staged and directed by Miss Rumball have reason to congratulate themselves. The touch of her artist hand was revealed in the beauty of every line."

Damon Lyon, the well-known singer and actor, recently gave a dramatic recital of "Peer Gynt" at the College Room of the Hotel Astor.

Wilda Wilson Church, '01, reader and teacher of oratory, has been doing some very successful platform work. Of a recital in Dayton, the press says: "Her program was well chosen and gave her ample opportunity for the display of her abilities. She was most cordially received and heartily applauded."

Margaret E. Piles, '00, is about to take up work at the State Normal School in Los Angeles, Cal. She has been very successful as teacher, having served in this capacity at the Woman's College, Penn., Tabor College, Cal., and High School at Deadwood, So. Dak. She says, in one of her letters, "I have had cause many times to be thankful that I was so fortunate as to have had my training at Emerson."

At a concert given by the Lyric Glee Club of Waverly, N. Y., Florence Davis, '06, gave a rendition of the Japanese story, "Madam Butterfly." According to the press, it was one of the finest pieces of dramatic work ever presented before a Waverly audience.

A circular from the Just Studios of Music and Oratory, Chicago, contains some very interesting items concerning the work of one of its founders, Mrs. Winnifrede J. Just, who was graduated from Emerson College in '93. In these studios, managed by Mrs. Just and her husband, a well-known violinist, the former has entire charge of the branches of Oratory, Expression, Dramatic Art, and Literature. Her public work consists of recitals in Shakespeare, English Comedy, and Pre-Raphaelite literature, in all of which she has been eminently successful.

Previous to the opening of her Studios in Chicago, Mrs. Just became thoroughly conversant with the methods of her art by experience both as teacher and dramatic reader. In the fall of '93 she was appointed director of the Department of Oratory in a young ladies' college in Eufaula, Ala.



This position she held with excellent success for two years, when she returned to Emerson College to study and teach during the season of '95 and '98.

The four years following were spent in the Kansas State Agricultural College, where Mrs. Just instructed classes in expression and coached the Literary Societies for all their various public entertainments.

Since '91 she has taught and read in many institutions and in numerous summer schools and Chautauqua assemblies throughout the country, ever winning new encomiums for her earnest and artistic work.

Elsie R. Stuart, '05, is "busy and happy as ever" in her work, teaching music and elocution at Norwich, N. Y.

Nellie Parker Spaulding, '05, made a great hit in one of the leading parts of the patriotic drama, "Maids and Matrons," as presented by the Woman's Club at Waltham.

The production of Pinero's "The Magistrate" by the Mankato (Minn.) Normal Dramatic Club, under the supervision of Nellie Louise Woodbury, '92, was the culmination of splendid work in past years. That the play's complete success was due in large part to her management is attested by the many expressions of appreciation voiced by the local papers, one of which says: "Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Woodbury, whose patience and untiring efforts have made such a production possible."

Under the direction of Archibald F. Reddie, '05, the Senior class of Bradford Academy gave a very successful performance of "The Comedy of Errors," March 15, this being the third of a series of Shakespeare plays presented under his management. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is now being rehearsed by the Junior class, will be given in the Bradford grove during Commencement week.

Miss Elizabeth Carroll, '06, is teaching, with much success, reading and public speaking, in the Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass. She "wishes all at Emerson a happy spring."

During the past year W. Palmer Smith, '98, has secured his bachelor's degree from Columbia University, passed the New York city examinations at the head of the list of candidates eligible to teach elocution in the High Schools of Greater New York, and received an appointment to teach his specialty in the Stuyvesant High School. Mr. Smith also has charge of the classes in reading and public speaking at the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A.—the only classes in those subjects under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in the city.

Miss Estelle Van Horne, '05, has closed a successful season as reader with the DeKoven Male Quartette, and has been reëngaged by the management for the season 1907-08.

Miss Helen G. Borton, '06, gave a recital on March 6, at Woodstown, N. J., prior to entering upon her duties as teacher in the Department of Oratory at the State Normal School, Millersville, Penn. Miss Borton was as-

sisted by Mr. C. A. Foote, baritone soloist in the DeKoven Male Quartette, Miss Eleanor Robinson, pianist, Philadelphia, and Miss Estelle Van Horne, reader, with the DeKoven Quartette.

## Report of the New York Emerson College Club

FEBRUARY 9, 1907

The N. Y. E. C. C. held its monthly meeting February 9, at the home of Mrs. Jessie Crommett, No. 549 West 159th St., New York City. A Dutch pantomim, "Jan and Mina," was very successfully given, the principal parts being ably sustained by Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, Mrs. Jessie Crommett, Miss Cox, and Miss McIntyre. The pantomime was charmingly introduced through an original poem given by Miss Margaret Klein. Vocal and instrumental music, also a couple of humorous recitations, rendered by guests, helped us to pass a delightful evening.

But our treat was in the unexpected pleasure of having Mrs. Southwick with us. A little talk straight from the heart, giving us courage to go on, also two or three poems, rendered as only Mrs. Southwick can, gave us new and added inspiration. At the close of the evening refreshments were served.

MARCH 9

The last regular meeting of the N. Y. E. C. C. was held at the home of our President, Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, No. 58 West 50th St., New York City. The attendance was unusually large. Delightful music was rendered by Mr. John Keehn, Miss Rae, Mr. Charles Wiberaske, and Miss Phillips, who most charmingly interpreted two German songs for us, one of which was written by Mr. Keehn.

The literary part of the evening was well presented by Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd, Miss Emma Elise West, Mrs. Mattie Wiggin, and Miss Grace Correll. Mrs. Judd interpreted several characters from "Adam Bede," with her usual clearness and likeness to life, making us all live again among different people and surroundings. At the close of the evening refreshments were served by our hostess.

LESSLIE THOMPSON,

*Assistant Corresponding Secretary.*

## College News

### The Southwick Literary Society, March Sixteenth

From a literary as well as from an artistic point of view, the "Personal Recollections of Stevenson and Barrie," given by Dr. E. Charlton Black, was one of the finest things ever presented before the Southwick Literary Society. Dr. Black's years of student life at the Edinburgh University with Stevenson, Barrie, Ian MacLaren, and Conan Doyle as classmates, have given him a wealth of reminiscence far more valuable than all his studies there.

After a brief but scholarly introduction to Scotch literature, with a passing glance at Ramsay, Ferguson, Carlyle, Scott, and Burns, Dr. Black spoke at length on Stevenson and Barrie.

With inimitable charm and humor, he described the two, their college career, and their literary life, giving glimpses so intimate and personal that the audience fairly expected to be introduced to the authors themselves.

Nor were they disappointed, for Dr. Black concluded by reading from "Margaret Ogilvy" and "R. L. S.," and surely there is no one who reads Scotch quite so well. It would be difficult to say which was the more enjoyable, the recollections or the readings, but certain it is that the two combined formed a treat even beyond the expectations of Dr. Black's many admirers.

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### Y. W. C. A. Notes

The meetings of the organization after the spring vacation have given proof that there is still much available material among its members. In Miss Vickery's reading of "The Perfect Life" there was apparent much sympathy and comprehension, while in the singing of Miss Mooney all expectations were realized.

On March 15, Miss Gertrude McQuesten gave "a word of encouragement to those who need encouragement," a word so practical in its helpfulness that it was more inspiring than any sermon. When, at the close of the meeting, she presented each one of her audience with a copy of "How Did You Die," by Edmund Vance Cooke, each felt that it was a most fitting conclusion to a most encouraging talk.

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### The Radclyffe Carnival

"Right this way to the great carnival"—all signs pointed to the college rooms on the night of March 18, when high festival was held by the maidens of Radclyffe Hall. A free vaudeville performance was the opening feature, in which "artists of wide reputation," singers, dancers, and a colored comedienne, vied with each other to please the audience.

Outside, a booth of adorable Teddy bears, class pennants, college banners, and posters attracted much attention, as did the Japanese room with its supply of home-made candy, and punch, for the dancers from Room One.

In another room chances were taken on a large, handsome, leather Emerson banner, which later in the evening was awarded to Mr. Kelley, '09. From the same place, a Western Union Telegraph was kept busy sending messages to various parts of the carnival.

Hot buttered popcorn and peanuts fed the hungry multitude, while for the more æsthetic, fresh flowers were offered by a Spanish maiden. Confetti, which was liberally thrown throughout the halls, gave an added gala air to the scene. In fact, the carnival was in every respect a complete success, and the girls of the Hall are feeling rather elate over the neat sum realized for the Scholarship Fund.



## Class News

## 1906

It is stated on good authority that every member of the Graduate class has a love-affair. It is absolutely certain in the case of the president, and they all talk with the heart tones constantly, you must have noticed. Now this is the corollary: if the class has not a man, it has, at least, plenty of "annexes." Most of the class belong to the matrimonial agency, and some have already found permanent engagements.

The engagement of Miss Nina E. Grey to Mr. W. Burton Wescott, a former Emersonian, has been announced.

The first entry in the "Life Race," "Personality," by Anna E. Marmein, has been made. You can safely stake high on Personality. It stands a splendid chance of winning out.

## 1907

Upon the resignation of Mr. C. Bishop Johnson, president of our class, Mr. J. A. Garber was elected to fill that position. The presidential office is not altogether a new one to Mr. Garber, for it will be remembered that two years ago, when '07 was first beginning to be known as a power, it was he who was chosen to guide its infant footsteps.

As a class we extend our sincere appreciation for the good work of Mr. Johnson, and for the success of our last — and first — president.

Mr. Davison will not be able to return to College this year. He was a loyal member of '07, and he is greatly missed by all his classmates.

The Commencement program is arranged, and the parts are assigned. Our elections for the Class-day program are as follows: History, Miss Elizabeth White; Will, Miss Edith Hastings; Prophecy, Miss Mary Conner; Orator, Miss Verna Sheldon; Poet, Miss Noyes. Our debaters are Miss Grace Hardy, Miss Jeanie Sharp, Miss Mabel Todd, and Miss Hughina Thompson.

We have a new feature in our Commencement this year, which promises to be very interesting. It is a physical-culture drill done by twenty girls in Greek costume. The class play is "Trelawney of the Wells," to be presented Wednesday evening of Commencement week. On Wednesday morning there will be four or five Dickens sketches: "The Holly-tree Inn," "Mr. Bumble's Courtship," "Mrs. Gamp's Tea-party," and the "Pickwick-Bardell Case." The pantomime will be under the direction of Mr. Gilbert, as to the nature of which we are kept in the dark. It has been a hard problem for the class and Faculty committees to supply parts for a blanket program covering a class of eighty-four members, but it has been done successfully and we expect an unusually good week.

Miss Thornton is very ill at the dormitory on Massachusetts Avenue. We hope she may be with us before very long.

On February 20 an exhibition was held in the Posse Gymnasium on Massachusetts Avenue, in which the Emerson girls who are taking work there joined. The program consisted of the free standing exercises, exercises with

ropes and ladders, club-swinging, jumping and vaulting, fencing and games. Three of our girls gave recitations: "The Fall of J. W. Beane" was read by Miss Eunice McKenzie; "The Queer Little Thing from Texas," by Madge Farnum; "A Day of Precious Penalties," by Nellie Cassaday. The readings were much enjoyed by all present.

The readers elected for the Commencement program are Miss Jessie Shaw, Miss Eunice McKenzie, Miss Fay Nickerson, and Mrs. Papazian.

Miss Plummer has been ill, and it is doubtful if she will be able to take part in the Commencement exercises. We hope she may recover in time.

We are now on the home stretch, and rehearsals are raging fast and furious. Make the most of the time, Seniors; it is our last chance.

A student sits at Shoshan's, and after one patient hour is heard to murmur:

"Waiter, waiter, do not tarry,  
Haste thy steps, nor linger long,  
For I would be back at College —  
Straight would eat and then be gone!"

But the cruel-hearted waiter  
Hurrying past with cakes and pies,  
Heedeth not her protestation,  
Doth not hear her rending sighs.

So the half-starved student sits there,  
And a tear bedims each eye,  
While unto that heartless waiter  
Comes again this plaintive cry:

"Waiter, waiter, do not tarry,  
Haste thy steps, nor linger long,  
For I would be back at College —  
Straight would eat and then be gone!"  
E. N., '07.

Sydney Smith, writing to a child, asked what life would be without arithmetic, except a scene of horrors? What, the child might have answered, is it, after all, even with arithmetic? But she did n't. It was another child, a friend of Walter Scott, who wrote: "I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it, the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure." With this child, certainly, would go the majority, rather than with Smith, or with Arbuthnot, who believed that the mathematics, besides being friends to religion, "may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy but desirable." Mathematics are losing ground in colleges, under the elective system, partly, perhaps, because there are so few teachers who know how to make so abstract an exercise of interest to the young.

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## Violets

*Harriet Sleight, '07*

VIOLETS lifting wistful faces  
In the shadow-haunted places  
Of the Druid wood,  
Did you drift, a purple shroud,  
From yon sunset-tinted cloud  
To this solitude?

Does the sighing of the grasses,  
As the southern soft wind passes,  
Fill your hearts with fear?  
Do you tremble where you stand  
Lest some pitiless fair hand  
Find you hiding here?



## The Atmosphere of Poetry

*Bertha Kuntz Baker*

AN inexperienced person set before a head and asked to draw it begins with some one feature — draws the nose, an eye, an ear, one detail after another, and the result is a disproportionate, unrelated, lifeless group of fragments. An artist undertaking the same task looks with concentrated attention at the head as a whole, analyzes its dominant lines and surfaces, masses of tone and color, and all details within these masses; then, with a few comprehensive strokes, he blocks in the outline and the planes and adds the detail, putting every line, every touch of color, within the unity which he holds ever in mind.

In the art of reading the same difference of method is observed. The artist presents a poem, a story, as a whole. The amateur invariably attacks the first line, the first stanza, for what he can get out of that; then takes up the next, and the next, the result being a succession of unrelated fragments of thought and emotion. These separate fragments often give proof of great power on the part of the reader, but all is in a riot, without centre, plan, or proportion, and the performance remains an exhibition of crude elements of a possible art, but not an interpretation of truth, life, beauty, and absolutely without claim to be considered as *art*. It is because of the frequency of such exhibitions in public, because of the violation and defiance of the simplest and most fundamental principles of art, that many persons of taste and refinement shudder at the word "elocution" and "run from a reader as from a horned beast."

In every art-creation the artist must deliberately choose and consistently maintain a point of view. But how shall I set about getting a point of view for a certain poem? Read the whole poem, not once, but many times; brood over it, carry it about with you; know all you can about the author, about the circumstances of his writing the

poem; in fact, get as near as possible to the author's point of view. Think and feel your way into his attitude of mind. Realize as far as possible why he should have wished to utter the poem. To what mood did he give expression? What impression did he desire that the poem should leave on the mind of the reader? What impression do you wish to create with it upon your hearers? How should they feel — not toward you, but toward the author's conception, toward life, toward the world? Can a simple little poem or story have anything to do with such problems? Certainly we cannot get away from the fact that every least trifle is added to life, either on the side of confusion and discord or on the side of harmony and beauty.

When you have gained a clear point of view of the import of the whole; when you have determined what lines, what words, mark the significant elements which determine the character of the whole; when you have determined what must be the emotional atmosphere enveloping all the parts, then, holding these in mind, begin to read, commenting on the theme, sustaining the atmosphere before you utter a word, while you utter each word, and between your words.

Why is it that this element of atmosphere is invariably lacking in the work of amateurs,— this subtle something that melts all the least parts of an art composition into a live, organic thing of joy and beauty; this precious something that is always present in the creative work of the artist and lacking in the literal representation of the artisan?

Giving so much regard to stage arrangement, background, light, flowers, costume, must we not go further and create what is so much more important,— a fitting *MENTAL background*, atmosphere, color-scheme, for our poem, story, or drama? Are we as careful to create a harmonious unity of word, tone, and attitude for the *mind* of the audience as we are of the material elements presented to the *eye*? Does not the whole difficulty arise from omitting to take and to maintain a harmonious,

unifying point of view and presenting the *emotional response* to the idea? Do we not, consciously or unconsciously, strive for a sense impression?

Is there any advice to students repeated more frequently than the injunction to "see the picture"? Is not this very maxim to "get the picture" the cause of much error? The reader's effort is directed to calling up through his imagination a *sense image*. He tries to see with his mind's eye certain objects, scenes, persons, as vividly as possible, and to tell of them as if they were present to the bodily eye. He not infrequently tries to assist his vision by shading his eyes. In similar manner he strives to recreate through hearing and other senses. But in art, especially in poetry, no object is present for its own sake, but always for the sake of the feeling it arouses. The reader, the interpreter, must therefore demand of his imagination to carry him *beyond* the sense impression. He must see with his mind's eye, and beyond with the eyes of the heart. He must recall not only the image, but the emotional response to the image. The question is not, What does the speaker see? but, What does he feel about what he sees — that is, the speaker represented in the poem? And it is this emotional state that your imagination must create and sustain and that you must transfer to your audience.

The barren heath where Macbeth meets the fateful Three, so withered, so wild in their attire; the eager, nipping air of the night of terror on the ramparts of Denmark's castle; the wind-in-the-orchard, frolicsome blitheness wherein the nobles and ladies of Messina dance out the answer to life's problems; the common grayness that envelops the atrophied soul of Andrea del Sarto; the narrow, hedged-in, rocky chasm into which is concentrated the inevitable reckoning between the tyrant Gessler and William Tell, the champion of liberty — all these are settings which the poet chooses because their contemplation begets certain conditions of mind in the spectator. In essence they are conditions of mind. The interpreter, likewise, employs not any material medium.



He speaks direct—mind to mind. He creates psychically and transfers to his audience not the *sense image*, but the emotional *effect* of thunder-swept moor, of sun-kissed hills, of echoing chasm; and into the psychical atmosphere thus created he projects the words which are the articulate utterances of the mood. If he omit this atmosphere, if he begin without it, but with only the words on the page, then all of his utterances are uninteresting, without life, stale, flat, and unprofitable, and to the question, "What do you read, my lord?" he can only answer as by the text, "Words, words, words."

But *how* create this atmosphere, this mental, emotional *aqua regia*, this royal solvent medium that shall make your words fluid, potent, vital forces, instead of mere blocks of sound?

Let us consider Browning's "The Patriot":

"It was roses, roses, all the way,	1
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:	2
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,	3
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,	4
A year ago on this very day.	5

"The air broke into a mist with bells,	6
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.	7
Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels —	8
But give me your sun from yonder skies!'	9
They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'	10

"Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun	11
To give it my loving friends to keep!	12
Nought man could do have I left undone:	13
And you see my harvest, what I reap	14
This very day, now a year is run.	15

"There's nobody on the house-tops now —	16
Just a palsied few at the windows set;	17
For the best of the sight is, all allow,	18
At the Shambles' Gate — or, better yet,	19
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.	20

"I go in the rain, and, more than needs,	21
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;	22

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And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,	23
For they fling, whoever has a mind,	24
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.	25
"Thus I entered, and thus I go!	26
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.	27
'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe	28
Me?' God might question; now instead	29
'T is God shall repay: I am safer so."	30

By the usual method of the average reader, the first stanzas would be rendered as an exultant recountal of unparalleled triumphs enjoyed by the patriot. Taken by themselves, the words carry such a surface meaning and would certainly require all the freshest and strongest colors of your palette. But we read on. An interrupting note occurs in line 11, but not until line 20 do we get a clue to the real situation and understand that the populace who shouted for the patriot a year ago, who were eager to go even further than to fetch him the sun from the skies, go now full length in the opposite direction to effect his degradation and destruction. The tide of popular favor has turned. A rival is no doubt in his place, and the once-beloved, exalted patriot is on the way to the scaffold. Lines 21-25 elaborate the details of the ignominy heaped upon him. What a contrast presented here to the picture of the first ten lines! If we are merely to get the picture and give it, what bitterness would be poured forth here! I have seen a reader who made a "great effect" with these lines, struggling against the rope, warding off the stones that are flung, untying his hands momentarily and wiping the blood from his forehead!! This same reader had in the first part flung his arms high and shouted in mad, exuberant joy.

But let us return to our text. We have no right as yet to render even the first word. We have not yet heard the poet out. In line 27 the speaker is represented as reviewing the contrast that he has drawn. He strikes a mental balance. There is an interval of thought after line 26, an interval that must be a blank, a break, unless the reader fills it with the atmosphere of emotional transition. In

lines 27 and 28 he contemplates how infinitely worse he might have fared had he continued to enjoy popular favor. Suppose he had ended in triumph. An end must come. And then who knows? His account with God might show a balance on the wrong side. But now instead — ! In the last line a ray of serene light comes into the picture. All the rest lies in shadow, but from this spiritual gleam of clear insight and absolute trust in God's justice a radiance is reflected throughout the picture, beautifying every line. The misunderstood patriot, condemned to death, insulted even on his way to the scaffold, goes in resignation, in faith, and trust. Keep him vividly in mind, not as a person you see at a distance and describe, but try to realize his state of mind and feeling; utter no word until you do realize it, and use the poet's words to express that realization. Then you will not be tempted to paint crimson roses into any part of this picture. They are ashes of roses now. The myrtles are gray; the flaming church spires are gray. In lines 8, 9, 10, the speaker quotes possible words that he might have uttered, and a possible reply that the people might have made. Remember that the speaker is still the condemned, but clear-sighted, strong-souled patriot on his way to the gallows. Do not let quotation-marks disturb your point of view. The speaker is the same person, uttering these words colored by his own present mood. He speaks to himself really throughout, his lips to his heart. There is the human sorrow at the human injustice and cruelty (lines 11 to 25), the pain of disillusion, of regret; but it is the regret, the sorrow, that sees beyond to a better reward than earth can give.

Experiment a little. Read the poem as if it ended with line 25. You might be justified in conceiving the speaker as a passionate, impulsive man; you might consistently abandon yourself to a violent climax of bitterest arraignment of unjust persecution. Now read the last stanza and see how incongruous the result is. And yet, it is just this kind of incongruity that we constantly meet. It is a common experience to find a reader changing his



point of view from stanza to stanza, from line to line, proving that he has really not selected any one point, and therefore there is no centre, no focus to his presentation. Instead of a harmonious, convincing unity, he gives a succession of effects, of pictures, of sense images. It is as if we sent an artist to make a portrait of a friend, a study that should reveal the character, the soul, of the man, and we receive a series of snapshots of an eyebrow, a nose, a lock of hair, taken at varying points of focus, out of all proportion and relation, though each in itself might be a true image of the thing snapped. We must, then, constantly ask ourselves concerning every line and every word, How should this look in the light of the whole? What part of the whole impression should this make? Many readers look through a poem or story and pick out chances to "do something," to make an effect, either with bodily movement or voice. For this reason so many readers are helpless to deal with examples of the finest literature, because these offer no opportunities for flamboyant effects.

The poem selected is of very simple emotional structure. By considering other more complex examples, by comparing a group of various types, we shall discover how inevitably form in literature, as well as form in interpretation, or indeed in any art, is the outgrowth of the spirit of conception.

To sum up a few hints, then: Clearly define your point of view, your attitude to the whole poem; test every detail as it does or does not hold true to this point of view; never merely present the picture, but always the emotional response to the picture,—not what is perceived by the senses, but what the speaker feels about what is perceived,—and remember that for purposes of art a word without this enveloping atmosphere of emotion has no more value than a brush without color.—*Talent.*

## Personality

MANY of our Seniors and graduates who have planned to teach the Art of Expression, are at this time "taking stock" of their assets, in order that they may use to best advantage the knowledge garnered in their journey through college. We say here with Paracelsus: —

"I have dared  
Come to a pause with knowledge; scan for once  
The heights already reached, without regard  
To the extent above; fairly compute  
All I have clearly gained."

We may sit down with our college catalogue beside us and check off the various studies in which we excel, that they may be carried with us to others, and in this way make up a nicely arranged "curriculum" to be forwarded to the various agencies with our application for a position. Further, we may go to that position carrying with us numerous recommendations from all of our "pet" teachers, but what will it all amount to when the doors of Emerson are closed upon us, and we hang our coats and hats in the lockers of some other "catacombs"?

It is then that our fine-spun theories will be found wanting, and the admonitions and counsels which we thought we would remember will have evaporated.

Of far more value than methods and principles is the relation we establish with the students we are to teach. This personal relation is undoubtedly the key-note of our success as teachers. On all sides we hear expressions about the "personality" of such a teacher. Some have termed it "personal magnetism;" but whatever its name, we all know its nature. Emerson has called it character: "A reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means. It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force by whose impulses the man is guided but whose counsels he cannot impart."

In our "stock-taking" might it not be well to estimate this element in ourselves and give it due recognition? Examples are about us everywhere. We enter a class and find the subject always of secondary importance. The primary thing is the personality of the teacher. More and more is demanded of the teacher nowadays. She must be tactful, resourceful, and must serve as a model for her class.

The most effective personality is the one which is a free channel of expression — free not only as we speak of it technically, meaning the body, and voice, but also the freedom from prejudice, from limited methods, and from a too consciously didactic purpose. Whether this power be a gift of nature, or the result of experience, in any case it is a God-given gift which will enable one with meagre mental equipment to carry much before him; and to him who has it not, though he be endowed with all the learning of the ages, his influence will be limited, hampered, and thwarted.

ANNA E. MARMEIN.

### Professor E. Charlton Black

OF the different members of our Faculty but little is known of a biographical nature; and especially is this true of our esteemed friend and professor, Dr. Black. The following clipping, from the *Springfield Republican*, should be of interest to the reader:

Prof. E. Charlton Black, of Emerson College of Oratory and Boston University, is a Scotsman, an Edinburgh University man, and a brother of Hugh Black, author of "Friendship" and other books. He was born at Liddesdale, Scotland, in an old manse whose grounds adjoined those of Julia Marlowe's father. His father was a close friend of Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," who described him as "a man of genius and of God, he who first opened to me the gate beautiful from within." He was also on terms of peculiar intimacy with the Carlyle family.

Dr. Black read Greek and Latin before he was ten, and entered Edinburgh University at fourteen. Here he was a classmate of James Matthew Barrie and a student under Prof. David Masson, who taught English literature to such men as Robert Louis Stevenson and Ian Maclaren. He visited America for the first time in 1890 and travelled extensively in Canada and the United States, lecturing on literary and social topics, and spent one winter among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, where Rev. Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") was then a missionary. He gave a course of lectures at Harvard, of which Prof. Francis Child wrote: "I have never known a course in literature to be so eagerly sought and so attentively listened to." In 1902 Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws. Among Dr. Black's famous public lectures are the Tennyson memorial address at Harvard, the address on King Alfred at the millenary celebration in 1901, and an address on the "Interpretation of Literature" before the New England association of teachers of English. He is at present engaged in editing a complete edition of "Hudson's Shakespeare" for Ginn & Co.

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### The Jordan Studios: An Appreciation

SEVERAL years ago, students of Emerson College became acquainted with the work of Mr. Jordan of the Jordan Studios, and since then the courtesies he has extended to them have caused a warm friendly feeling to spring up. Mr. Jordan has been elected class photographer at Emerson College at least once, and he has always offered special rates to Emerson students.

Artistically, the work of Mr. Jordan is of a high order: it speaks for itself and cannot be surpassed.

But it is not of the work of the Jordan studios we wish to speak in particular, but of the kindness of its managers, and the attention shown us as a college. This is in a way not often met in business, and is therefore all the more pleasant to encounter; it makes one feel as though getting photographed were not an unpleasant duty like going to the dentist, but a pleasant half-hour spent with some one anxious to please and who makes business interesting and the results most satisfactory.



## How Girls Study

A. P. '09

"SAY, Betty, don't you think you've studied long enough on that horrid old 'Hamlet'? It's almost twelve, and I'm nearly starved, as usual."

The speaker, a young girl, raised herself until she could look over the footboard of the big mahogany bed, across the foot of which she had been lying reading. Her room-mate sat at the other side of the room at their study table, which was piled high with books. One could tell Betty's half of the pile, because her books were well worn, while Babs' looked as good as new; for Betty was a Junior at college and Babs was a Freshman and knew her lessons without studying.

"Babs, have you been reading that novel instead of writing your essay?" asked her elder, turning quickly and looking at the mischievous face peering at her over the footboard.

"Well — er — you see, Betty, dear, I thought maybe perhaps I might get some good points for my essay out of this book. It really is a fine and dandy story, and the girl is a peach!"

"Babs, why will you use so much slang! You know how I detest it."

"Slang! What slang? I have n't used one bit of slang this whole evening. You're off your upper story," said Babs, indignantly, and looked bewildered when Betty replied:

"There it is again! I give up in despair."

"Oh, well, what's the difference?" said Babs, sitting up and throwing the book across the room into the cozy-corner, which was filled with sofa-cushions. "Do you know, Betty, you're not a bit nice when you get on your high and mighty air. Come off your pedestal and join the common mortals! You look mighty lonesome up there. Do you know you ought n't to wear your hair that way — face too round. Say, don't wear that dress again you had on to-day; you're too short and fat. Now, don't frown. You've enough wrinkles, anyway. Why, one of the girls said to me to-day, 'How old was that girl with you yesterday when I saw you?'"

She immediately dived behind the footboard to avoid the sofa-pillows and books that the now thoroughly aroused Betty hurled at her.

"Little Miss Impudence, take this! — and this! — and this history book; it's the hardest one I have and ought to hurt."

It evidently did hurt, for Babs, with a stifled shriek, bounded out on the other side of the bed.

"And this from you, my dignified room-mate?" she said, dramatically, holding up the book. "I certainly am surprised and — ahem — hurt. Take back your book! Much as I should like to keep it as a souvenir, I feel you need it more than I."

She threw the book at poor Betty, who, in trying to avoid it, tripped on the rug and went down with a resounding thump. "O Betty, this is too much! Hark! Methinks I hear a voice in the dim distance. Out with the light and save me from the clutches of the enemy!" and then she promptly rolled under the bed.

"Girls, girls, are n't you in bed yet?" called a familiar voice.

"Yes, yes. I just turned out the light. Good-night!"

"Betty, a lie! Do you know where people go that tell lies?" piped Babs, when all was quiet again.

"It was n't a lie at all; you can't deny that I had just turned out the light, can you? And I did n't say I was n't going to turn it on again. So there!"

"Oh, well, I don't care if you tell a million. You, not I, will have to suffer for them. How about fudge? I'm going to make some; here's sugar and chocolate, but no alcohol for the chafing-dish! I must have fudge or I die! Ah! I say, Betty, I dare — dare — double dare you to go down to the kitchen and make some!"

"There, if that is n't the best fudge you ever ate, I miss my guess," said Babs. "Get that pitcher of ice-water ready! And the olives! Don't forget the olives!"

Babs, leading the way with the dish of fudge and the olives, was stopped at the door by Betty's exclamation: "Those apples! I must have that sack of apples I saw in the pantry to-day. Here, Babs, take the water!"

"Ye gods and little fishes! What is that noise?" hissed Babs. "Mab and Billy coming home from the theatre. If they should find us here! All up with the apples, Betty. We've got to run for it. Come on!"

"No, not one step without my apples;" and Betty made a dive into the pantry, and, seizing a sack, fled up the stairs after the hurrying Babs, uttering little squeaks as her bare feet encountered the numerous puddles of water that Babs had spilled from the pitcher in her reckless haste.

Scarcely had they reached their own room when they heard footsteps coming along the hall.

"Into bed with full speed!" cried Betty. "Don't take that pitcher of water with you! Do as you please with the fudge, but the apples go with me."

It was all done in an instant, and when the door was opened the sight that greeted the investigator was that of two girls peacefully sleeping (?)

"Girls!" she said, gently. "Girls!" No reply, except the deep, regular breathing, so she closed the door softly and left them.

"Say, Betty, if we ever do get to eat I think we've earned the stuff. I feel perfectly exhausted from the effort I made to keep from snickering when she opened that door. Poor thing! It's a shame to treat her so, but we'll give her some fudge in the morning — if there's any left. It would ruin her indigestion to-night, I know."

"Babs, oh, oho, Babs! This is too rich for words," cried Betty, in a tragic whisper. "Look! only look at the reward of my efforts!" and she held up to Babs' astonished gaze a large, dirty Irish potato! In the dark she had seized the wrong sack.

After a few minutes Babs removed a generous portion of a sofa-pillow from her mouth to say: "Behold the evil results of lying! You have received only what you justly deserve. You had better swear off lying now, henceforth, and forever. Say, got your lessons?"

Then both girls retired under the pillows to keep their giggles from reaching other ears.

## What's in An Eye

"Out on the lake, when the sun is low,  
With Jessa, the Fair, I love to go  
Of a summer eve for a quiet row."

"How is that for poetry?" I asked.

"Wonderful," she replied; "so full of sentiment!"

"Yes, Jessa," I said, "I have a great deal of sentiment, but I am afraid it is n't generally appreciated."

"What a pity!" said Jessa.

"Yes, is n't it?" I answered.

Then for a few minutes neither of us spoke. Jessa arranged the pond-lilies we had gathered, while I turned my undivided attention to paddling into the shadiest, most romantic nook along the whole shore. After this had been satisfactorily accomplished, I proceeded to tell Jessa how the water and the trees and the drowsy coolness and calm of the late afternoon had all united in making me feel confidential. Jessa was seated opposite me in the canoe, and the red of the cushions and the green of the low-hanging trees were vastly becoming. Perhaps she was not entirely unconscious of the fact, for she leaned back in the canoe with one plump arm above her head and the other hand dangling gracefully in the water, and said, "Well, why don't you confide?" and then she laughed.

Now, I could not tell my feelings to a person who answered flippantly, nor could I be confidential with a girl who laughed, so I was silent.

"Look at the sunset," she said, sweetly; "the west is all purple and pink and gold. Look quickly or you will miss all the glory of it!"

I turned my eyes in that direction, and finally I said, thoughtfully, "Jessa, we have known each other a long time, have n't we?"

"Oh yes, Algie," she said, "a very long time, two whole summers."

"Well, then," I continued, "on the ground of our long friendship, I am going to tell you a story."

"Oh, how interesting!" she exclaimed; "is it a fairy story? This is just the place for fairies and water-sprites and —"

"Lovers?" I asked.

"Oh no, indeed! They never would come. Only literary folks who appreciate fairies and water-sprites and —"

"Lovers?" I repeated, earnestly.

"Stupid!" she said, scornfully. "Never having been one, you don't know."

"Never having been what?" I asked, doubtfully, "a literary person?"

"No," she retorted; "a lover!"

"Just wait until you hear my story before you judge."

Jessa was silent, and, after pondering a moment, I began:

"Once on a time there was a young man who lived in a big city. He was a nice young man and had been so well brought up by his mother that, although their home was near a large college for girls, William had never fallen



seriously in love with any one of them, albeit many of these girls were beautiful and fair to look upon.

"Many years passed by, when, one summer, William's mother learned of a quiet resort up among the mountains, near a pretty little lake. Thither she went, dragging the reluctant William.

"In a surprisingly short time William's eye began to grow brighter and his step more free, and William's mother said to her husband, 'See how the climate agrees with our William.' But they had made a mistake; it was not the climate that had done this. Instead, walking one day on the shore, William had come face to face with a beautiful maiden, and a single glance into her blue eyes had wrought the wonderful change."

Here I looked at Jessa. Her eyes are black, and they had been watching me as I talked, but now they were fixed with a somewhat startled expression upon the west and the sinking sun.

"Well, somehow they managed to get introduced, and after that they met very often, and walked together and went canoeing on the lake. So two years passed by, and William had been graduated from college and had gone into business with his father, but still he did n't dare tell this maiden how much he thought of her for fear her blue eyes would flash in anger and she would walk no more by the lake. Tell me, Jessa, would you dare ask such a girl to marry you?"

Once more her eyes turned in my direction, and her cheeks were very red.

"Algernon Walker," she said, "I think you are a coward! I suppose it is one of those Kent girls, and I advise you to go ashore this minute, hunt her up, and propose to her!"

"Jessa," said I, "I lied. That girl has black eyes, and, Jessa, William is not a coward."

I leaned forward in the canoe and took the hand that was in the water.

"Be careful, Jessa," I said; "you must not move or we shall tip over."

Jessa did not move, and soon the angry light was gone from her eyes.

SYON.

A merchant who feared he must fail

Put his 40-cent goods out on sail;

Though brief was his sign,

"These goods, 49,"

Now he's sending his sons all to Yail.

A damsel with dozens of beaux

Received this strange note with a reaux:

"I shall call in one hour;

If you're wearing my flour

Why of course I shall straightway propeaux."

A. S.

## Commencement Week, May 6-10

## Monday Morning

AFTER four and more weeks of turmoil and toil, of sleepless nights and busy days, Monday, May 6, ushered in the week of all weeks. Despite the tearful heavens and complaining winds — notice I use the plural, for this is Boston — a good-sized audience was on hand at the Posse Gymnasium by nine o'clock to enjoy the final exhibition; and enjoy it they did. We will not take time here to enumerate the various gymnastic feats that were performed in a manner that reflected great credit upon both instructor and student, but we must pause and tell you of the game of basket-ball that was played between the "Reds" and the "Blues," — Mrs. Brown, Misses Simonds, Wheeler, Hastings, and Tait, for the "Reds;" and Misses Davis, Petty, True, Sharp, and Clement for the "Blues." When we saw the two teams lined up ready for the beginning of hostilities, we at once came to the conclusion that it was to be a battle between the "longs" and "shorts," for the "red birds," with a sole exception, looked very stately compared with the "blue birds;" but as soon as the whistle blew the "Reds" learned that in their modest-looking opponents was a foe worthy of their steel. However, after a hotly contested battle, first honors were won by the brilliant-colored team; but great credit is due the "Blues" for their excellent defensive playing, which kept the score so near a tie — 3 to 0.

## Tuesday Morning

By nine o'clock Chickering Hall was well filled. It was a delight to observe that so many relatives and friends of the students had come from a distance to enjoy the week with us.

The program was opened with the *Æsthetical Physical Culture Drill*, — (a) Emerson Exercises and (b) Eastern Temple Drill. When I mention that these exercises were given under the direction of Mrs. Willard, I need say no more to assure my reader that they were in every way successful. With two crescent-shaped rows of ladies on the rostrum, attired in Greek costumes, with movements marked by a precision and unity that gave the effect of one person, do you wonder that I say the picture was very beautiful indeed?

Following is a list of the ones taking part in the exercises: Margaret Cave, Anna Flansburg, Lou Goyne, Helen Hammond, Edith Hastings, Léona Kehm, Maude Kent, Bertha Papazian, Mary Parlin, Jessie Shaw, Verna Sheldon, Clara Sabilla, Dorothy Sims, Frances True, Elizabeth White. Miss Gertrude Lawson was at the piano.

Following this part of the program was the Debate. The speakers were: affirmative, Hughena Thompson, Jeanie Sharp; negative, Mabel Todd, Grace Hardy.

The discussion was conceded to be one of the best, if not the best, in the

history of the College. Not only were the arguments of each speaker well thought out and carefully arranged, but they were presented in a manner that carried conviction. And, too, each speaker introduced just enough humor to give an attractive balance and pleasing interest to his speech.

The question itself, "*Resolved*, That the theatre is not an educational institution," is of special interest to-day to almost every one; and it requires no effort of the imagination to understand me when I say that, in the presence of an animated and able discussion of the question, the audience sat with unabated interest from the opening of the first gun till the last volley had been fired.

One thing I think is to be regretted: that the speakers of the two sides did not previously agree upon a common ground of argument. The affirmative speakers contended that the question should mean: Is the theatre as it exists at the present day educational? While the speakers defending the theatre insisted that the question should take a broader scope,—that it should be discussed from the standpoint of an institution: Is the theatre as an institution educational?

After a half-hour's deliberation the judges, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, Malcolm McLeod, A.M., and Eliza Taylor Ransom, M.D., returned a decision for the affirmative. In announcing the decision, Dr. Fleischer took occasion to congratulate all the speakers; and stated that it was only after the committee decided that the speakers of the affirmative should be allowed the privilege of interpreting the question that they were able to reach a decision.

The morning program was concluded with the Pantomime, which proved to be a most delightful conclusion. The name of the pantomime, "Pierrot's Pierrette," becomes quite intelligent when the following quotation is given:

"A man from the moon, they used to say,  
Would come to the earth on some fine day  
And carry away a maid for aye."

The characters were:

GARDNER .....	Adelaide Carter
PRIM	Anna Buths
PRUDE	Mae Wheeler
PRECISE	Mary Hare
LORETTA (afterwards Pierrette) .....	Katherine Porter
PIERROT	Nellie Casseday
PANTALON	Bessie Whiting
HARLEQUIN	Harriet L'Hommedieu
COLUMBINE	Madge Farnum
POLINCHELLA	Lesah Henshaw

It would not be fair, perhaps, to comment on the work of any individual in particular; each part seemed well suited to the character. While Loretta and the five strolling players all did some very pretty dancing, the distinctly pantomime element was sustained largely by the gardener and the three aunts. Considered as a whole, it was an artistic and very beautiful performance.

Special mention should be made of the valuable assistance rendered Mr.



Gilbert by Mrs. Patten in selecting and arranging the music, and, with her two daughters, rendering the music for the performance. For the love-duet, "Versailles," by Edith Noyes Porter, was interpolated, by permission of the composer.

## Tuesday Afternoon

It was a most enthusiastic audience that listened to the Senior Recital program. You will understand the reason when you read the following:

"A Chapter of Revelations"	.....Odlin
FAYE LUELLA NICKERSON	
"The Famine," from "Hiawatha"	.....Longfellow
EUNICE JOSEPHINE MACKENZIE	
"The Vanishing Boarder"	.....Eleanor Hoyt
JESSIE DELANO SHAW	
Act III. from "Jeanne D'Arc"	.....Percy Mackaye
BERTHA SULLIVAN PAPAZIAN	

Miss Nickerson's selection proved to be "A Chapter of Revelations" indeed, and the audience were kept guessing what the irrepressible youngsters would say next to the horrified Deacon and the dignified President of the Women's Club. Miss Nickerson's impersonation work was excellent.

"The Famine," from "Hiawatha," could scarcely have had a better interpreter than Miss Mackenzie, whose reading of this poem showed a depth of feeling and a rich voice-quality found only in the born artist.

Miss Shaw thoroughly delighted her listeners with her vivid account of the escapades of the young lady who fell in love with "The Vanishing Boarder."

The closing number of the program, Act III. from "Jeanne D'Arc," given by Mrs. Papazian, was rendered with an unaffected simplicity which well brought out the true character of the Maid. The selection proved a pleasing last number to a well-chosen and excellently rendered program.

## Wednesday Morning

### DICKENS SKETCHES BY SENIOR CLASS

Usually in the trial scene of the unfortunate Mr. Pickwick even the masterly Mrs. Bardell is overshadowed by the eloquence and pantomime of Buzfuz, but not so in this performance; for, while the Sergeant-at-Law Buzfuzzed in the most approved manner, the honors of the occasion easily fell to the Justice, as played by Miss Sabilla, and Mr. Winkle, played by Miss Johnson. These two went up to the "top notch" of excellence in their impersonations and won well-earned laurels. The rest of the cast was most adequate, and all deserve praise for their clever pantomime.

The cast was as follows:

## BARDELL VS. PICKWICK

## CHARACTERS

SERGEANT BUZFUZ .....	Harriet Sleight
JUSTICE STARELEIGH .....	Clara Sabilla
SAM WELLER .....	Alice Smith
MR. WINKLE .....	Marion Johnson
MR. PICKWICK .....	Anna Flansburg
MASTER BARDELL .....	Alice Wood
MRS. CLUPPINS .....	Ethel Jones
MRS. BARDELL .....	Viola Moyer
MRS. SAUNDERS .....	Dorothy Sims
DODSON .....	Laura Williams
FOGG .....	Nellie Hazelton
SERGEANT SNUBBINS .....	Jennie Cattrell
SNODGRASS .....	Christine Schultz
PHUNKEY .....	Mary Parlin
FIRST USHER .....	Nettie Tiller
SECOND USHER .....	Hazel Tait
SKIMPIN .....	Mary Hatch
OLD WELLER .....	Edith Hastings
JURORS: Misses L'Hommedieu, Butts, Porter, Ryder, Wheeler, Henshaw, Thornton, Whiting, Haro, Conner, Bauman, Farnum.	

The cast for the rest of the sketches are:

## MRS. GAMP'S TEA

## CHARACTERS

MRS. SARAH GAMP .....	Marcia Eacker
MISS BETSY PRIG .....	Anna MacNeel

## CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

## CHARACTERS

MR. TACKELTON .....	C. Bishop Johnson
CALEB PLUMMER .....	J. A. Garber
BERTHA .....	Frances True

## BUMBLE'S COURTSHIP

## CHARACTERS

MR. BUMBLE .....	Henry Hirschler
MRS. CORNEY .....	Nellie Hazelton

## HOLLY TREE INN

## CHARACTERS

JABEZ COBBS .....	Louise Southwick
CAPT. WALMERS .....	Margaret Cave
TOM .....	Nettie Tiller
HARRY WALMERS .....	Etta Dier
MRS. COBBS .....	Stella Bosworth
BETTY .....	Jean Clement
MISS NORAH .....	Ruth Henderson

In "Mrs. Gamp's Tea" Miss Eacker and Mrs. MacNeel gave a realistic performance of the two classic Dickens nurses, and the audience was kept in an uproar of laughter from the rise to the fall of curtain.

In the "Cricket on the Hearth" scene, the Tackelton of Mr. Johnson was all that could be desired in the way of a villain and the Caleb of Mr. Garber exhibited the actor's deep insight into the simple and touching character of the pathetic old father of blind Bertha. The last was ably played by Frances True. Her first entrance and her patient longing for the use of her lost sight are particularly to be noted.

In "Bumble's Courtship" Mr. Hirschler and Miss Hazelton did some clever work in interpretation of the well-known characters in the sketch, and brought out well the prophecy of the future disagreements caused by too much counting of spoons beforehand.

The last sketch, "The Holly Tree Inn" proved to be very full of real Dickens flavor, and savored of a sweet simplicity which was quite as refreshing, in a way, in these days of dramatized problems as "Peter Pan" itself. The "Holly Tree Inn" smacks of real childhood with its dreams and hopes and fears, and was ably represented by the foregoing cast. Louise Southwick did a wonderful piece of character-acting as the old landlord, Jabez Cobbs; and Miss Bosworth's Mrs. Cobbs was as good an old English housewife as ever trod the boards. Miss Clement's Betty was as stolid as could be desired, and the Norah of Miss Henderson and the Harry of Miss Dier were simple and pleasing child-studies. Tom, the post-boy, was played by Miss Tiller, who made much of small opportunity, and Miss Cave handled the part of Captain Walmers with dignity.

The plays were coached by Dean Southwick and Mr. Reddie.

## Wednesday Evening. Senior Play

### TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS

#### THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

##### *Theatrical Folk*

TOM WRENCH	} Of the Bagnigge- Wells Theatre	Kate Münch
FERDINAND GADD		Mary Boyd
JAMES TELFER		Adeline Stalling
AUGUSTUS COLPOYS		Edith Searle
ROSE TRELAWNEY		Vertie Coyne
AVONIA BUNN		Florence Spalsbury
MRS. TELFER		Maude Kent
(Miss Violet)		
IMOGEN PARROTT	Of the Royal Olympic Theatre	Léona Kehm
O'DWYER, Prompter	at the Pantheon Theatre	Mettamora Davis
MR. DENZIL	} Of the Pantheon	Maud Vernon
MR. MORTIMER		Lois Vann
MR. HUNSTON		Edna Fox
MISS BREWSTER		Georgia McNally
HALLKEEPER AT THE PANTHEON		Lou Goyne



*Non-Theatrical Folk*

SIR WILLIAM GOWER, KT., Vice-Chancellor .....	Mary Lou Thompson
ARTHUR GOWER } his	Helen Hammond
CLARA DE FENIX } grandchildren	Florence Taylor
MISS TRAFALGAR GOWER, Sir William's sister .....	Grace Salls
CAPTAIN DE FENIX, Clara's husband .....	Maud Vernon
MRS. MOSSOP, a landlady .....	Lou Goyne
MR. ABLETT, a grocer .....	Lois Vann
CHARLES, a butler .....	Mettamora Davis
SARAH, a maid .....	Edna Fox
<i>The First Act:</i> At Mr. and Mrs. Telfer's Lodgings in No. 2 Brydon Crescent, Clerk- enwell. May.	

*The Second Act:* At Sir William Gower's in Cavendish Square. June.

*The Third Act:* Again in Brydon Crescent. December.

*The Fourth Act:* On the stage of the Pantheon Theatre. A few days later.

*Period:* Reign of George III.

On Wednesday evening standing-room was at a premium when the curtain rose on the first act of "Trelawney of the Wells." To praise individuals is to praise the cast; nevertheless, special mention must be made of the work of the Misses Munch, Coyne, and Thompson, who took the parts respectively of Rose Trelawney and Sir William Gower. The work throughout showed thorough training, and though the interest of the audience flagged a bit at times, this was due to the play, and not to the acting, which was unusually praiseworthy.

The play was coached by Mr. Tripp and Mrs. Hicks.

## Thursday Morning. Postgraduate Play

## LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, King of Navarre .....	Edith A. Nickerson
BIRON .....	Clara M. Spence
LONGAVILLE } attending on the King	Abby H. Sumner
DUMAIN } .....	Mabel Hall
BOYET } lords attending on the Princess	Anna E. Marmein
MERCADE } of France	Willie R. Jenkins
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard .....	Alice L. Mitchell
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate .....	Betsy L. Kenyon
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster .....	Sydney Thomas
DULL, a constable .....	Willie R. Jenkins
COSTARD, a clown .....	Helen L. T. Badgley
MOTH, page to Armado .....	Marie A. Walter
A FORESTER .....	Alice Howell
A LORD .....	Viola Mountz
PRINCESS OF FRANCE .....	Blanche E. Heslyn
ROSALINE } ladies attending on the Princess	Alice M. Crawford
MARIA } .....	Annah H. Remick
KATHERINE } .....	Mary E. Patten
JAQUENETTA, a country wench .....	Olive L. Pratt

*Scene:* Navarre

Although Commencement Week is supposed to belong exclusively, almost, to the Seniors, the Postgraduates, nevertheless, asserted themselves and demonstrated the value of the fourth year of training in fine style. The brilliant yet dreamy old comedy, one of the first, if not the first, which Shakespeare wrote, was most beautifully and artistically presented by the class of '06. From beginning to end there were but two jarring notes,—the Scotch plaid stockings worn by Jaquenetta, and the jarring note in one of the songs when the singer got off the key. But with these trifling exceptions the play was one of charm, if at times the action (of which there is but little suggested in or by the text, the play therefore offering considerable chance for originality on the part of the coach) dragged. The costumes were exquisite and in the main most harmonious in color, and the acting was in many instances superlatively good, though the exits were almost invariably weak. Those most to be commended were Miss Nickerson, as the King; Miss Heslyn as the Princess; Miss Walter as Moth; and, most especially, Miss Spence as Biron. The work of Miss Spence was full of spirit, intellectual power, and dramatic sweep. Together with Miss Badgley, as Costard—who was entirely and artistically funny—Miss Spence brought many parts of the play up to high-water mark. Miss Sumner made much of the somewhat thankless part of Longaville, and Miss Howell's absolute poise in her infinitesimal part of the Forester presented a fine picture. As a whole the company did splendid team-work, and each part was more than acceptably done. Much credit is due Mr. Tripp and Mrs. Hicks for the careful management of this very difficult play.

## Thursday Afternoon. Senior Class-day

### PROGRAM

SALUTATORY .....	J. A. Garber
ORATION .....	Verna Sheldon
POEM .....	Edith C. Noyes
HISTORY .....	Elizabeth C. White
PROPHECY .....	Mary Conner
WILL .....	Edith Hastings

The Salutatory was most gracefully given by the popular class president, Mr. Garber, and was as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Somewhere in literature, you will recall, one of our poets has told us of the one holiday in all the year which came to a little silk-loom girl: a day full of joy and happiness; a day whose sun was "pure gold;" whose time was marked by "fitful sunshine-minutes" and "hours serenely flowing;" a day, indeed, when Pippa's merry heart could say, "All shall be mine."

And so to-day, kind friends, we come to you with somewhat the same joy; for in all the year, yes, in all the three years, this is the one day that the Senior Class can say: "All shall be ours."

This is the one day when the President, the Dean, and the entire Faculty are as silent as the proverbial Sphinx. (And permit me to say, by way of pa-

rentheses, they play Bre'er Rabbit beautifully.) Not only is this a momentous day because we are permitted to silence the powers that be and are allowed to give unbridled sway to our own fanciful pleasures, but it is momentous because it is the great Patmos day in our lives: truly, a day of great revelations.

We revere the name of Plutarch, but the lustre of his fame grows dim when the genius of a class historian begins to dazzle and sizzle on this day of all days; while we, the living, sit in open-eyed amazement and admiration and listen to our biographies,—here, here on this mundane sphere,—when the best that Plutarch could do was to send the life-stories of his subjects on to the spirit-land. Ah, great is the advantage of living in the twentieth century!

And who among us is unkind enough to doubt that somewhere in a celestial realm to-day Homer, Demosthenes, and Jeremiah are quietly drafting a constitution for the guidance of an organization of forgotten celebrities, to which they may admit as honorary members St. John, Shakespeare and perhaps Webster and Clay? But this is not all: not only do we, members of the Graduating Class, learn all about what we have ever done and ever hope to do, but we also learn what is to be done to us; our inheritance is legally and authentically stated. Henceforth we have the satisfaction and joy of knowing what rich legacy shall bless our lives, and especially the life of the institution and the lives of the other classes.

Friends, do you wonder then that we prize this day so highly? I would add that we are made very happy by your presence; and it is our sincere wish and hope that we may give you a pleasant hour. In the name of the trustees of the College, in the name of the Faculty, and in the name of the Senior Class, I extend to you a most cordial welcome: welcome one, welcome all.

For the rest of the program, which in the main was most interesting, as long as space forbids to publish the actual numbers, a few words must suffice.

Miss Sheldon delivered her oration, which was of unusual quality, in a fine, masterly manner, and was noticeably free from "objectionable oratory" in her delivery. Her style was sweet, simple, sincere, and womanly from first to last.

The gem of the afternoon was the Class Poem, by Edith C. Noyes, who literally poured out her soul in a few choicely worded stanzas of great spiritual beauty. This number and its delivery were a great surprise to all but the intimate friends of Miss Noyes; for she is so well known among her fellow students as a comedienne that few dreamed of such powers being latent in her. Surely all her audience must have felt that a rare individuality was speaking.

The History, of Miss White, perfectly delivered, was more than a trifle overlong, and, while sparkling in many places, was sparkling with the sparkle which ensues from bubbles when the same are made from soap which is somewhat soft, rather than with the scintillation which is usually expected in a class history. Certainly no one was offended by the rubber-tipped slings and arrows which Miss White so prettily shot, and many were regaled to repletion with her big spoonfuls of sweet preserve, as was evinced by their broad smiles



of appreciation, where it seems to the critic a wriggle of uncertainty would have been more in keeping with the occasion. Class-day is the one chance of a class to "get it back," and the writer mildly wonders "Why not?" especially as Miss White told him afterward that she wanted to, but did n't dare. Alas, for the thin of skin and the faint of heart!

The Prophecy and The Will were somewhat weak echoes of The History—like it, well written, excellently delivered but lacking in strength, and vitality, and most especially in real point and humor.

### Friday Morning

The Commencement exercises on Friday were delightfully simple. After the opening prayer by Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, the Dean introduced Dr. Alexander Mann, of Trinity Church, the speaker of the morning. Dr. Mann's address was a direct appeal to the Seniors for an earnest cultivation of "the lost art of reading aloud in the home." The presentation of diplomas followed, Dean Southwick officiating in the absence of President Rolfe. The exercises closed with songs from the Juniors and Freshmen, after which the Seniors marched out into the corridors to yell and receive congratulations.

### Friday Afternoon

#### FACULTY RECEPTION

This, the final event of the week, was marked as the quietest "final" on record. The students said good-by to one another and to their teachers with repose and calm. There was not a "sound or sign of a shock," nor yell, nor cheer, and yet every one had the best kind of a time. And so ended one of the most successful years in the history of Emerson College, and so graduated one of the finest classes which ever graduated here or elsewhere.

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Allow me to commend heartily you and your staff for the *very* creditable magazine which you issue. Each number is good. I place mine on our library table, for I think they are too good not to be read by all. I hope to have Dean Southwick's opening address republished in our *College Courier*. I want every student to read it.

Dear old Emerson has a warm spot in my heart. I realize every day that it was the means of bringing me into a larger usefulness and of developing a richer personality than I could otherwise have acquired. The work is intensely fascinating and beautiful. My department is flourishing. I am eagerly looking forward to the Postgraduate year. Every time I read the Magazine I become feverish to return.

The editorials and college news are delightful; they so clearly reveal the beautiful college spirit of E. C. O.

Sincerely yours,  
NOLA VENABLE, '05.

Coronal Institute,  
San Marcos, Texas.

[We take occasion to express here our very sincere thanks for Miss Venable's encouraging appreciation. Every such note gives inspiration to all who are striving for the good of Alma Mater.—ED.]

## College News and Alumni Notes

### College News

#### Jessie Eldridge Southwick in Jeanne D'Arc

JORDAN HALL, MARCH 27, 1907

IN "Jeanne D'Arc," Percy Mackaye's poetic tragedy, Mrs. Southwick has found a rôle which might almost have been created for her, so well is she fitted by nature and by temperament to picture sympathetically the inspired Maid.

The play itself, a notable achievement, the first contemporary American drama worthy of consideration beside those of Rostand and Stephen Phillips, has that peculiar beauty in its musical blank verse which makes it greater when read than when seen on the stage, where the episodic nature of the composition wars against fluent dramatic action.

It remained for Mrs. Southwick to prove the truth of this opinion, and that she did so with all the power of which her genius is capable is the assertion of all who were privileged to hear her. With the comprehension which only spiritual insight can give, she succeeded in portraying the varied phases of more than forty characters, making them serve as a dramatic background against which to picture the life of Jeanne, from the time she heard the voices in Domrémy until her last hour in the prison of Rouen.

The Maid's passionate, ringing appeal in the charge upon Orleans, her love for the Duc d'Alençon, and her brave submission to the injustice of her inquisitors were all given with a pathos and eloquence which held the audience spellbound. Remarkable in artistic power and convincing in interpretation, Mrs. Southwick's "Jeanne D'Arc" may justly be regarded as one of the deepest and most beautiful recognitions of the stories woven about the name of the Maid of Orleans.

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### Rosemary

"ROSEMARY," a comedy in four acts, by Louis S. Parker and Murray Carson, was the play presented by the Alpha Tau Sorority, at Jordan Hall, April 18.

The play was beautifully staged and admirably coached by Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks, of whose careful training the girls gave ample proof, every member of the cast winning golden opinions.

The work of Maude G. Kent, as Sir Jasper Thorndike, was at its best thoroughly professional, especially in the fourth act, where her sympathetic hold on the audience was well-nigh perfect. Mary Louise Thompson scored high as Captain Cruickshank, a part rendered difficult by the unusual demands upon the speaker's voice. Viola Mountz, who was the eccentric Professor Jogram, is to be commended for the way in which she made her points, every one bringing its response. William Westwood, the youthfully jealous lover,

played by Edith M. Searle, showed the results of good, conscientious study, as did the unaffected sweetness which May Ross instilled into her characterization of Dorothy Cruickshank. Genteel and tactful Mrs. Cruickshank was convincingly rendered by Rachel St. Clair; while Frances D. True, coquettish in cap and George III. costume, curtsied her way into all hearts as Priscilla. Another decided success of the cast was the Abraham of Harriet Sleight, a part for which her voice and laugh were perfectly suited. Moreover, the reminiscent smiles which wreathed the faces of her auditors added to the enjoyment of the situation. May her laughter never grow less! George Minifie and Mrs. Minifie, played respectively by Jessie Arquello and June Shaw, were both given with distinction and with a fine appreciation for the possibilities of English dialect.

To Minnie R. Richardson and Cherry E. Nichols fell the parts of Gardener and Maid, and they, too, sustained their share of the happenings, and contributed not a little to the success of the play.

On the whole, we have "nothing but words of commendation" for the entire performance, and for all those whose work contributed to still further increase the Emerson College Scholarship Fund. E. E. J.

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### Mrs. Whitney's Reading

A NOTEWORTHY occasion was that on April 4, when Mrs. Foss Lamprell Whitney gave a recital under the auspices of the Kappa Gamma Chi Sorority.

Mrs. Whitney was received with an enthusiasm which seemed to increase with every number she gave, from "The Lion and the Mouse" to the child impersonations. The characters of the former were sustained throughout with all the dramatic intensity of the play itself, as were the incidents of Van Dyke's beautiful story, "The Lost Word." The child selections, also, were a source of much pleasure, and were applauded "to the very echo."

Mrs. Whitney was ably assisted by Mr. John C. Manning, who played Two Preludes, Impromptu, Scherzo, Waltz, Etude, and Polonaise from Chopin — a rare treat, indeed, for lovers of the great composer.

The Kappa Gamma Chi's have every reason to feel proud of their achievement in the recital's success, as well as for the sum of about two hundred dollars which was realized for the scholarship fund.

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### The Browning Class

SATURDAY afternoon, April 13, the graduate Browning class, under Miss Chamberlin, gave a recital of excellent merit. Mr. Archibald F. Reddie favored the class by giving for them a most masterly interpretation of the Prelude and first scene from "Pippa Passes." Mr. Reddie suggested to us so perfectly the sense of reality that the mind and imagination were held unerringly to the active creation of the tragic scene in all its beautiful Italian setting.



The entire program was considered a decided success. Two of the numbers, the scene from "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" and the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," were given in the costume of the period; this added much to their effectiveness.

The success may have been due in part to the unusually complete attendance of the Faculty. The Dean is always present to help and encourage us, and we seldom miss the genial presence of Professor Ward at anything of interest to the College. There is no doubt about it, there is an inspiration in the presence of the Faculty. We like them to be first in our joys as well as first in our sorrows. The class feels grateful for the unusual interest thus expressed.

We were also honored by the presence of a prominent member of the Boston Browning Society, and a member of the literary staff of Wellesley College. Both were kind in expressing personally, to those upon the program, their appreciation of the work done.

But after all, the success of the afternoon was due to Miss Chamberlin. We feel very deeply our debt to her in arranging the afternoon's work, and as a class, for the work done with her during the entire year. Her hour has been one of great interest and profit, for Miss Chamberlin, to whom Browning is first among the first, has made him live in the appreciation of her students.

#### PROGRAM

"Andrea del Sarto"

Maude G. Kent, Anna E. Marmein, Sydney J. Thomas  
Lyric, "You Love Me Yet"

Alice M. Crawford  
Scene from "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon'"

Mary E. Patten, Clara M. Spence  
Song, "One Way of Love" (with cello obligato)

Abbie H. Sumner  
Lyric, "Round Us the Wild Creatures"

Alice L. Mitchell  
Character Sketch, "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"

Edith A. Nickerson  
Lyric, "Ah, Love, but a Day"

Anna H. Remick  
Prelude and Scene I, "Pippa Passes"

Archibald F. Reddie  
Incidental music, "The Year's at the Spring"

Sung by Miss Sumner

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#### Y. W. C. A. Notes

THE Young Women's Christian Association held its annual election of officers on April 8. After the opening hymn, Miss Carmen McIntyre gave a violin solo, which was followed by a recognition service for the new officers, who were as follows: president, Miss Bernice Wright; vice-president, Miss Havener; secretary, Miss Severy; treasurer, Miss Nichols.

After the service, tea and wafers were served by the retiring officers.

## Resignations

### EDITH COBURN NOYES

It is with regret that we announce the resignation of Miss Noyes, whose deep interest in the student body, singly and collectively, has made her one of the most popular teachers Emerson College has ever had. Her popularity is not in any way of the sort which affects the students emotionally, but has been earned by her earnest, scholarly work in the classroom, and by her broad personal sympathy. No student in need ever sought Miss Noyes who did not gain her ear at once, or who failed to receive help, not only spiritual, but of the most practical sort.

Miss Noyes, professionally, is perhaps the leading dramatic impersonator of her sex and day, and Emerson College is losing one of its brightest lights in losing her. Miss Noyes will not be far away, however, as her studio is in the immediate vicinity of the College, and so the thread of communion, let us hope, will never be broken. She will devote her time to her public platform work and to the instruction of private pupils. It will be long before this dignified, self-contained, and beautiful woman will be forgotten by her hosts of friends, all of whom wish her a hearty God-speed in her chosen work wherever she is.

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### ARCHIBALD F. REDDIE

It will be a source of sincere regret not only to his personal friends, but to friends of Emerson College, to learn that Mr. Archibald F. Reddie has tendered his resignation as Secretary and member of the Faculty of the College. For five years Mr. Reddie has been intimately associated, either as student or as teacher, with the College's best interests. At the moment of his entrance, in the autumn of 1902, Mr. Reddie entered into the life of the institution, and her interest was ever his interest: to promote class spirit and school spirit; to advance to successful accomplishment any new endeavor launched by the College, and to institute such endeavor, characterized his stay from the first. His spirit of self-sacrifice both for the College and for individual students will leave behind a most pleasant memory when he severs his connection at the close of the present school year. It is a source of constant regret that unendowed institutions too often are unable, for lack of funds, to retain all of their most competent talent.

While Mr. Reddie's plans for the coming year are not yet definitely formed, the Magazine, in bidding good-by to a most loyal friend and supporter, tenders its sincere good wishes to him in his new field, and congratulates the institution that may be so fortunate as to secure his services.

## Alumni Notes

"WE are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to Dean Southwick's visit here in June, and he may be sure of a most cordial reception," writes Alice M. Osden, '97, from Los Angeles, Cal., where she is Supervisor of Reading in the Training School. Miss Osden also does a good deal of recital work, her last reading being given April 19. Among the plays she has staged are "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

Her interesting letter concludes: "We have quite a number of Emerson graduates in this city and vicinity. Mrs. Mary Jeffries Van Buren, '97, is playing here, and Mrs. Hoaglin Hayden lives in Pasadena, and has a studio there."

Miss Catherine Claire Herring, '00, has charge of the Department of Oratory at Boscobel College, Nashville, Tenn. She has also introduced the work in Saint Bernard Convent, and has a large class there. These schools, with Vanderbilt University, make three institutions in this city where the Emerson system is taught.

Says a Nashville critic: "No reader has been to Nashville in years who has been so thoroughly and universally liked as Miss Juanita Boynton of the Emerson College of Oratory."

From Waterville, Me., comes a very enthusiastic report concerning a recital of "As You Like It," given there by Miss Exerene Flood. The recital was under the auspices of the Waterville Woman's Club, and was received with every token of appreciation.

The receipt of a very comprehensive, interesting looking circular from Alice Leone Mitchell serves as a gentle reminder of the excellent work done by this alumnus, both as teacher and reader, since her graduation from the Provincial Normal School of Nova Scotia, Halifax Ladies' College, and Emerson College of Oratory.

Her new repertoire includes, besides a number of cuttings from classic and modern literature, the plays "Tom Pinch," "Gringoire," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

Under the capable direction of Florence C. White, '06, the Marshall College Dramatic Club recently presented with great success a farce, "The Dressing Gown," and a comedy, "My Lord in Livery." In both plays "much was done, not merely in the line of technical detail, but in sympathetic interpretation as well."

Miss White is winning encomiums in other than dramatic lines, also; for the current number of *The Parthenon* announces the interesting fact that she has been giving lectures on physical culture before the pedagogy class of Marshall College. This is rapid promotion, indeed, and deserves congratulations.



From Frederick H. Koch, '03, comes a letter so full of interest and enthusiasm and encouragement that we venture to reproduce it for the inspiration of all who are doing a similar work.

Mohall, North Dakota, March 28, 1907.

*Dear Mr. Southwick:—*

I am away from the burden and the whirl of the university work for a ten days trip in the west of our big State. I am putting in my spring vacation at public readings.

I did so enjoy your good letter and its good word of your continued success in the work. It is a great work you are doing, and cannot but grow. I am more and more impressed with the need of it. It will reform every department of our educational plan, for expression is necessary to growth, and education means growth if it means anything. The work here continues with more than passing enthusiasm. We have had two great victories in intercollegiate debate this year, both the International Debate, with the University of Manitoba, and the First Interstate Debate, with the University of Montana, at Bismarck. I went three hundred miles with our team to Bismarck; the Montana team came over eight hundred miles from the Pacific slope, Missoula. That speaks for itself. I am told of large improvement in the standard of debate and oratory on every side.

The demand for my public reading exceeds the time I have to give to it. At Fessenden, last Monday, I gave the "Shrew" in the afternoon and "Don Cæsar" at night, to a very appreciative audience. They want me back in May. Mrs. Bertha Kuntz-Baker was there last month, so you see I have to "keep up," even in North Dakota. Now I am busy putting on two plays at the theatre in Grand Forks,— one for the University, "Tom Pinch;" one for the Public Library, a manuscript play with royalty attached, "Friends."

Now for the news — I am to be made Assistant Professor of Public Speaking and the Drama next year.

This will be of especial interest to all who have followed the success of Mr. Koch. Since leaving the Alma Mater his teaching has been some of the finest ever done by Emerson graduates, who may well congratulate him on this speedy recognition of the value of his work.

Susan Applegate, '05, announces that she will present Miss Corinne Her-ring in a dramatic recital at Murrell Auditorium, Central College, Lexington, Mo.

Maude S. Hill, also of '05, is "busy these days" at Dundee, Ill., but still finds time to appreciate an occasional whiff from Emerson College. In a recent letter she speaks of a reading in Elgin by Ida Benfey Judd, with a pleasure in which every alumnus who has heard that talented woman might participate.

Helen G. Borton, '06, sends notice of a recital given by her at Woodstown, N. J., together with the information that she is still teaching in the Elocution Department of the State Normal School, Millersville, Penn.

Cards are received announcing the marriage of Edna Helen Dickinson, a student at Emerson College during the year '03, to Mr. Starr Alfred Warson. The wedding took place April 10, at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Warson will live at Long Beach, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Allen Moss announce the birth of a son, Edward Irving, on Feb. 26, 1907. Mrs. Moss was before her marriage Harriet Irving Brooks, E. C. O. '02.

Miss Kate Münch, '07, is under contract with the White Entertainment Bureau for a year's platform work. All of her classmates and her many other friends will be glad to hear this good news, for Miss Münch richly deserves any good things coming to her.

The annual guest-day of the Cantabrigia Club, Mrs. Mary L. Sherman's physical culture class, was celebrated in Cambridge with an interesting and varied program of drills, marches, and difficult dance-steps. The success of the day, as well as the enthusiasm of all the club-members, was a direct evidence to the popularity of the instructor, and spoke volumes for the methods employed by her.—*Cambridge Times*.

Mrs. Sherman graduated from Emerson in '93.

Laura V. C. Stewart, '98, is making a name for herself in literary as well as in pedagogical fields, having been made a member of the editorial staff of *The Deaf Mutes' Register*, published by the Central New York Institution, Rome. Current numbers of the *Register* contain two articles of much interest,—“The Need of Physical Culture in Our Public Schools” and “Historic Boston,” both of which might well be reproduced. Limited space, however, forbids, and alumni must be satisfied for the present with one of her short poems. It is to be hoped in this case at least that “the least shall not be the last” of Miss Stewart's contributions.

Miss Mary E. Noone, '93, presented the Senior class of Kingston Academy, Kingston, N. Y., in Sheridan's comedy “The Rivals,” early in March. The play in every way did credit to the coach, and the audience was loud in appreciation of her successful efforts.

A graduate of '03, Cliffe Deming, writes of continued success in his work at the Deming College of Oratory, Ada, O., where he expects soon to give a reading from “The Merchant of Venice.”

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bottomly have announced the marriage of their daughter Elizabeth May to Mr. Joseph Cheney Baker, April 3, 1907. Miss Bottomly will be remembered by all who knew '06 in the year '03.

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## Banquet of the New York Emerson College of Oratory Club

THE New York Emerson College of Oratory Club held its third annual banquet Saturday evening, April 27, 1907, at Hotel St. Denis, New York City. It was even more successful and enjoyable than those of the two previous years. The presence of the Dean and Mrs. Southwick seemed to bring Alma Mater especially near, while all those who came from a distance received a hearty welcome.

A reception preceded the banquet, which was served at 7.30. The beautiful table decorations were of the royal college colors, as were the unusually pleasing menu-cards, while the unique place-cards were duly admired. After singing "My Emerson," the courses of the menu were in turn enjoyed.

The president had spoken a few words of welcome, when Miss Lizetta Gumpertz, advancing, in behalf of the club presented her with a beautiful silver loving-cup, engraved as follows: "Presented to Ethel Hornick Walker by N. Y. E. C. O. C., April 27, 1907." Mrs. Walker, although much surprised, accepted the gift with a few words of appreciation and thanks.

Miss Luella Phillips acted as toast-mistress, and in her usual graceful manner introduced the speakers. The toasts were as follows:

"What the Dean Thinks" .....	Henry Lawrence Southwick
Vocal Solos, "The Sunbeams" and "The Hedgerows" .....	Mrs. Ida Enders
"The Secret of Success" .....	Ralph Waldo Trine
"The Lady Trimmer" .....	Miss Elise West, '96
"Emersonian Principles" .....	W. Palmer Smith, '98
"Comedy" .....	Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd
"Our Sister Club" . . . . .	Miss Elizabeth Mack, '03, Secretary E. C. O. Club of Hartford
"The Woman of the Hour" .....	Dr. James J. Walsh
Vocal Solo, "Spring Is Coming" .....	Mrs. Ida Enders
Selections .....	Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick
Piano Selections .....	Mrs. Sara Handy McClintock, '99

If space permitted, we should like to tell you the inspiring words of the Dean, who encouraged us to still dream our dreams and leave the fulfilment to God, undismayed by apparent meagre results; to climb the mountains of vision, and be strengthened through the dark valleys of failure. Ralph Waldo Trine beautifully gave us the secret of success — sincere endeavor — telling us that success in life is keeping brave and sweet in face of every occurrence which comes into our lives. Mrs. Ida Enders sang her way into our hearts, while Miss Elise West entertained us delightfully with her original monologue, "The Lady Trimmer." Palmer Smith gave us an earnest speech on "Emersonian Principles," alluding to their first expounder, Dr. Emerson, and his great contribution to our art. Mrs. Ida Benfey Judd also encouraged us to believe in the arrival of the age of a Comedy higher than her fore-runners, sarcasm and humor, and testified to the joy which accompanies the doing of duty. Miss Mack's greetings from the Hartford Club were cordial in tone and witty in language. Dr. Walsh spoke of what one woman, Rose Hawthorne, had done to relieve suffering, and mentioned other fields of endeavor waiting for sincere workers. Mrs. Southwick, after a charming little talk on the best things in life, and the identity of need, recited two short selections from "Pippa Passes." Then all sang "Auld Lang Syne" and regretfully separated.

The members present were: Miss Mary Benson, Miss Alida W. Brooks, Miss Mary Canney, Miss Bertha Colburn, Mrs. Jessie Crommette, Miss Grace Correll, Miss Margaret Cox, Mrs. Gerta Colby Donnelly, Miss Lizetta J. Gumpertz, Miss Zelma Gumpertz, Miss Lottie Grainger, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, Miss Margaret Klein, Miss Anna McIntyre, Mrs. Sara



Handy McClintock, Miss Eugenie Mills, Miss Luella Phillips, Mrs. Maud Wolfe Purdy, Mr. W. Palmer Smith, Miss Leslie Thomson, Miss Flora Treadwell, Miss Emma Elise West, Mrs. Ethel Hornick Walker, Mrs. Grace Burt Homan, Miss Cecile Leonard, Mrs. Mattie Spencer Wiggin, Miss Mary Ford.

Others present were: the Misses Purman, Lane, Holly, Gumpertz; Mesdames Kieran, Carmody, Ford, Hutchinson; and Messrs. Hansen, Homan, Ford, Crosby, Hutchinson, Spencer, Donnelly, and Dr. Purdy. In all, fifty were present, including the guests of honor, Dean and Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Judd, Mr. Trine, and Dr. Walsh.

The committees were: Invitation, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen; Banquet, Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy; Menu and Decorations, Miss Lizetta Gumpertz, Miss Lottie Grainger; Music, Mrs. Sara Handy McClintock.

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